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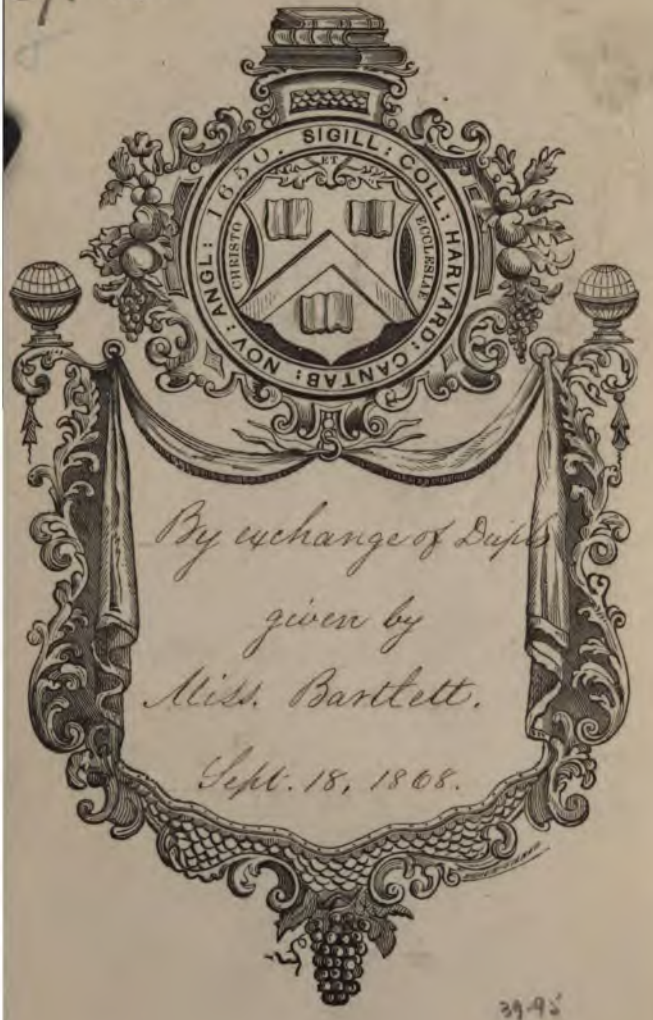

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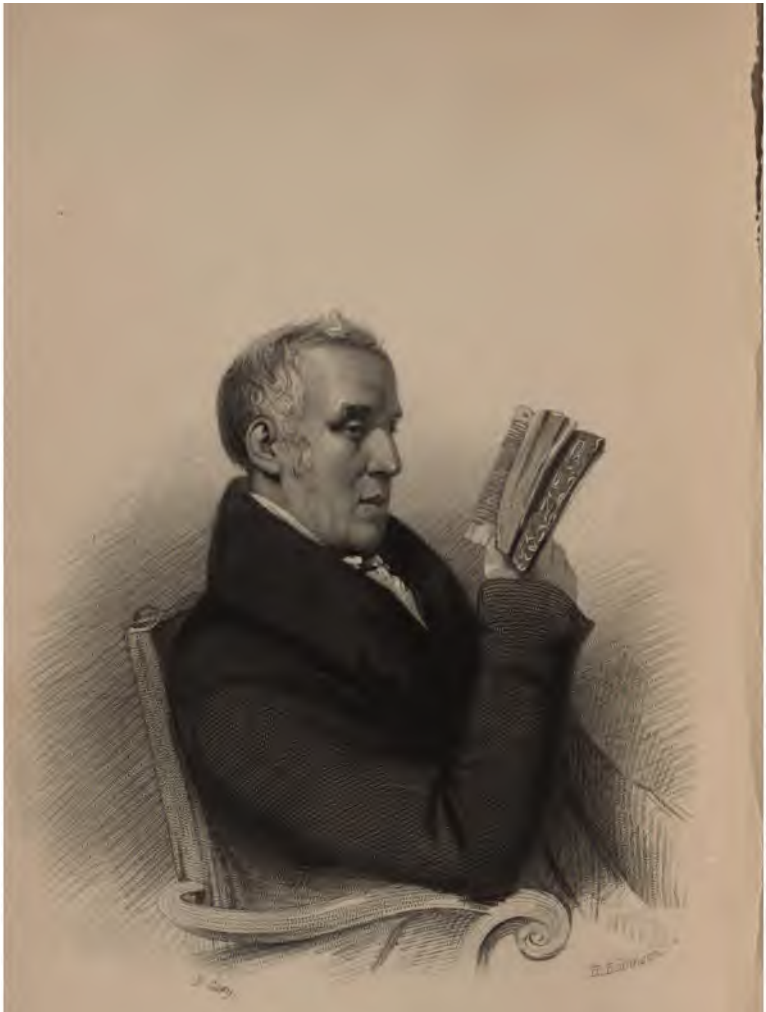
MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A.



REVD H. F. CARY.

London, J. Basset Museum, Dover Street, 1847.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF A

LITERARY HISTORY OF GREECE AND LETTERS.

BY HIS SON,

THE REV. HENRY CARY, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
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REVᵈ H. F. CARY.

London, Edward Moxon, Dover-street, 1847.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF THE FIRST ENGLISH VERSION OF DANTE

BY HIS SON

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THE life of a Scholar is, for the most part, less varied with incident than that of others, whose actings in the drama of life claim for them or entitle them to a distinct and separate record. And there can be no doubt that we follow with deeper interest accounts of the struggles of party, of the aspirings of ambition, nay, even of the windings and shiftings to which the mean and the unworthy must have recourse, than we do the uneventful and unimpassioned history of those who have persevered through life in an even course of silent and unostentatious virtue. The causes for this predilection lie deeply rooted in the perversity of our nature, which, while it professes to admire the good, takes an unhealthy pleasure in witnessing the bad. It usually happens too, that those who have filled more prominent stations, and have continued uniformly upright, seeking (as it may be) their country's good in singleness of heart, have

their best deeds misrepresented, and motives attributed to them which their purer minds would have disdained to own. Whence it comes to pass that men's virtues are, by the malignity of party, distorted into vices.

Some, who differ strongly in opinion from others whose lives have been passed without blemish, will, unknown perhaps to themselves, seek for or fancy they discover faults, even vices, that have no existence whatever, save in their own perverse imaginations, which know not how to tolerate any deviation from a class of principles which they have adopted as vital and irrefragable truths. It is possible that the subject of this Memoir may meet with a similar fortune. It was his happy disposition to seek for the virtues and the beauties in the lives and writings of his fellow-men, and to regard even their obvious failings and defects with gentleness and forbearance, at the same time that he was to himself a severe moralist and a rigid critic.

But while I think that the spirit which breathes throughout these volumes, so far as they consist of my father's own writings, is such as must take the edge off the weapons which criticism too frequently brandishes; yet I would by no means bespeak or

claim an equal indulgence for my own share in the work. It is a painful thing to expose to public comment the actions of one whose memory we regard with the deepest love and reverence: at the same time that, as the writer or compiler of the following pages, I am myself willing to take the full blame of my own ignorance or indiscretion:—

"—adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum."

Mr. Cary has hitherto been known to the public only as an accomplished scholar, and to his friends as one adorned, more than most men, with the purest and most gentle virtues. In these respects his Literary Journal and his Letters will severally throw much additional light on his character both public and private. In making selections from his Letters, many persons will probably think that I have inserted some that are too trivial and familiar. But surely a man's character should be estimated according as it shows itself in his daily intercourse with those whose present happiness depends very much on his ordinary and every-day deportment. It were no hard matter, one would think, to find some virtues in those who have been represented as the most abandoned of men; but then we have the truth, though not the

whole truth. Under this impression, could I have followed my own wishes without giving umbrage to others, the private Letters would have been very much increased in number; and I think that those who have read Cowper's familiar Letters and who remember the impressions that they cannot have failed to produce, would have held me excused for my temerity. It is to be regretted that those written to such men as Coleridge and Lamb have been all lost or destroyed: still it is hoped that enough remains to elucidate the character of Mr. Cary.

In connecting together the different papers which form the bulk of these volumes, I have been as brief as possible. My object has been rather to record the little incidents that may serve to give a faithful picture of my father's simple and quiet life, than to write a panegyric on one whose praises, as they represent themselves to me, are more suited to lonely and reverential reflection, than public and wordy description.

Oxford, January 21, 1847.

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MEMOIR

OF

THE REV. H. F. CARY.

CHAPTER I.

1772—1790.

Mr. Cary's Birth and Parentage.—Disposition in Childhood.—Loss of his Mother.—His Education.—Publication of Ode to General Elliott.—Acquaintance with and Letters to Miss Seward.—Contributions to the "Gentleman's Magazine."—Ode.—Sonnets.—Letters to Miss Seward.

HENRY FRANCIS CARY, the subject of this Memoir, was born at Gibraltar, on the sixth of December, 1772. He was the eldest son of William Cary, at that time a Captain in the First Regiment of Foot, by Henrietta, daughter of Theophilus Brocas, Dean of Killala. His grandfather, Henry Cary, was archdeacon, and his great-grandfather, Mordecai Cary, bishop of that diocese.

Within a few months after the birth of his eldest son, Captain Cary returned with his regiment to England, and in a few years taking umbrage at a junior captain, through the influence of the colonel,

the Duke of Argyll, being allowed to purchase a majority over his head, sold his commission, and devoted himself to the more peaceful occupations of a country life, having settled in Staffordshire, for which county he twice served the office of high sheriff.

The development of character in the early life of men afterwards distinguished for their acquirements or their genius is ever a subject of interest. In the present instance the disposition and tendencies of the child exactly correspond with the temper and habits of the full-grown man. Those marks which throughout a long after-life distinguished the moral and intellectual character of the subject of this Memoir, are to be clearly traced in the slight account we have of his early infancy. In his moral character he was remarkable for tenderness of affection, gentleness, sincerity, and, where truth or right was concerned, a resolution in action seldom, if ever, surpassed. In his intellectual character, or in his endeavours to exercise and improve the powers of his mind, he seems, almost from the first dawn of the reasoning faculty within him, to have pursued that path of study best suited to his capacity.

At the early age of four he was subject to a complaint in his eyes that threatened total blindness, a circumstance which I mention because it enables me to introduce a testimony to his disposition when a child, which I have above remarked as distinguishing

him throughout life. In April, 1777, his mother, writing to a friend, says: "Poor Frank's situation is the great bar to our enjoyment; for the three or four first hours every day we are obliged to be almost totally in the dark, endeavouring to make him as little sensible as possible of his melancholy situation. He is for weeks following, perhaps, tolerably well, and then the complaint returns, but I think not quite so bad as it did last year. His sensibility and understanding are, I really think, extraordinary for his age, and his affection for his father and me very uncommon."

The sincerity of this affection for his mother was not long afterwards manifested in a remarkable manner,—remarkable not only for the incident itself, but because it was the prelude to sufferings of a similar character, which similar losses seldom failed to occasion, and which seemed to grow with the strength of his own affections. When he was about six years of age the mother, for whom he had shown such "uncommon affection," died; his father, alarmed at the poignancy of his sufferings for this loss, attempted to console him by the present of a gold watch, but the child in a paroxysm of grief threw the watch violently on the ground and dashed it to pieces. The incident is, perhaps, trifling in itself, but when viewed in connection with the effects produced by domestic losses and afflictions at a more advanced period of life, becomes important as a

means of tracing his natural disposition to excitement, with its influence on the mind.

His mother left two other children: one a son, William, afterwards a Colonel in the Royal Artillery; the other a daughter, Georgina, afterwards married to the Rev. Thomas Price, rector of Enville, in the county of Stafford.

From whom he received the first rudiments of his education I have been unable to discover, but it is certain that when he was only eight or nine years old he had attained to a proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages, unusual for so young a child; he was then at school at Uxbridge, and I have heard him say, pleasantly laughing at his own precocious taste for translating and blank verse, that at that age he rendered a considerable portion of the first book of the Odyssey into his childish prose, and, having done so, cut it into lengths of ten syllables each, which he then wrote out under the persuasion that it was poetry.

In the year 1783 he was removed to Rugby School, of which Dr. James was at that time Head Master; but the delicate state of his health and the weakness of his constitution unfitted him for the turmoil of a public school. He continued there for about the space of two years, and was then placed at the Grammar School of Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire. Here he formed a romantic friendship with two of his schoolfellows, Thomas Lister, of Armitage Park, and

John Humberston, son of Dr. Humberston, a physician, at Birmingham.

A love of literature, unusual in boys of their age, accompanied doubtless by a congeniality of disposition, united and actuated the three friends. They agreed together to attempt a metrical version of the principal Greek poets: the task of translating Homer was assigned to Humberston; Lister undertook Hesiod, Anacreon, and Bion; Cary was also to attempt Hesiod and Anacreon, with Moschus and other minor poets, or their fragments. It was left in doubt to whom the arduous task of translating Pindar should be assigned. Their scheme, however, met with a sudden interruption by the dispersion of the friends; Humberston was sent to Edinburgh, to study medicine; Lister was forced, much against his will, to enter a banking establishment at Lichfield; and Cary was, in the year 1787, removed to the Grammar School at Birmingham, at that time under the superintendence of Mr. Price, "whose name," he says, in his Life of Johnson, "I cannot mention without reverence and affection."

At this period, shortly after his removal to the school at Birmingham, Mr. Cary, being not yet fifteen years of age, ventured on publishing an ode to General Elliott, the gallant defender of Gibraltar: the subject may be deemed a singular one for a youthful poet to select, but he was probably led to it by the circumstance of Gibraltar being his own

birthplace. The writer was clearly imbued with the love if not with the spirit of Gray, and the poem itself is remarkable, as showing by internal evidence, that its author had read and, according to his capacity, appreciated, Pindar*.

Nor was this, his first effort, left without encouragement: it was favourably noticed in several periodicals; amongst the rest the "Monthly Review" said of it: "We expected to meet with *many*, and perhaps *material* imperfections in the verses of so young an author; but this extraordinary piece affords the critic very little occasion for the rod of correction. On the contrary, there is as much to commend as can well be imagined in so small a poem. We may, therefore, look for a considerable degree of excellence in the more mature productions of General Elliott's youthful panegyrist."

This successful attempt both encouraged continued exertion, and gave him access to channels for appearing in public, through the medium of the periodical press, which otherwise he might not have been able to enjoy. Early in the following year, he began to

* Since writing the above I have found among the young author's books a volume consisting of Selecta ex Poetis Græcis, published for the use of Eton School, and of which he became possessed on the 1st of February, 1788. This publication contains several odes of Pindar, and among them those of which the traces are observable in the Ode to General Elliott. The same volume also contains two odes by the Grecian poetess Erinna; and of one of these he made a metrical translation, which was inserted in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, 1789.

write in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and during the year he contributed to that publication several sonnets, a translation of some odes of Horace, and one short original ode.

Anna Seward was then at the height of her popularity; and though at this distance of time we are able to appreciate her according to her real merit, yet so rare and so attractive are intellectual accomplishments in females, that their contemporaries seldom fail to rank their literary productions far higher than the less biassed judgment of posterity will sanction. It is not matter of surprise, therefore, that a youthful poet should be won over by the blandishments and the praises of one who then occupied a distinguished station in the world of letters. Her countenance and friendship would be an object of ambition that a youthful follower of the Muses would naturally desire to compass.

Lister, whose family was already intimate with Miss Seward, was now at Lichfield, and probably drew her attention to his friend Cary's first published effort, his Ode to General Elliott*: at all events, that poem attracted her notice, and she gave its author all the

* Miss Seward, in a Letter to Thos. Swift, Esq., says:—"Cary, literally but just fifteen, is a miracle. I never saw him, nor heard of him till after his 'Ode to General Elliott' came out. My acquaintance with him is not of four months' date. His schoolfellow and friend, Lister, an inhabitant of this place, has poetic talents of nearly twin excellence. There is only a month's difference in their age.—You suspect my having assisted Cary. Upon my honour, I never saw

encouragement that her own eminent position enabled her to give. Nichols dignified her with the title of "The Muse;" her more youthful admirer styled her his "Muse" and his "Mistress." Several of her letters to her *protégée* have been thought worthy of insertion in her published correspondence; most of his to her, that still remain, (though he labours under the disadvantages of a yet unformed style, and an obvious awe of his patroness's endowments), are deserving of a place among his writings, chiefly as showing the early growth of that purity of taste and critical discrimination which, if I mistake not, will be found to be among his chief excellences.

The following bears the earliest date of any that now remain:—

TO MISS SEWARD.

Sutton Coldfield, July 20, 1788.

My dearest Madam,

I have, much against my inclination, refrained from writing to you till now, through a fear of unnecessarily intruding upon your time, any moment of which is better employed than it would be in reading my nonsense. I should abuse your kindness very much, if I indulged myself in my almost perpetual propensity to scribble to you.

anything of his that has been published before it was sent away to be printed. The strength and solidity of that boy's mind, his taste, his judgment, astonish me, if possible, even more than the vigour and grace of his fancy."—*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 131.

Since I had last the pleasure of being with you, I have made a most delicious feast upon your translations from Horace. I do speak my real sentiments when I declare, there are few of the odes that do not please me more than in the original.

If anything could make me a convert to diffuse translation, it would be your version of Horace. My Muse has attempted to pay her little tribute to its excellence, but I am afraid in strains very undeserving the object of her praise.

"Hear, honour'd Flaccus, from the vocal shades,"
When with gay Prior and thy Teian peer
Thou wander'st through the amaranthine glades,
While social joys the devious walk endear:

Or, whether in the bright Elysian bowers,
Where the tall vine its glittering mantle spreads,
Thou crown'st the sparkling bowl with fadeless flowers,
Soothed by the murmuring stream that labours through the meads.

Hear, happy Bard,—to wake thy slumb'ring lyre,
Our British Muse, the heavenly Seward deigns;
With more enchanting sounds, more sportive fire,
Waked by her voice, arise the potent strains.

Then, as thou hear'st the sweet Enthusiast—own
The laughing florets looked not half so gay
When kissed by warm Italia's cloudless sun,
As now their hues expand in Albion's milder ray.

I have given Horace what he was always fond of,—his arbour, his bowl crowned with roses, and his murmuring stream.

You may perhaps wonder that I have put him in no other company but that of Anacreon and Prior,—would not Pindar, Gray, and Collins have done as well? Excuse me if I say, the Ausonian Bard had not a Pindaric feather in his wing: he seems quite out of his element whenever he gets into the azure deep of air. He has a peculiar vein of sportive elegance, that you look for in vain in any other writer.

Of what I am now (perhaps you may think) rashly advancing, he himself was conscious, as appears from that ode in which he says—

"Pindar is imitable by none,"

and compares himself to the sedulous bee, &c.

I hear Mrs. Knowles (or Noles), with whom I was so unlucky as not to meet at your house, is doing a great deal of good. If she can cure Lycid's misfortune, I shall think myself under inexpressible obligations to her.

It is well for you my paper will hold no more nonsense. Adieu.

Your affectionate and faithful servant,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

September 25, 1788.

On reflection, I was very angry with myself for my foolish behaviour at your house the other evening. I have not forgiven myself; and for that reason, hope you will forgive me.

If you do not remain impenetrable, you will give me your free opinion of the little Ode I send you with this.

Mr. Muckleston told me the Muses had gained two new votaries in a Mr. Homer and a blacksmith's wife, about which you can give me some information. Genius should not be neglected, even though it is found in the workshops of Vulcan.

We have, I think, exchanged sentiments about all our blank-verse writers, except T. Phillips and Armstrong; these two are by no means contemptible, and I should like to have your opinion with regard to their degree of merit.

You see I seize every opportunity of improving by your means. Believe me to remain,

Yours most faithfully and affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

ODE.

Mark where yon lucid stream,
Beneath the moon's pale beam,
In silence glides along the shadowy vale,
Upon whose rushy bank,
The waving willow dank
Mournfully whispers to the passing gale.

There should I love to rest,
With endless quiet blest,
These weary limbs upon the turfy bed ;
There bound in slumber deep,
In death's unwaking sleep,
Calmly to pillow this bewilder'd head.
The Fairies oft at eve
Their favorite haunts would leave,
On the loved spot Spring's earliest bloom to strew,
For my benumbed brow
To twine the cypress bough,
Or from the green to brush the noxious dew ;
And when the winter rude,
In wild ungoverned mood,
Bids the swollen brook in hoarser torrents rave,
The chitt'ring red-breast still
Should loiter by the rill,
And sweetly warble o'er my grassy grave.
But with unhallow'd pace,
The solitary place
Ne'er let forbidden mortals' step profane,
Save by lone grief beguiled
To seek the dreary wild,
Haply some youth should wander o'er the plain,
Who knows with murmurs dear
To soothe my clay-cold ear,
And soothe my hovering shade to mild repose ;
Who knows like me to prove
The fate of hapless love,
Nor fears, like me, to terminate its woes.

In this melancholy ditty I have used two words that I believe are not to be found in any of our English writers,—" unwaking," and " chitt'ring." You remember how much we admired the latter in Burns' Poems.

Though the plan which the three schoolfellows had formed for the translation of the Greek poets had been put an end to in the manner before mentioned, the friendship of two of them at least was by no means interrupted. An almost daily literary correspondence sprung up between Lister and Cary; in which the former assumed the name of Lycidas, the latter of Marcellus. The letters of Marcellus have unfortunately perished, but those of his friend show that their attachment to each other bore much the character of romance.

Lister had also become a frequent contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and the united efforts of the two friends (for they revised and corrected each other's verses) were deemed of sufficient importance to be publicly noticed in the following sonnet inserted in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1788. Its author was at first supposed to be Hayley, but, as we learn from Miss Seward*, it was the production of a Mr. Weston, organist of Solihull, in Warwickshire:—

SONNET.

TO H. CARY AND T. LISTER.

Yet, yet, your unpolluted stores withhold,
Bright buds of genius, bursting into day!
Spite of propitious Phœbus' fostering ray,
Parnassian climes are chilling—chilling cold.

* Letters, vol ii. p. 192.

In vain ye glad th' enamoured breeze ; unfold
In vain your rich luxuriant foliage, gay
With orient hues ; and blushingly display
Tyre's bloom imperial, streaked with Ophir's gold.
Nor scent nor beauty (trust the warning verse,
Unconscious, hapless pair !) shall aught avail ;
Envy, th' expanding blossom's cankering curse,
Shall gnaw ; Detraction's instant blight assail
Your shrinking forms ; and mangling scorn disperse
Your wither'd honours to the sighing gale.

J. W.

The answer to the foregoing sonnet, subjoined to the following letter, appeared in the Magazine for October of the same year.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Oct. 21, 1788.

I AM very much gratified by the idea of the sonnet in the Magazine being Mr. Hayley's, and that it is so, I think you have fully proved. The beauty of those verses in defence of Louisa struck me a long time ago very forcibly, and the circumstance of the initials intimating it to be from the same pen as the sonnet, as well as the similarity of style, did not escape me.

My pleasure, however, here is not without alloy. Alas ! I have written a sonnet in answer to the sweet warning, in a tone very different from what I should have used had I known it was no less a person than my *Sovereign* to whom I was addressing myself.

But this is not the worst part of the story. I have involved poor Lycid in the scrape, by prefixing his name as well as my own.

This most unfortunate production I send you at the end of my scrawl, and if you think it can give any serious offence, you would perhaps be so kind as to send me a single line, if possible, on the reception of this, that I may endeavour to recal it.

I am glad you have renewed your contributions to the "Gentleman's Magazine," as I really think it rather hard that Mr. Nichols should suffer for his reviewers' ignorance.

Before many more weeks are elapsed, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, when, exclusive of the enjoyment I receive from your company in preference to any other, I promise myself no small delight from the poem you mention, and trust that by that time a letter will have arrived from Eartham, which will fully dissipate all suspicions of any abatement of your "dear Bard's" affections.

As you preserve a silence with regard to Mr. Seward's indisposition, you give me room to hope that he is not in a worse state than usual.

The first time you write to Mr. Whaley, I should be glad to be remembered to him with all respect and tenderness. Never did I meet with a person who appeared to me to form so strong an exception to that received opinion, of the impossibility of human nature's arriving at perfection.

Do not be angry with me for not giving yourself the palm, as you forfeit entirely all pretensions to it by the weakness you display in paying so much regard to

Your worthless though faithful servant,
H. F. CARY.

T. LISTER AND H. CARY'S ANSWER TO J. W.

Whoe'er thou be that wouldst, with friendly art,
Quench in our bosoms their poetic fire,
Know—we nor to the public praise aspire,
Nor dread Detraction's venom-spitting dart;
Bless'd if our verse some unfeign'd joy impart
To feeling breasts, unwarp'd by base desire;
Bless'd if the soothing magic of the lyre
Pour its sweet comfort on our bleeding heart.
For this alone we woo the lovely Muse,
And leave, content to haunt her peaceful plains,
Ambition's height to some more restless soul;
For this, as long as life shall e'er infuse
Its quickly-circling currents in our veins,
We vow our bosoms to her loved controul.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Sutton Coldfield, Nov. 14, 1788.

MY best thanks for your kind packet, and a hundred apologies for not having thanked you for it sooner, which I certainly should have done, had they not neglected to send it to me from Birmingham till to-day.

The story about Milton does not appear deficient in any point. I had it in my head to turn it into a short dramatic piece, but my imagination (I fear) has cooled by delay, and my wild fancies are perhaps almost all flown. You will laugh at me for saying this, for I know it is your creed that one may write at one time as well as another, if one sets doggedly to it, and that there is no such thing as temporary inspiration. But I confess experience forces me here to differ from you, who ought to know much better than I do—I could no more write when the fit is not on me than I could fly. I long very impatiently, and yet dread, to hear the air you have sent me played, as I am afraid it will have a great effect on my spirits, which are yet scarcely recovered from a violent indisposition.

You have no doubt been informed of the happy change in Lycid's friends. You can better imagine than I describe the joy I feel on the occasion. My Muse has not been silent, but as usual has contributed to heighten my pleasure; the following stanzas are the produce of her little labour:—

Hail to my friend! from Stygian gloom abhorr'd,
From Mammon's cave o'erhung with baleful dews,
Again to light and liberty restored,
Again restored to nature and the Muse.
One circling year this breast has mourn'd thy fate,
Doomed in the dungeon's * drear abyss to prove

* The name by which he himself characterises the counting-house.

A sad exemption from the joys that wait
On Health, * on Peace, and Harmony and Love.
No tender cares the lingering hours beguiled,
No favouring science shot its cheerful ray,
On thy hard toils no social spirit smiled,
But dreary sadness mark'd each passing day.
Now, happy change ! thy steps again may rove,
At morning's dawn or eve's departing gleam,
In jocund freedom through the shadowy grove,
Or musing, loiter by the murmuring stream.
Again, scarce lit by Hesper's † circlet pale,
That o'er the dim grove casts a silver hue,
We now may wander through the devious dale,
And all our firm unbroken vows renew ;
Again, beneath the oak's protecting bower,
Cool and impervious to th' oppressive day,
In pleasant converse waste the noontide hour,
Or carol to the woods our sprightly lay.
And, now these precious joys once more are thine,
Learn with no moderate warmth thy doom to prize,
That gives thee back from Mammon's filthy mine,
To breathe the healthful gale of purer skies.
Learn to despise dark Interest's selfish call,—
Man for a nobler aim was born to live ;
One charm of Nature is worth more than all
The empty pleasures wealth and folly give.

If you happen to see Lycid alone soon, be so kind as to shew him these verses. They are not, as Cowley says, warm from the brain, but warm from the heart. I am much flattered by your good opinion of my Odes, which you like a great deal better than their own Daddy does.

* His health had been affected by the confinement.

† This alludes to the Sonnet which you were pleased to admire so much.

I want to find some method of returning you Miss Williams's letter, which I have read over and over with repeated pleasure. One passage pleased me particularly, where she says she wishes to retire from the noise and folly of the world to a rural retirement.

My bosom beats in unison with hers.

Hayley and Mason have both written on the Revolution!—what a feast shall we have!

I am at present devouring the Nouvelle Heloise; when I have finished, I will tell you my sentiments about it—at present they perfectly correspond with yours. You will do me a great favour by keeping that copy of my sonnets which I designed for you.

Yours faithfully,

H. F. Cary.

The Sonnets and Odes alluded to in the preceding letter had just been published in a small 4to volume consisting of twenty-eight Sonnets and three Odes, the first "On the Spring," the second, "To Inspiration," the third without a title, but on the delights of Poesy.

Of the Sonnets I subjoin two, not as being the best, but as best evidencing the tone and temper of the writer's mind.

I ask not riches, and I ask not power,
Nor in her revel rout shall Pleasure view
Me ever,—a far sweeter nymph I woo.
Hail, sweet Retirement! lead me to thy bower,

Where fair Content has spread her loveliest flower,
Of more enduring, though less gaudy hue,
Than Pleasure scatters to her giddy crew;
Nor let aught break upon thy sacred hour,
Save some true friend, of pure congenial soul;
To such the latchet of my wicket-gate
Let me lift freely, glad to share the dole
Fortune allows me, whether small or great,
And a warm heart, that knows not the control
Of Fortune, and defies the frown of Fate.

Oft do I burn to snatch the epic lyre,
And from its strings to call such potent lays
As may the wide world fill with dumb amaze,
And rank me in that bright celestial choir
Of bards, who sung Achilles' fatal ire,
The pious Trojan wandering through the seas,
Or, O far nobler theme! the woeful days
Of our prime parents. Yet my vain desire
Still would the Muse restrain. She to the wave *
On which the volant youth bestowed a name,
Points timid. Scarce my sixteenth summer dawns!
Degrading thought! Then, ye vain dreams of fame,
Away—what higher guerdon can I crave,
If my song charm the nymphs and rustic fawns?

That his contributions to the "Gentleman's Magazine" were well appreciated is evident from the following letter addressed to him by Mr. Nichols, its proprietor, the well-known author of the "Literary Anecdotes."

* The Icarian Sea.

FROM MR. NICHOLS.

SIR, *Nov.* 17, 1788.

I am much obliged by your polite note of the 12th, and for the kindness you express in wishing to have seen me. My post-haste flight deprived me of that pleasure, which I should otherwise gladly have enjoyed. My visit to the delightful Muse * was not of half an hour.

Your Ode shall certainly have place immediately. And now let me make you a request in behalf of our old acquaintance, Mr. Urban—that you would try your Ulysses' bow in a sonnet, or any other mode of address you may prefer, to prefix to his Preface to the "Gentleman's Magazine." It is a task which Mr. Duncombe used to delight in, and which Johnson himself has not disdained to engage in. Perhaps your friend Mr. Weston might turn his thoughts that way, or even the Muse herself, if such a bagatelle happened to be in leisure.

Believe me, sir, with much esteem,

Your faithful servant,

J. NICHOLS.

In compliance with Mr. Nichols's request he wrote a Sonnet, which is prefixed to the 58th Volume of the "Magazine," and is submitted for revisal in the following letter:—

* Miss Seward.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Dec. 2, 1788.

LISTER has left me, too, to be informed of his happiness from common rumour, but I do not impute this to any neglect of his own, but rather to the whim of his parents; so convinced am I that he would not willingly be deficient in any duty of friendship or gratitude. One of the warmest wishes of my heart is to see him. Good God! that this alteration for which I have so often wept, so often prayed, though at the same time I totally despaired of its ever happening, should at length take place! When I think of it, it appears more like a dream than a reality.

The amiable Mr. Whaley took a warm interest in the fate of my friend. I know you will not delay telling him what a happy and unexpected turn it has taken.

While this circumstance so entirely occupies my thoughts, it is with a fainter degree of pleasure than usual that I recur to literary subjects. I have just read a Sonnet that you have done Mr. Weston the honour to address to him, in the "Gentleman's Magazine."

It glows with your usual fire, and oversets the tyrannic claim you assigned to the Solihull Bard. Yet in spite of its excellence has my microscopic

criticism contrived to find an objection to it. What is that? Promise you won't laugh at me and I 'll tell you—the repetition of two words!

Mr. Nichols has written to request that I would write some verses to prefix to his Magazine; he adds that *you*, perhaps, might not disdain such a task. But I do not think it at all fit for you, though if you will engage in it I shall be happy in burning the underwritten nonsense; if you will not, please to put your chisel to this rude piece of work.

Urban! thy volume, whose instruction join'd
In happy mixture with delight appears,
Shall still continue through succeeding years
To improve and captivate the human mind,
When all its rivals have been long consign'd
To dark oblivion—if as now it steers
Clear of dire Party's rocks, nor by the sneers
Of Malice, from such base alloy refined,
Its page depresses. While impartial Fame
To thy blest toils allots this meed of praise,
May kind success attend thy gen'rous aim,
And to assist those toils through future days
The lofty verse another Seward build,
His mighty pen another Johnson wield.

I have been endeavouring to get your Louisa at the booksellers', but they tell me it is out of print: how happens this?

Your faithful servant,

H. F. Cary.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Birmingham, January 26, 1789.

MANY thanks, dearest Madam, for the delightful packet which you were so kind as to send by Lister. I should not have procrastinated my acknowledgment of the pleasure I received from it so long, had not incessant and unavoidable occupations constantly employed me from that time to the present.

First to your Sonnet. It is with sincerity I declare you never wrote anything that pleased my fancy so well. It is sententious, simple, and sublime, and a perfect model of that species of composition.

The break in the eighth line has a wonderfully striking effect, and the image in your two last lines is in my darling Spenser's best style.

The epithet "moon-eyed," for "idiotism," charms me; yet, as is often the case in poetical beauties, I can assign no reason why it does so. In the use of compound epithets you have been often uncommonly happy. How have I dwelt with rapture on the following:—

> Where *sun-clad* Poesy the strain inspires,
> And foils the Grecian harps and Latian lyres.

Yet, highly beautiful as this composition is, I cannot read it without a certain degree of pain. I have frequently imagined I have perceived in you

suspicions that the affections of those who are bound to you by the dearest ties of gratitude are on the decline, and that your charms and talents have no longer the power of securing those attentions which they formerly so implicitly commanded. Reading this passage in one of my Odes,

> Seward, though her eye diffuse
> As living radiance as her Muse,
> Must find her every charm decay:

you exclaimed, "Ah! my friend! already gone!" and as you spoke the tear started unbidden into your eyes. This sonnet, which seems to be the language of the soul, serves to confirm my opinion. Do not, I beseech of you, my dear and amiable Patroness, suffer such unhappy and totally groundless suspicions to take possession of your mind. Reflect on what real foundations you can possibly build them, reflect how injurious they may prove to your peace, and you will be convinced it is a duty you owe to yourself and your friends to discard them for ever. If I am either presumptuous or unjust in what I have said, forgive me, and impute it to a good intention. It is with unfeigned delight I find, from his last affectionate letter, that *those did slander the dear Bard who said his affection was subject to ague fits.*

How flattered am I by the notice Mr. Hayley has condescended to take of me!

His advice, though I trust unnecessary, gratifies me exceedingly. No bright illusions seize *me,* I

expect to find no Potosi in Parnassus. For wealth I am not in the least ambitious; but let the Muse speak for me in a case where she is herself so warmly interested.

Blest Patron of that fair enchanting art
Which e'en from infancy has fixed my soul,
Say, would'st thou urge my unpolluted heart
To spurn for Interest's lures her dear control?
Ah no; for though the partial hand of Fate
Has to my lot assigned a moderate dole,
Yet in my views, proportioned to my state,
No airy dreams of wealth or grandeur roll.
Content to scorn the splendour of the great,
To leisure and the Muse I vow my days;
Happy if on my name hereafter wait
This little tribute of unblemished praise,
That all the talents I received from Heaven
Were still to virtue and my country given.

I am glad to find a man of such superior abilities as Mr. Weston, conspiring with me in giving the palm for harmony of versification to Dryden, though we impute it to different causes; he to the frequent recurrence of his triplets and alexandrines, I to the happy disposition and choice of his words.

Did you ever read anything more melodious than this?

Behold, yon bordering fence of sallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with bees;
The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain;
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural songs
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And from the lofty elms of love complain.

It is curious to compare what Weston says of Pope with what Hayley says of him in the last note to the third Book of his Epic Poetry. To take the mean between both extremes is the wisest method.

For when the latter affirms Pope was entirely led to satirical writing in the more advanced part of his life from his love for Virtue, and his warmth for her cause, he is refuted by this argument; that, that elegant Poet, in the earliest effusions of his pen, discovers a tendency to satire; and what the former would have us believe is so remote from even the shadow of truth, that we can scarcely hear him with patience.

Ever yours, dearest Madam,

H. F. Cary.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Birmingham, March 5, 1789.

Occupied, my honoured and dear Muse, as you constantly are by numberless avocations, it is not without the greatest degree of diffidence, or rather of presumption, that such an insignificant fellow as myself can put in a claim to the smallest portion of time, which, precious as it is, is already so unmercifully plundered. But your last letter, which now lies before me, assigns as the benevolent reason for your not suffering my intruders to remain unacknowledged, that you could not endure to give me pain.

On the same plea admit the scrawls with which I so often trouble you without repining.

Short as the time is which I have spent in the society of mankind, yet it has been long enough to make me (with a very few exceptions) take the greatest disgust to it. This has caused me to cling more closely to those few: and the delightful thought that when I was writing to you, I was conversing with one whom I deservedly esteemed and loved has cheered many a pensive, I will not say unhappy, hour of solitude, and compensated for many a still more irksome hour wasted in frivolous and unmeaning company.

Yet, though your correspondence is thus dear to me, I hope never to encroach upon your kindness by exercising it too often. Your strictures on Spence's criticism of the Odyssey gave me great pleasure. In general I accorded with you, but on some poetic topics we are fated to disagree. Such is that with regard to the diffuseness or fidelity of a translator. The first object of translation is to give you the clearest and most intimate acquaintance with the original. For this reason the strictest version may justly be called the best. Not but that I allow to paraphrases a large portion of merit; they may be even more finely executed than their copy, but a plainer if more true imitation is to be preferred. Sir John Denham's allusion is an ingenious piece of sophistry.

There are not many expressions in the dead lan-

guages which may not in ours be rendered almost literally, and in an adequate manner. To effect this, indeed, demands the nicest skill and the happiest precision. My assertions will, I trust, soon be reduced to example by the immortal author of "The Task." If he answers my expectations, and you still continue to prefer Pope, you must be content to prefer him to Homer.

In Mr. Weston's late publication, I like that translation in Dryden's style much better than the other. Not only because it is really a much more beautiful poem than the Latin, but because the blank verse is not happily faithful. I cannot help thinking he kept it below the other on purpose; and so I made free to tell him in a letter I wrote to him the other day on his work.

Mr. Urban's reviewer has again displayed his egregious ignorance and bad taste in his critique on it. Is it not a pity that the pages of "Nichols's Miscellany" should be disgraced by such a blockhead? Your word, my dear madam, would have great influence with the editor; and, if he is not blind, he will discard him. I send you a sonnet addressed to Doctor Darwin, on his "Botanical Garden," which I long to finish.

Believe me,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

H. F. Cary.

Say, favour'd Bard, to whom her costly store
  Flora has given to scan with raptured sight
  Her pearly buds of mantle silver hoar,
  Her gems that flame in golden radiance bright,
Each straggling sweet that on the mountain's height
  Drinks the pure effluence of the orient beam ;
  Or in the valley's deep umbrageous night
  Pensively meek, bends o'er the glassy stream :
Ah, why thereon thy wild romantic dream
  Fancy indulgent sheds her choicest dews ?
  Why does thy groundless fear the novel theme
To the fixed ear of public taste refuse,
  That to remotest years shall crown thy name
  With the bless'd guerdon of a deathless fame ?

The court he paid to the Muses, however, did not interfere with the more important duties of life; he was still diligent in his attention to classical studies, to which he added the acquisition of the French and Italian languages, the latter under the tuition of Signor Vergani, an Italian master at Birmingham, as I learn from a letter of Vergani's, of this date. How sincere and ardent was his love of literature may be seen from the following letter addressed—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

DEAR SISTER, *March* 17, 1789.

You are right in your conjectures: I am deeply, though very delightfully, engaged in my studies; and it is not without some degree of inconvenience that I take off my attention from these for a moment to write to you. I send your amiable

preceptress* Miss Williams's poems, very much ashamed of their miserable plight, particularly as I am conscious they deserve to be cased in gold. This sweet daughter of the Muses adds a most excellent heart to a vivid and glowing imagination. Her friend (connected to her as well by personal intimacy as by congeniality of sentiment), Miss Seward's poems are unfortunately lent out at present; the instant I can get them again I will send them. In the mean time the second volume of Racine's Works, which, if she has never read them before, will afford her great pleasure, is very much at Miss Lawrence's service. "The Rambler" I should far prefer to all the other writings of Johnson. "The Lives of the Poets," though they are replete with his usual elegance and splendour of style, contain a great deal of false criticism.

I find nothing to blame in your letter on the score of correctness; but while you labour to be correct, you forget the other graces of writing. My promise was not rash; but your boasting, let me tell you, was so. As you did not fill more than two pages I am free, and make use of my freedom, in subscribing myself rather hastily,

Your's affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

* Miss Lawrence, sister to Sir Thomas Lawrence, afterwards married to the Rev. A. Bloxam, one of the masters of Rugby School.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Sutton Coldfield, May 24, 1789.

I TAKE the opportunity of sending by Mr. Lister's man a little didactic poem, which I wrote the other day, for the inspection of my dear mistress.

In entering upon this walk of poetry I am sensible I mistake the natural bent of my genius, and renounce it for the future. It is upon the school of Spenser and not that of Dryden, that my little talents ought to be formed.

Once again, I have been experiencing the delightful magic of that necromancer, Rousseau, who has the key to every avenue of the heart. His "Eloisa," and his "Confessions," made me admire, made me wonder at him; but his "System of Education" has made me love him.

The congeniality of our minds (particularly in matters of religion), which I discovered in every page, at first frightened, and afterwards flattered and charmed me. I have always been a true Christian, but never knew it till I read the "Savoyard Curate's Confession."

But perhaps I am talking to you of a work which you have never read: if so, read it; if not, tell me what you think of it.

Could we but choose our guardian spirits, thine, Rousseau*, should ever be my guide and conductor!

Farewell, dear Madam,
And believe me your affectionate servant,
H. F. C.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Sutton Coldfield, June 1, 1789.

My dear Mistress,

Forgive me for obtruding upon your goodness so soon, as I wish not to lose a moment in exculpating myself from the imputation of an egregious blunder.

God knows I have a sufficient quantity of real mistakes to answer for, without being obliged to groan under any adventitious load.

I meant to say, that in entering upon the didactic line I had mistaken the natural bent of my talents, which ought to have enlisted under the banners of Spenser, Milton, and Collins, and not under those of Dryden, Pope, and Hayley.

I see however the error I was under, and re-

* Few who remember having read Rousseau's writings in their early life, and can call to mind the first impressions they produced, will be surprised at the degree of praise here bestowed on them. In after life, when Mr. Cary saw some volumes of Rousseau in the library of his son Francis, which was open for the use of young men, he recommended their removal from the shelves, on the ground that they were objectionable books to be placed in the hands of youth.

nounce it for the future. Your candid disapprobation of the poem flatters me quite as much as any praises you could possibly bestow. That I did not intend to become a servile imitator even of Hayley, I am myself conscious; that I have ignorantly been betrayed into this character I believe, because you say so. I can attribute this involuntary imitation only to the impression made upon my mind by its excellent original; and as I do not wish to exhibit as a clown after so skilful a harlequin, do not think my request the effect of a splenetic fit, if I entreat you to consume my shame together with my verses in the flames. How happy am I to find that Lister is yet constant to the Muses! I spent a day and night with him at Lady Holte's last week, and found that he is still dearer to me than ever if possible. My pen would do my heart very little justice if it were to attempt to express how much I love and esteem him.

I cannot help thinking that a distinction should be made between the Miltonic and Spenseric sonnet; the first may be used on grave and sublime, the latter on tender subjects; the diction of the former ought to be elevated yet simple, and should require a sort of majesty by the pauses and breaks peculiar to blank verse; that of the latter should be neat, polished, and smooth throughout. Two of Milton's sonnets (viz., that to Cromwell, and that which begins "Captain or Colonel,") and yours on

Ingratitude, form examples of perfection in one species of this writing, some of Hayley's and Mrs. Smith's in the other. As I am in the expectation of setting out for Ireland in a week's time, I fear it will not be in my power to have the pleasure of seeing you for a long space. Dear as your letters are to me, your health is infinitely more so, and for this reason I do not *ask* you to write.

Believe me your very affectionate
Friend and Servant,
H. F. Cary.

SPENSERIC SONNET.

Sweet are the tuneful murmurs of the spring,
Gurgling from yon high oak's incumbent base,
Whose roots around the mossy fragments cling ;
Whose dark brown branches wave with savage grace ;
Sweet o'er their pebbly bed with silent pace
Through the green sloping banks the waters glide,
While the pale moon beholds her beauteous face
In the clear mirror of the glassy tide :
To that calm breast where peace and joy reside,
What heavenly raptures might these scenes impart !
And yet to his, where brooding sorrows hide
Their serpent stings, and point the venom'd dart,
They add, alas ! nor pleasure nor relief,
But cast in deeper shades the gloom of grief.

Need I say that I denominate this species of sonnet the Spenseric, because Spenser's sonnets are of this construction ?

TO MISS SEWARD.

Sutton Coldfield, August 27, 1789.

I CANNOT lose a moment in exculpating myself from a charge, which, if confirmed, must for ever stamp me as the most ungrateful of beings.

All I can say is, that I am totally unconscious of having dropped any such proofs of disregard and declining affection as you accuse me of; as for the single instance you produce, it must be very much wrested to be applied to such a meaning. I believe Sir B. Boothby to be a fastidious and nice judge of literary merit, while I know from experience that through the warmth and generosity of your nature, you are ready to acknowledge a substance where there is no more than the shadow of genius. Hurried away by the first impressions you receive, you seldom can either commend or depreciate with moderation. It is for this reason that great poets in general make the worst critics in the world. This consideration, I candidly allow, was the motive of the obnoxious question; though I might with great show of truth allege another less likely to disoblige you.

Surely the additional vote of so good a judge as Sir B. B. must at any rate enhance and give weight to your opinion. The concurrence of his approbation with yours could not fail of putting Jephson's claims beyond all doubt. I had displaced the

alexandrine in Lister's sonnet by the same alteration as you suggest, but renounced it on finding the word "bright" had occurred before. Salt's production does not answer the ideas I had formed of his talents; I should be glad to part with my present opinion of them by reading the romance, on perusal of which your elegant verses are addressed to him.

Pray believe me the most affectionate and faithful of your admirers,

H. F. CARY.

The following sonnet was suggested by the line in Chatterton, with which you were so enraptured:

"The sweet ribibble dinning in the dell."

Sweet to the musing bard who winds along
This airy mountain, from yon narrow dell
The sound of rustic mirth and village bell,
That echoes with repeated din among
The hanging cliffs, while, through the social throng,
Content and pleasure breathe their magic spell;
Yet still, as on the listening ear of fancy swell
The mingled peal, and laugh and jocund song,
A sigh of soft regret the spirit heaves
That it can ne'er partake such simple joy;
Delight that after no contrition leaves *,
Sport without pain and love without alloy;
If such the poor and humble peasant's state,
Alas! what folly to be wise or great.

* In mirth that after no repenting draws.—*Milton.*

CHAPTER II.

1790—1796.

Enters at Christ Church.—His College Life.—Letters to Miss Seward and his Sister.—Poem in Blank Verse, "The Mountain Seat."—Choice of a Profession.—Lines "On the Failure of obtaining a Fellowship at College."—Letters to Mr. Price and Miss Seward.—Is ordained and presented to the Vicarage of Abbots Bromley.—Commencement of his Literary Journal.—His Marriage.

On the 29th of April, 1790, Mr. Cary (having obtained an exhibition of 35*l.* a year from Birmingham School) was admitted as a commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, of which society Dr. Cyril Jackson was then dean.

During the usual period of the Oxford course, his time was spent no less diligently than it had been at school in literary pursuits. In addition to the ordinary routine of College exercises and other classical studies, to which during a residence at the University the attention is usually confined, he continued to cultivate his taste for the Italian language, with the aid or instruction of Signor U. Oliviero; and, besides this, he gave proof of an intimate acquaintance not only with the French but also the early Provençal language, by contributing to the "Gentleman's Magazine" several articles on the Provençal poets, a path till then almost untrodden by the learned of

our country, but to which Warton in his "History of English Poetry" had lately pointed out the way.

His chief intimates at College were Walter Birch, then demy, afterwards fellow of Magdalen College, Edward Bullock, Charles Digby (late canon of Windsor), and William Digby (now prebendary of Worcester), all of Christ Church. The few letters that remain of his addressed to the two first and the last of these will appear in their proper places, and show how sincere and lasting were his friendships. To the last of the four I am indebted for the following account of my father's college life :—

"I wish I could furnish what you wish respecting his college life (writes Mr. Digby, Nov. 14, 1845) ; but he was rather my senior there, and I do not know the exact line of his reading. Only this I know, that he was regularly studious, and I always understood that whatever other literary pursuits he might indulge in, he regularly pursued that line prescribed by the habit of the college and the dean's direction for his college *collections*, as we termed it. After his *collections* ceased, before his B.A. degree, he applied to the professor of Arabic and Persian for direction and instruction in the Persian language, with a view to his poetic pursuits, no doubt. Whether he continued to pursue that study * I know not. Birch, Bullock, Charles Digby

* He learned the Arabic grammar, and read a portion of Hinckelmaun (as I learn from a cotemporary letter of one of his fellow-pupils), but did not prosecute the study further.

(late canon of Windsor), and myself, constituted his evening tea-drinking party alternately at each other's rooms, Birch being at Magdalen. Price came to college later, and was but for a short time one of the set. Birch * indeed had the highest opinion of your father's talents and acquirements; but used to contend with him a good deal in discourse and differ often in opinion, and now and then rather angrily, which your father took very quietly, and did not show himself very eager to refute; which habit of your father produced this remark from Birch to me some time after, 'Cary, after having delivered his opinion, takes no great pains to maintain it, if you do not choose to agree with him.'

"He once wrote to my knowledge (he might have written often without it), for a college prize. It was a Latin Essay; but he misunderstood in what language it was to be written, Latin or English, till within a few days of the delivery, and so was forced

* This remark is occasioned by one made by me in my letter to Mr. Digby, to the effect that my father's character seemed to have made a very strong impression on Mr. Birch, unusual with men so young. Birch, in a letter dated January 9th, 1794, speaking of a fellow of Magdalen, with whom he had lately become acquainted, but whose name he does not mention, and who, he says, reminded him strongly of my father, says:—"You are both two distinct wholes, which, on reflection, excite in me different sensations, but such as I should think myself degraded, were I not to retain and cherish them with fondness; such as I may congratulate myself on my lot in not having passed through the early part of life without being permitted to know, whilst my heart was not wholly debased, and capable of being benefited by an intercourse with elevated minds."

to translate his English essay into Latin. He failed, and Carey, now bishop of St. Asaph, gained the prize. Birch saw both his English and his Latin, and thought he had only failed, because his Latin was a translation of his English; not therefore so much thought in Latin. The dean, in talking to him about it, seemed to criticise his plan and method, and particularly his opening; on which your father replied most modestly, that perhaps he did not excel in that from his want of ability in mathematics. But the dean replied, 'Don't run away with that notion.'

"It was in that conversation or another, that the dean advised him not to indulge his poetic pursuits too much, in writing at least, for the present; but if, when he was older, between thirty and forty, he felt a strong inclination to write on any subject that much interested him, then to indulge in his vein. All this your father used to tell us in his peculiarly interesting manner, with perfect good humour, but certainly with a *subrisus*, which his countenance peculiarly expressed by the play of his upper lip, shortening and a little curving forward."

The following letters, addressed to Miss Seward and his sister, during the period of his residence at Oxford, will help to throw further light on his pursuits at this important period of a student's life.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, May 7, 1792.

DEAR MADAM,

As I expect my father will soon pass through this place, I take the opportunity of sending a line by him to thank you for your kindness in remembering me in your letter to Smith. The extract from some critic who pretends to write about Italian poetry, which I thought you seemed more pleased with than it deserved, was read to me. I much wonder that you should listen to the idea, that a fondness for Italian poetry is the corruption of our taste, when you cannot but recollect that our greatest English poets, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton have been professed admirers of the Italians, and that the sublimer province of poetry, imagination, has been more or less cultivated among us, according to the degree of estimation in which *they* have been held.

The poetry of the French is diametrically opposite to that of the Italians: the latter are full of sublimity, pathos, and imagination; the former of ethics, and descriptions of common life. No wonder then if Boileau decried a style of which he was so incapable to judge; no wonder if Addison, who, we are agreed, had little of the poet in his composition, charmed with the good sense of Boileau, so congenial to his own talents, echoed back his criticism; no wonder if

Pope, in compliance with the judgment of his friend, leaving the wilds of fancy, as he himself says, turned himself to another walk of poetry in which he was so much more fitted to excel. But we have lately condescended to go back a little to our old masters, and to them and the Greek poets we owe all the best writers of our own times, Gray, Warton, Hayley, Mason, and thence one might perhaps say a Seward and a Williams. You must excuse this long tiresome piece of criticism, because I am pleading in defence of my own favorite fixed principles. Give a few months to the acquisition of Italian; go and see the wonders of Dante's Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso; remember what a vast interval of time there is between Homer and him; remember in what a state the country and age in which he lived, and how pure the language in which he wrote, and then abuse him, if you dare.

I subjoin two passages from the Purgatorio, because the poem is less known than the Inferno.

The third canto begins* with this comparison, so exquisitely drawn from nature :—

"As the sheep come out of the fold, some alone, others in pairs, others three together, the rest stand fearful, putting their eyes and noses to the ground, and whatever the first does, all the others do the same, crowding at her back, if she makes a stand,

* These lines are in about the middle of the Canto referred to, line 78 of Cary's translation.

simple and tranquil, and yet do not know the reason why they stop, so this crowd of spirits stopt at our approach," &c. Speaking of the swift motion of a spirit that flew from them, he says, "I never saw the lighted vapours at the beginning of the night cut the serene air so swiftly, nor when the sun is setting, the clouds of autumn." Such are the sketches of Dante's pencil, and as for the conceits that you attribute to him, they are much fewer than you would expect from a writer in so barbarous an age, that some years after, Petrarch was accused of necromancy by the pope, because he read Virgil and Cicero, and wrote verses.

Everything becomes interesting at this period of reviving literature, and I am infinitely delighted with Dante, as an historian of his own time; so that I am collecting anecdotes, so plentifully interspersed among his works, for my amusement. A very wise employment, you will say.

I have now no chance of seeing Staffordshire for these two or three months, but you must cheer my absence by a letter.

I am, your most devout servant,

H. F. Cary.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, October 19, 1792.

FAIR MUSE,

Permit me to communicate a little anecdote to you, which struck my fancy very forcibly, and which if it pleases yours as much, may receive life and immortality from your Promethean touch. Near this place, on the banks of the river Isis, are the remains of Godstow Abbey, where the unfortunate Rosamonda was condemned by the jealous fury of Eleanor the royal consort of Henry the Second to become a pale-eyed votary of the cell. The gateway, the outer walls, and the chapel where the fair penitent was interred, are now all that is left to gratify the searches of curiosity. But the ideas annexed to the spot and the surrounding scenery of the river on one side and the soft hills with their forest drapery on the other are circumstances that often lead me to Godstow Abbey.

Yesterday I found there an old man and a girl gathering apples (for the place is now turned into an orchard); they led me to a large nut tree which had sprung up on the spot where Rosamonda used to bathe: the ground under it was strewed with nuts of a large size and tempting appearance, but Rosamonda had some way or other bewitched them, and they were all without kernels: the same happens every year. "Furthermore," says the old man, "there stood a great elm tree yonder, the corpse of fair

Rosamund was rested under it, but when it was cut down, they could never get another elm to grow on the same spot; all other trees grew very kindly, but the elm always withered as soon as it was put in the ground." If you do not think with the old man that all this is very portentous, yet you will agree with me in thinking the tale a pretty instance of rustic superstition and fancy.

> "It is silly sooth,
> And tallies with the innocence of love
> Like the old age."

The present Archbishop of York wrote some elegant verses as an exercise (while at this College) on Godstow Abbey, but they are very short, and would apply almost as well to the ruins of any other monastery. Farewell.

Believe me your very faithful votary,

H. F. CARY.

To the foregoing may be subjoined the three following letters written during his career at the University:—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, December, 10, 1792.

MY DEAR GEORGINA,

I wish it was in my power, consistently with my own resolutions, to return home this vacation. Your pretty scheme of paying for the carriage of my books does very well to talk of. But, alas, there are

so many other engagements at Cannock, that I never yet was able to think much about the few books I had there. If, therefore, you have any regard for me, you will advise me to stay here. I assure you it is rather against my inclination. The arguments of Caroline and Mary* would have great weight with me, but I am afraid you did not put a fair state of the question before them.

I am very sorry for James Walhouse's strange enthusiasm. His idea of standing up for the cause of the poor and oppressed confirms the good opinion I have always had of his heart, though it is certainly a mistaken one. The condition of the peasantry in this country might, and I hope will, soon be made more comfortable. I have had opportunities of seeing the wretched poverty of the lower sort of people about this place, and I believe the same is the case in many other parts of England. But they oftener want the comforts of a few faggots, a loaf of bread, and a hut to defend them from the weather, than any spiritual relief.

I hope my mother does not feel any return of the rheumatism from the present variable season. There is now a high gale blowing, which I expect every moment will bring the old towers of Christ Church about our heads. William is a pert gentleman cadet for saying I never write to him. He has never written

* His sisters by his father's second wife, and for whom he ever entertained the most ardent affection.

to me but once, to know whether I should be in Oxford on the 20th of this month; and I could not tell him with certainty till this morning.

Give me joy, I have just got rid of a troublesome tooth, the neighbour to the quondam one that gave me so much trouble at Cannock, and which now reposes on the shelves of Mr. Doringham. Adieu; adieu;

Your affectionate Brother,
H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, January 5, 1793.

Dear Georgina,

You must not tell William that I laughed very heartily at the description of his feather and sword: because, though the former inclines me to think rather *lightly* of him, yet the latter certainly makes him formidable to one who has no weapon of defence. There is, I believe, an old rusty rapier of mine which I will be obliged to you to get polished (if possible), and send it to me, as I may then be prepared for his attack, if his dreadful thirst for blood should break out when I am in his company.

It must be a great pleasure to the King, and indeed to all the peaceably disposed inhabitants of this island, to think that they have such gallant defenders of their persons and property. I saw some very fine verses in the newspaper the other day, which will be very interesting to our spirited young warrior:—

Britons, strike home, the dangerous foe appears;
E'en gallant Richmond scarce conceals his fears,
But sword in hand the tower he 'll still maintain,
And boldly point his cannons at *Tom Paine.*

One scarcely knows which to admire most, the unparalleled courage of the noble duke, or the great genius of the poet in these sublime verses. *Apropos,* now I am speaking of the papers, I must not omit a paragraph which seems plainly to point at William. "A *protégé* of the Duke of R——, equally distinguished for the politeness of his address, the elegance of his person, his taste for military ornaments, and his furious and undaunted courage, has given fresh proofs of his valour in the interior parts of this kingdom. Not contented with an unwearied attention to his duty, when on actual service, he takes the precaution to go constantly armed among his friends in I——e, well knowing that the brave man ought to be prepared, on the slightest notice, for the defence of his country."

As you are so well guarded at Cannock, I suppose you can attend a little to the peaceable arts of life, and that you are going on with the improvements in the house. What effect has the alteration of the staircase?

Remember me affectionately to my mother and sisters, and believe me

Your faithful Brother,
H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, April, 24, 1793.

DEAR GEORGINA,

On looking over the almanack, I find that it is about a fortnight since I left home, and that it is consequently about the time that you expect a letter from me. A letter therefore you shall have, though I scarcely know where to find materials to form it, at present. I heard from my father this morning, but the letter is dated the 21st, so that I suppose you must have heard from him since that time. He thinks the waters taken internally agree with him, but he has not yet tried bathing. From William I had a letter yesterday, in which he tells me that fourteen cadets have got commissions, but omits mentioning whether he is advanced another cut.

The papers of the last two or three days contain nothing very material. They say that Dumourier's assistance, being found of little advantage, has been refused by the allied armies; and that he, in consequence, has retired into Switzerland, where he may enjoy the comfortable retrospect of his past life. So that all the bright prospects, which some persons flattered themselves with, of an immediate subjugation of France, are entirely vanished.

I have just begun reading the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which have not fallen in my way since I was a child. I am so delighted with them,

that I cannot attend to anything else till they are finished. Pray read them, and in French, if you can meet with them.

Remember me very affectionately to my mother, and Caroline, and Mary. I suppose they begin to think by this time that I should be new if I came home again. But that will not be for these nine or ten weeks. Adieu.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. F. CARY.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, May 5, 1793.

DEAR MADAM,

I do not recollect whether I ever mentioned to you a versifying friend of mine, who professes himself an humble though a vehement admirer of your talents. If I have not, give me leave now to introduce to you Christopher Sherive, clergyman of Blandford, in Dorsetshire, who, approaching with due obeisance to the toilet of the Muse, deposits for her inspection the following copy of rhymes :—

"THE COSMETIC."

TO LADY E. KERR.

Though Venus' handmaids three, adorning
Your lovely form, delight to stay ;
Though softer than the bloom of morning
On your fair cheek the blushes play ;
Yet (pardon, pardon, lovely maid,
The rash presumption of your poet)

Take one cosmetic to your aid,
And tell the world they all may know it.
'Tis neither wash nor patch nor paint
That will our heedless hearts beguile;—
It is (and 't would become a saint)
The sweet cosmetic of a smile.
Nor use it only when you dress,
But on your mien for ever wear it;
O! 'tis an amulet to bless
Both those that see and those that bear it.
Nought from your lips the smile should sever,
For life a tenant let it be;
('Twill brighten all your charms for ever,)—
And bend, Oh! bend its beams on me.

Sherive is an acquaintance and neighbour of Mr. Crowe, who also expresses great admiration of your talents, as well as a grateful sense of your civility towards him. He is now in Oxford; and I shall not easily forget that I owe the pleasure of his acquaintance to you. A man who unites so much true genius and so much superior understanding, to such unassuming manners and such sincerity of heart is very seldom to be met with.

There is at present a poetical Professorship vacant in the University, for which the competitors are a Mr. Kett and a Mr. Hurdis. The choice is decided by a majority of votes among the Masters of Arts, with whom, if poetical merit has much weight, as I believe it has not, the latter of these gentlemen would probably be successful. He has published the "Village Curate," "Adriano," "Sir Thomas More," &c.

The former is at present only known by some sermons, though he is about to expose himself more by the publication of "Juvenile Poems." Keep yourself in good health and happiness. Adieu, adieu, dear madam.

Yours, sincerely and faithfully,

HENRY CARY.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Ch. Ch., Oxford, December 4, 1793.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have this morning received a copy of verses which my friend Sherive, who is your very devoted and humble admirer, desires me to transmit to you. He will be highly flattered by your slightest approbation and notice of him.

Can you inform me whether the Muses ever interfere in the election of fellows of Colleges, or whether they have any interest in that way? If they have I must solicit your assistance, as I am about to become a candidate for a fellowship of Oriel College. I send you a list of the names of the fellows, on whose votes the election depends.

The only one whom you are likely to know, is Mr. Richards, of whose poetical endowments you think me so great a blasphemer. There will be only one vacancy, and five or six candidates—the election in April next.

My indignation has been excited by Mr. Boswell's letter in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of last month. I hope you will teach him better manners in future.

I shall finish this scrawl with the simile you suggested to me for the King of Poland in my blank verses:—

> As when dim twilight gathers round the sea,
> If chance a parting gleam, shot from the west,
> Light on the mast of vessel under sail,
> The canvas, for a rising wind outspread,
> Burns, and a sheet of fire glorious it seems
> To those who wond'ring from the coast behold.

I am sensible that I have not come up to your idea, which deserved a better fate.

Yours very faithfully,

H. F. Cary.

The Long Vacation of this year had been spent in a tour through South Wales, along the banks of the Wye, in company, I believe, with his friend Price. During this excursion he wrote the following poem, which is worth preserving, as being the earliest attempt at blank verse that he has himself thought worthy of publication. It was printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1794; but since its publication some trifling corrections have been made in MS.

THE MOUNTAIN SEAT.

O insensata cura de' mortali,
Quanti son difettivi sillogismi
Quei, che ti fanno in basso batter l'ali.
DANTE, *Par* Canto xi.

Welcome, thou friendly seat, that, on the brow
Of this high ridge o'erlookst the nether vale,
Affording quiet rest to the tired limbs
Of such as wander with uneasy steps
Over the boundless waste, and to the mind
Grateful refreshment; with the view beneath,
Corn-field and pasture, pleasing interchange,
Forest and level down, and far beyond
The mountains melting in the azure sky.
Thee chief I miss, companion of my walks
These seven long years, and of my boyish days
Kind playfellow, thou faithful animal,
Late sever'd from my side by force or fraud,
As down the stream of wand'ring Wye I sail'd,
In search of pleasant landscape on his banks,
Grey rock, or woody hill, or valley green,
Tower or ruin'd abbey; Goodrich such,
Hiding his battlements amid the trees;
And Tintern, proud of Gothic ornament,
Arches with net of ivy-twine entrail'd,
And the tall shaft, that from the eastern front
Looks towards the river and the mount beyond:
Search well repaid, but for thy bitter loss,
Most bitter now, when most I hoped to soothe,
With act of grateful fondness and respect,
Thy hair, grown white with length of services.
How should I view thee with delighted eyes,
As I shall ne'er again, if fears prove true,
Bounding along in chace of leveret swift,
Or rousing from his lair the lordly stag,
That roves at will over this wide domain!
Fair is the robe of Autumn, fairer far
Than the gay livery of the fickle Spring,
Or Summer's flaunting pride; and fairest now

At this calm season, hour of sweet repose
After diurnal toil. The sober change
Of Nature, at her period of decline,
Fixes th' unsteady thought to solemn themes
Of highest import ; of mortality,
Hastily tending to its sick decay,
And like autumnal leaf turning to sear,
And thence of the dark tomb, and lands unknown,
Beyond life's continent, from whence the mind
Shudd'ring starts back, as from a hideous dream.
  Along the fold of yonder lingy hill,
Reckless of thoughts like these, the shepherd-boy
Homeward returning with his flock to rest,
Tunes his gay pipe, of accent shrill but sweet ;
Unable he to match the warbled trill
Of skilful Florio, when at theatre,
Or on a gala day, fair ladies melt
To the soft stop of Tuscan instrument ;
Yet not less likely the kind ear to win
Of village girl with Scottish glee or air.
  Far other sounds thy brother, gentle swain,
On foreign plains, from his low hut decoy'd,
To stand the brunt of mad ambition's sport,
And fight the quarrels of he knows not whom,
Hears now the secret call of sentinel ;
Or, as beneath the counterscarp he stands,
Over his head the rumour of loud bomb,
That voids its dire contents of sulph'rous flame ;
Ruing the hour in which he left his home,
And calm contentedness of shepherd's life,
For sleepless nights, lean want, and thankless toil.
  'Mid yon tall elms, whence in light-wreathed curls
The bluish smoke ascends, stands the full grange,
And, like a smiling family around,
The frequent cottage peeping thro' the trees
Shows its white front. Thence onward to the west,
E'en at the extremity of this brown heath,
Direct thy sight to Manstey's stately wood.
Proud of his variegated robe he stands,
Tissue of thousand colours, richly wove ;

And the bright lustre that the sun behind
Throws o'er his tufted plumes, illumined gold ;
There, in close covert of immuring shades,
Lies the fell ruffian, ready to assail
Wayfaring men, by friendless night o'erta'en ;
Trade like to theirs, who in the Levant seas,
Under a forked promontory or rock,
Lurk, with intent to seize some vessel bound
For the Sicilian or Iberian shore,
Freighted with costly stuffs and tapestry.
Hard by the russet copse, that skirts the wood,
Stands one, the servant of pale Penury,
In tatter'd weeds and ill-composed attire,
Who burns the gather'd heap of fern ; her shape
Bespeaks her of the miserable race,
Whose cabins, northward of yon fir-clad point,
Tenant the barren hills !—ill-fated men !
Denied the sound of holy bell, and care
Of sacred pastor, therefore easier prey
To such as, with their doctrines mischievous,
Of virtue unnecessary, and saving faith,
Catch the misdeeming herd ; sole traffic theirs
From moorlands far remote,—the potter's seat,
In affectation vain of Roman lore
Misnam'd Etruria,—to drive back their wares,
Laden on patient ass or stubborn mule ;
Journeying from town to town, as chance directs,
And, when grey evening spreads her quiet wing,
Under the canopy of hawthorn shade,
Or woollen rug outspread, if winds blow keen,
Courting the balmy sleep ; mistaken oft
By passing traveller for the vagrant tribe
Of sun-inured complexion and arch looks,
Who deal in palmistry and hidden arts.
Borne by the rising breeze, the voice of joy
Resounds from distant valley ; 'tis the song
Of husbandman carousing in full cups
For his rich garners stored with grain. Fond man,
Whene'er a little brief prosperity
Gleams o'er his days, rejoices with loose heart,
Thoughtless how near upon the track of Mirth

Tread Care, and Pain, and unavailing Grief,—
How soon after gay sunshine comes the storm.
Nor you I blame, ye harmless revellers,
Praising boon Nature for her gifts ; but those,
Who, after harvest done of tyrannous war,
Cities o'erthrown and desolated lands,
Triumph, as if some glorious act achieved,
And, with their idle pomp mocking the heavens,
Salute in impious hymns the King of Peace.
This goodly earth, of frame design'd so fair,
Mountains and woods and seas, and overhead
Hung like a gorgeous temple with bright lamps,
Was not created to be made the spoil
Of sacrilegious robbers ; nor high man,
Who bears the stamp of Godhead in his face,
To crouch and tremble at a brother's frown.
Who shall avenge thy cause, thou injured Pole,
On that fell She-wolf of the North, whose fang,
Ravenous and keen as the wide scythe of Death,
Gores the fair bosom of thy land ? For thee,
Thou dauntless hero, though with storm beset,
And darkness, yet the form of Liberty,
A glist'ning angel, hovers o'er thy head,
And shows thee as a beacon from afar
To Europe, lost in clouds of deep dismay.
So when dim twilight gathers round the sea,
If chance a parting gleam, shot from the west,
Light on the mast of vessel under sail,
The canvas, for a rising wind outspread,
Burns, and a sheet of fire glorious it seems
To those who wond'ring from the coast behold.
The sun descends, a globe of flaming red,
As if in anger of a guilty world ;
And the gay-colour'd clouds, that shone so late
Attendant on his fiery chariot-wheels,
Put on their palmer's weeds of amice grey,
To meet the silent step of evening star.
The mist, slow gathering in reluctant folds,
Covers the distant mountains, rampart high,
Rear'd thus by Liberty round Gwyneth's realm,
To guard her warlike forefathers of old.

Hail, land of ancient heroes ! oft I tread
With reverential foot thy sacred haunts,
The mountains hear, thro' which the silver Dee
Rolls o'er his stony bed with ceaseless roar,
The pebbly meer of Bala, mantled round
With the light drapery of verdant hills,
And o'er the yawning chasm and loud wave thrown
Pont Aberglaslyn, work of wizard hand ;
Thence further on, Festiniog's various view,
Torrent, and cliff, and shade, and the blue vein
Of water, that indents the pleasant vale,
And Cäernarvon's rocks and Meinai's stream
Hung with the shaggy boughs of Druid oak.
Here fabling Fancy placed her elfin knights,
Fair damsels, necromancers too, and dwarfs,
Castles, and forests, and enchanted caves,
With all the gorgeous dreams of chivalry ;
Tales that the list'ning infancy beguile,
Of credit easy won, while Nature yet
Wears her fresh gloss of novelty unsoil'd,
And from the lively fiction early learn'd
In the aspiring soul young hopes are born,
Fair courtesy, and love of gallant deeds,
And fortitude, and high heroic worth.
But vanish the gay forms ; since village bell,
Observant of the Norman's institute,
Harsh or tyrannic falsely deem'd, calls home,
And warns us of the keen and bitter air,
That Evening sheds from her unwholesome breath.
Happy the lover at this silent hour,
Who, from the dull society of men
Escaping, sighs with folded arms alone,
And thro' the yellow wood descries the tower,
Like prècious casket folding up his wealth,
The saintly shrine to which his vows are bent.
Happy the sage, who after spare repast
Trims now his lamp 'gainst midnight hour, to ply
Deep labour in research of secret means
That Nature at her wondrous work employs,
Whether in earth or air, or ocean's depth,

And hence for use of human kind to draw
Discovery, of invention new and strange.
  But, happier than them all, the lab'rer swain,
Repairing with sweet sleep his weary limbs,
As in a bath by luxury prepared;
Thence with to-morrow's earliest dawn to rise,
Jocund, and with fresh spirit to pursue
His lot of daily labour unreproved.
Peace to his slumbers! and grant thou, kind Heaven,
That at the audit of the dread account
My course may prove like his, unblamed and free
From blemish of neglect or foul misdeed!
If in performance of the task enjoin'd
By my Great Master, I too oft relapse,
In pleasure or remissness, spare not thou
The hand of stern Affliction, teacher best
Of wisdom and self-knowledge, to draw back
My erring steps to track of holier path.

On the 14th of January, 1794, my father was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and to that of Master on the 23rd of November, 1796.

His college course being thus completed, the next question that presented itself was as to the choice of a profession. His father thought him best fitted for the church; he himself was desirous of entering the army, certainly from no military ardour, but, as I have heard him say, from a desire to visit foreign countries, and extend his acquaintance with modern languages. As a middle course, the bar was proposed; but the great expense of a legal education, and the very distant prospect of earning a sufficient maintenance in that profession were great obstacles to this latter plan; this difficulty would be over-

come if a lay-fellowship could be obtained, and with this view he became a candidate at Oriel College, but was there unsuccessful.

He has recorded his disappointment in the following lines, which, in March, 1797, were published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," but appear to have been written soon after his failure. They do not evidence much regret for the loss of the bar as a profession. Retirement and opportunity to indulge his fondness for literature had been from childhood, then were, and through life continued to be, the chief objects of his desire.

LINES

ON THE FAILURE OF OBTAINING A FELLOWSHIP AT COLLEGE.

Farewell, vain hopes of Fellows' easy days;
Of morning vacant to the dreams of books,
In old or modern language, prose or rhyme;
Of evenings spent in social glee with wine,
And quiet slumbers, undisturb'd, at night.
What now remains? the curate's thankless toil!
To pour into the ear of stupid clown
Good precept ill received; to leave the down
And easy swell of a luxurious bed
For miry ways and prayer by sick man's couch;
Or, worse than all! perchance to taste the cup
Sour and unsavory, of domestic cares.
There are two roads along this mortal vale;
Easy the one and pleasant, but the end
Those who have seen it seldom praise; unsmooth
And difficult the other, yet the few,
Who toil with patient biding to the end,
Pronounce it good. Me, studious of the first,
Fate, that oft judges better than ourselves,
Hath driven into the hard and dusty path;

> And I must go to school, and learn of thee,
> Thou hairy doctor in philosophy,
> In Crowe's * grave song to worthy honour raised,
> Sager than those whom pictured Stoa heard.

The summer and autumn of this year, 1794, he spent in a tour through North Wales with his college friend, Wilkes, afterwards rector of Enville, in Staffordshire; and in a visit to Dublin, at the house of Mr. Ormsby, whose wife was one of his mother's oldest friends. During this visit he formed an attachment to his host's youngest daughter; his prudence however deterred him from giving the object of his affection the slightest intimation or sign of his attachment, until his own course of life was decided on.

The following letters to his friend Price, the son of his old master at Birmingham school, give some account of his life during the period that elapsed between his leaving college and determining the important point, the choice of a profession.

TO THOMAS PRICE, ESQ.

Cannock, February 12, 1795.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I was very much obliged to you for your very entertaining letter, maugre the ill grace with which you seem to have set about writing it—only that you might be beforehand with Wilkes!

* Alluding to some lines addressed to an Ass by the author of "Lewesdon Hill."

I had better, as you say, be kept out of the way of temptation—so that I will not accept your offer of sending me Fletcher's catalogue. Still, however, I have some commissions to trouble you with in the way of book-buying. The first time you take a lounge at Cook's shop, be so good as to purchase for me a Greek Testament, of the same edition as those in your chapel, and to inquire the price of Brunck's "Sophocles," and the complete edition of "Rousseau's Works." You see that although a poor man, and not about to increase my worldly riches by becoming a curate, I still suffer my thoughts at least to rove beyond the Bible.

Of Apollonius Rhodius there is an English translation by Fawkes; but it is no better (to borrow Don Quixote's simile) than the wrong side of a piece of tapestry. I agree with you, that there are many exquisite passages in the "Argon;" nothing, indeed, can be more exquisite in its way than the whole description of Medea's passion for Jason, in the third book. I do not recollect the difficulties you allude to. Perhaps you do not read it in a good edition, and are misled by a bad Latin translation. That of the learned *Shavius* of Magdalen is in general pretty faithful and perspicuous, but in one or two passages I think he has mistaken the sense of the original. In the fourth book, line 267, in that remarkable passage about Egypt, Ἠερίη should be construed *caligo* instead of *nigra*, which makes it

nonsense; the same mistake is repeated a few lines after.

At present I derive more assistance from the learned *Shavius* of Wolverhampton, who serves this curacy for me till I take orders: he resides here. I should much like to accompany you in your intended Caledonian expedition, if I were at liberty; but there is no chance of it. If anything in the course of my reading occurs relating to that country, that I think will be of use to you, I will certainly mark it, and mention it to you when we meet, which I hope will be in your next vacation.

Yours truly,

H. F. CARY.

Be so good as to pay for the Greek Testament, and to let me know how much I am in your debt for our last account. As there is no secure way of conveyance from Oxford to this place, I will wait for the Greek Testament till you come down to Birmingham.

I have been favoured with a letter from Wilkes, for which I intend you to thank him; I should have liked it better if it had not smelt so strongly of his salacious imagination.

Aubry, the French refugee, whom you have met at my rooms, is going to publish a Latin poem by subscription. If you and Wilkes will give him your names and four shillings each, I shall think you do me a favour. Farewell.

TO THE SAME.

Dublin, October 29, 1795.

DEAR PRICE,

If I may judge by my own feelings of the pleasure I should have in hearing from you, this letter will not be unwelcome to you. I believe it is four months since I wrote to you last, and, as I have received no answer, I cannot help flattering myself that your silence is more owing to your want of knowing where I am, than to neglect or forgetfulness. I have been two months in this country "indulging in a riot of my affections," to use the lofty expression of Waters, which has been the more delicious, as they were contrasted by the long preceding period of sickness and pain. The meeting, after a long absence, with friends whom I tenderly love, the recovery of my health and spirits, and the pleasure you know I take in rambling, and in which you have so often participated with me, have contributed to make the time I have spent in this country one of the pleasantest parts of my life. Still, I have not forgotten Oxford; and my imagination often returns to the scenes I have passed through there; and I frequently regret the evenings spent over a college fireside, sometimes with you and Wilkes, sometimes with Birch, &c. I long to know how they all are, and you cannot at present confer a greater favour on me than by informing me how they

go on. Some of them, I suppose, have quitted college, and Wilkes is by this time perhaps edifying a country congregation, instead of lavishing his weekly admonition* on his auditors at the hall in Christ Church. You also, if I mistake not, are now on the point of taking your degree. Do you think of becoming a candidate for a fellowship? I should wish again to make an attempt at Oriel, or, if there was no vacancy there, at Merton; but this I will thank you not to mention, as it might injure me in my interest at ———. Will you have the goodness to say whether there is any open fellowship vacant there. If there is, and you have no thoughts of being a candidate for it, (for I should be sorry we were rivals, though I trust it would not lessen our friendship), pray give me the earliest information of it, as I should think it necessary, in that case, to renew my residence at Oxford.

I shall hope to find a long letter from you when I return home, which will probably be in a week or ten days. Tell me what you have been doing, what you are doing, and what you intend to do; though the latter you will perhaps find as

* It was the practice at Christ Church to have the best Essay for the week read out by its author before the assembled members of the College. I have heard my father say, that Canning, who was his contemporary, was more successful than any other in attaining this mark of distinction. His friend Wilkes, who was a man of strong mind, without ambition or pretension, seems to have been distinguished in that way.

difficult a question to answer, as I should find it were it put to me.

Yours sincerely,
H. F. CARY.

I have just met with "Walton's Complete Angler," and have got it for you, as I know it is a favourite book of yours. Remember me to all friends, particularly Wilkes.

TO THE SAME.

Cannock, December 13, 1795.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Your friendly letter expostulating with me on my silence has obliged me greatly; there is no stronger proof of attachment than feeling hurt at the neglect of an absent friend; but, believe me, my silence did not proceed from intentional neglect or forgetfulness of you, but rather from the desire of avoiding to give you any unnecessary trouble; but I am glad to find you do not consider my letters in that light. The prospect of seeing you soon, after so long an interval of time, gives me the most lively pleasure; and I have purposely deferred an intended visit to Humberston at Birmingham till your coming there. As you are detained in Oxford longer than I expected, my visit shall now stand over till the week after Christmas. If you could make it convenient to return with me, and give us as much of your time as you can spare during the vacation,

you will add greatly to the satisfaction I shall feel in seeing you.

I wish you had spoken more particularly of my friends at Oxford, whom I long much to see. I have written to Lewis Way to inquire about Merton, and to tell him my intention of being a candidate there next year, if there is a vacancy, and he thinks I shall have any chance. But I suppose he is not in college, as I have had no answer.

With regard to my intention about the choice of a profession, I am yet undecided. As a kind of half-way measure between that line of life which my father wishes me to adopt, and the army, to which I am inclined, but he unfortunately is most averse, the Bar bids fair at present for my destination. The expense of a three years' residence at the Temple is the chief obstacle; but this would be removed if I should have the good fortune to get a fellowship. This, however, I speak in confidence to you. After the trouble taken by myself and given to others, you will think me capricious in abandoning my clerical schemes. I fear indeed that caprice is a leading feature in my character; but of this *satis superque*.

Remember me kindly to Wilkes, whom I hope to see in the vacation; to Phillott and the rest of our acquaintance. I am sorry you are not acquainted with Birch, who I wish was paid for some books of Aubry's that he paid for on my account. I am glad

you thought of Pett's Virgil, from which I promise myself much entertainment.

Yours affectionately,
H. F. CARY.

During the whole period of his residence at Oxford and subsequently, his correspondence with Miss Seward had been continued. But while all her letters have been carefully preserved, most of his are lost. In the following brief note he excuses himself from being able to join in celebrating her birthday. It is worth preserving for the sonnet that accompanied it:—

TO MISS SEWARD.

December 11, 1795.

DEAR MISS SEWARD,

I am sorry to decline spending to-morrow with you according to my engagement; but I shall remember the event by which the day is distinguished, and make my vows for many happy returns of it to you. Accept as a poor but sincere offering of my respectful Muse this sonnet on your Llangollen Poem.

Yours truly,
H. F. C.

Deva, when next my vagrant steps explore
The haunts romantic, where thy silver streams,
On which the garish sun but seldom gleams,
Fill with their wild and fancy-soothing roar
Llangollen's verdant straits and mountains hoar;

How shall I dwell enraptured on the themes
That now the immortal Muse of Britain deems
Worthy her sacred scroll, unmark'd before!
The steeds whose fetlocks swam in blood, the host
Of Glendour claiming valour's brightest meed,
Howel's love-breathing harp and lays divine,
And the fair wanderers from Ierne's coast,
Who, to find friendship's gentle power decreed,
Rear in thy watery vale the simple shrine.

H. F. CARY.

Miss Seward was desirous of prefixing this sonnet to her poem of Llangollen Vale, then on the eve of publication, but objected to the word "watery" in the last line, and as the next letter shows, suggested "hallowed" in its stead! With this alteration it was published.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Cannock, January 15, 1796.

DEAR MISS SEWARD,

You do my sonnet too much honour in uniting it to your poem. I can have no objection to its being put in so honourable a station.

Since the two ladies, as well as yourself and Mr. Saville, have so strong a hydrophobia upon them, the obnoxious epithet has been removed.

Though for my own part, as I consider water the most delightful appendage to a valley, I do not approve of your *draining* scheme.

Hallowed, however, does very well. *Lovely,* as you

justly observed, would be general and unappropriate. So much for this important business.

I am sorry that you are still confined by those teasing enemies on your feet—as the winter, instead of his icy crown, wears "an odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds."

Yours faithfully,
H. F. Cary.

To return to the question agitated in his last letter to his friend Price—the choice of a profession. His father's wishes at length prevailed, and he came to the resolution of taking orders. As he was wont to say to his own sons in after-life, though not always with the same result, "My father knew better than I did what course of life was best suited to me." He was accordingly, in the spring of 1796, admitted to the order of deacon in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, and shortly afterwards to that of priest, having been presented by the Earl of Uxbridge to the vicarage of Abbots Bromley, in Staffordshire.

The time had now arrived when he was able to realise his favourite project of devoting his life to study; and no sooner was he settled at Abbots Bromley than he set to on a regular system, keeping a journal of what he read, and, added to this, a note-book containing extracts, with occasional remarks, of the most striking passages of the several authors; these were all classed according to the plan of Locke's Common-Place-book, under their appro-

priate heads. It is probably to this system of carefully registering all that struck him as most worthy of notice, that is to be attributed the excellence of the illustrative and explanatory notes with which his translation of Dante is enriched. His common-place-book contained vast stores of learning, gathered from authors ancient and modern, on almost every subject of literature and taste, to which he had ready access without the labour of search, or the necessity of availing himself of the researches of others.

It is my intention to embody the whole of this journal in the present work, as giving a better view of the life of a scholar than any mere record of his literary labours could do. It begins as follows:—

LITERARY JOURNAL.

May 26. Read Tibullus, books i. and ii.

27. Finished Tibullus. Read Horace's Odes, book iv.

28. Read Horace's Odes, book iii., and book ii. to ode 12.

June 1. Finished book ii. of the Odes of Horace, and read book i. to ode 16.

At Cannock: read some sermons of Carr and Logan. Read Armstrong's didactic Poem on Health.

2. Finished book i. of Horace's Odes.

3. Read book v. of Horace's Odes. Resumed Pindar, after a long interval, and read Nem. vi.

June 4. Continued Pindar, Nem. vii. viii. and ix.

12. Continued Pindar, Nem. x., xi., and Isthm. i. The tenth Nemean ode is distinguished by the beautiful description of Castor's death and the fraternal piety of Pollux. I read the Isthmian odes last year or the year before at Cannock. The Olympian and Pythian odes I have read, I believe, only once, and that was when I went through Pindar at college.

13. Continued Pindar, Isthm. ii. to vi. The fourth Isthmian ode has some fine parts; the sixth presents a noble subject for the historic painter, when the eagle appears in consequence of the vow made by Hercules for the prosperity of Ajax, the son of his host Telamon. This passage has, I think, pleased me as much as anything in all Pindar: but that is saying much.

14. Read Pindar, Isthm. vii., viii., the two last odes. The eighth Isthmian has a striking passage about the marriage of Thetis. Began Valerius Flaccus and read book i. of his Argonautics in the edition of Nic. Heinsius. The first book describes the sailing of the Argos, the heroes who sailed in the expedition, a storm, the anger of Pelias against Jason for taking his son Acastus away with him, his revenge in putting Æson to death, Æson's horrid imprecations against him, and his flight to Elysium, on which there are some fine lines that close the book. Thetis riding on the back of a dolphin

to her marriage with Peleus is introduced as a painting in the ship Argos: this, and Chiron bringing the infant Achilles to his father, are two delightful passages.

June 15. Continued Valerius Flaccus, book ii., containing the progress of the Argos, the account of the Lemnian women destroying their husbands, and the rescue of a virgin by Hercules from a sea-monster.

16 to 18. At Cannock. Read a Tour overland to India, by Duncan Campbell; interesting, and written with such *naïveté* as to make one like the writer. The description of a story-telling and a play at Aleppo, and his account of his travelling from that place into Persia with a Tartar guide highly entertaining.

19. Continued Valerius Flaccus, book iii. The Argonauts, proceeding on their voyage, are hospitably received by king Cyzicus and his subjects: but unfortunately killing a lion sacred to Cybele, they are attacked, and a skirmish ensues in which Cyzicus and several more are slain. The part where Mopsus directs Jason how to appease the manes of those who had fallen, is in a strain of solemn sublimity. The remainder of the book relates the death of Hylas and the consequent loss of Hercules, who remains in search of him.

Read Chaucer. The second Nonnes Prologue and Tale, viz., the Life and Death of St. Cecily.

June 20 to 22. At Cannock. Read Maximes, &c. du Duc de la Rochefoucauld. They contain much unpleasant truth, some useful and some, perhaps, dangerous instruction. Read Montalbert, a novel, by Charlotte Smith, in three volumes.

24. Continued Valerius Flaccus, books iv. and v. The Argonauts proceed on their voyage, and Amycus, king of the Bebrycians, who cruelly sacrificed all who came on his coast, is killed by Pollux. When they pass the Bosphorus, Orpheus sings the fate of Io. Calais and Zetus deliver Phineus from the Harpies. In return he prophesies to the Argonauts. They proceed and are hospitably entertained by Lycus, king of the Mariandyni. During their stay here Idmon and Typhys die. They are afterwards replaced by some companions of Hercules. After passing the Chalybes, they arrive at the river Phasis, the end of their voyage. Medea meets and brings them to her father Æetes, who is at war with his brother Perses, and they engage to assist him. The fifth book concludes with a dispute between Mars and Juno and Minerva.

Read Chaucer; Chanon's Yeoman's Prologue and Tale. A canon extorts money from a priest under pretence of discovering to him the method of transmuting silver into gold.

25. Read Valerius Flaccus, book vi. The sixth book is rather dry. It contains an account of the war and the nations engaged in it. Juno appears to

Medea, in the form of her sister, and inflames her with love for Jason. The imitation from Homer of the girdle of Venus is judicious, not servile, but varied so as to suit well the purpose for which it is introduced.

June 26. Read Valerius Flaccus, book vii.; much more interesting. The conflict of passions in the breast of Medea is finely painted. She is determined by Venus, who appears to her in the form of Circe, to assist Jason, and goes to meet him in the night. He overcomes the labour imposed on him by Æetes, of yoking the bulls, &c.

27. Finished Valerius Flaccus. The eighth book, which is left imperfect, contains the success of Jason in obtaining the golden fleece, after the dragon is laid asleep by the incantations of Medea, her flight with Jason, and the pursuit of her by her brother Absystus. The Argonauts wish to give her up, but she perceives their intentions, and the book abruptly ends with her expostulations to Jason, and his answer.

I admire the purity and gravity of Valerius Flaccus, though I cannot think him so superior to Apollonius Rhodius, as he is pronounced to be by a critic (John Baptist Pius), quoted among the "Testimonials" of Valerius Flaccus, who says, that a little gold of his is worth a great deal of the brass of Apollonius, in the same manner as a small pearl is more precious than a quantity of common stones, however large. The opinion of Boileau, concerning

Tasso's inferiority to Virgil, equally unfounded, seems to have been borrowed from hence. The notes of Heinsius do not always clear up difficulties, and often do not attempt it even. The text seems to be corrupted in many places.

Read Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel. The characters of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Shaftesbury are finely drawn.

June 28. Read Dryden's Mac Flecnoe, and the two last Sermons of Hooker.

29. Read Plato's Rivals. This is a plain and instructive dialogue, in which wisdom or philosophy is shown to consist not so much in knowledge and erudition, as in action and conduct. [Theages and Anterastae, or Rivals. I have noticed my impression on reading these two before, in my common-place book. They both now appear to me rather jejune after the Republic, Laws, and what I should call the *trilogy* before Socrates' death, viz.:—Apology, Crito, and Phædo. Since writing this, I find that Schleiermacher supposes these two dialogues not to be Plato's. April, 1841.] I read through Plato in 1794 and 1795, always with pleasure, except in those parts where I could not understand him. It is no disgrace, however, to be ignorant in that, which even Cicero professed himself unable to comprehend.

Read Chaucer: the Tales of the Doctor of Physick, the Pardoner, the Shipman, and the Prioress;

viz., the story of Appius and Virginia, from Livy; of the rioters who conspire to kill Death, and kill one another; of a merchant and monk, from Boccaccio; and of a Christian child murdered by the Jews in a city of Asia. The last tale has much interest and pathos; at the end of it something of the same sort is hinted at, as having recently happened in England. The Pardoner's Prologue contains some curious information on the impositions of the priesthood in Chaucer's days, which it is unnatural the Pardoner should declare so freely.

June 30. Read the Rime of Sir Topaz, the tale which Chaucer begins, but is hindered from finishing by the host. His address to Chaucer gives us a strong and pleasing idea of the old bard's manners and appearance. Sir Topaz is thought, in my opinion justly, by T. Warton, to be intended as a burlesque on chivalry.

July 1. Read Marmontel; the tale of the Connoisseur.

2. Read in Logan's Sermons. He is a writer of strong imagination, and his quotations from Scripture are often finely introduced. As to originality, Carr does not deserve to be compared with him; indeed Carr's sentiments are generally trite, but expressed with propriety, and well put together.

3. Read Chaucer; his own tale of Melibeus, in prose: so tiresome, that it seems to be waggishly

intended as a ridicule on long and tedious stories, or as a piece of revenge on the host for interrupting him in his first tale; or perhaps as both. Read the Female Werter.

July 10 to 15. Read part of Beattie's Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth.

16 to 20. At Cannock. Read Les Jardins de De Lille. Read some of Atterbury's Sermons.

21. Continued Beattie.

22. Finished Beattie.

25. Began the Choëphoræ of Æschylus, and read to line 303: part of the first chorus is unintelligible in this edition. The meeting between Electra and her brother is highly affecting, though the circumstances of it are ridiculed by Aristophanes, and even by Euripides. Read part of the first of Pope's Moral Essays.

26. Finished the first, and read the second of Pope's Moral Essays.

27. Continued the Choëphoræ to line 476. Read the third, fourth, and fifth of Pope's Moral Essays.

28. Continued the Choëphoræ to line 780; at v. 644 and 645, a sublime and terrific image is presented to the mind. The prattling of the nurse is interesting; and reminds one of the nurse in Romeo and Juliet.

29. Finished the Choëphoræ. The expostulation of Clytemnestra to her son at v. 896 is affecting. The address of Orestes to his father's bloody cloak,

brings to the mind the masterly oration of Antony in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar. The Choëphoræ concludes with the beginning of the madness of Orestes. Began the Electra of Sophocles and read to line 681.

July 30. Finished the Electra. It is pleasing to consider how two great masters have treated the same subject. Æschylus raises more terror, Sophocles more pity, except where Electra is introduced encouraging her brother, while he is taking away his mother's life. The expostulation of the mother at that time is still more pathetic than in Æschylus. The manner in which Orestes makes himself known to his sister is not sufficiently probable in Sophocles, to make her acknowledge him so suddenly. Her incredulity in Æschylus is more pleasing, and perhaps more natural. Sophocles gained a happy occasion of exciting pathos, in causing Orestes to tell Electra of his supposed death; but was it not natural that he should know her? and if so, it was certainly cruel and useless to deceive her. Her mean and abject appearance is the only thing that could mislead Orestes. Sophocles does not proceed to the insanity of his hero. The other material differences between him and Æschylus are, that by him, viz., Sophocles, the guardian of Orestes is introduced to consult with him instead of Pylades, and that Chrysothemis is added. Began the Electra of Euripides, and read to line 486.

July 31. Continued the Electra of Euripides to line 956.

August 1. Finished the Electra of Euripides. This play, on the same subject as the Choëphoræ of Æschylus and the Electra of Sophocles, has many beautiful and striking parts; but as a drama, which should have a lively and unbroken interest throughout, it is no doubt inferior to the other two. Began the Eumenides of Æschylus, and read to line 142.

2. Continued the Eumenides to line 399.

3. Continued the Eumenides to line 839.

4. Finished the Eumenides. This tragedy is full of terror, sublimity, and interest.

Saw Raphael's picture of the Holy Family, at Okeover, with Birch. I was happy to find myself still more delighted than before; but perhaps the feelings of each of us were heightened by sympathy.

Read "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," a farce by Sheridan. After this name, there is little occasion to add that the piece has genuine humour.

5. Saw Mr. Wright's pictures at Derby, with Birch.

7. Began an Apology for the Bible, addressed to Thomas Paine by Watson, bishop of Llandaff.

8. Finished Watson's Apology for the Bible; a tract likely to be of service to the cause.

Mr. Cary's studies were now interrupted by the most important event in life, his marriage. As early as the year 1794, if not earlier, he had formed a sincere and ardent attachment to the youngest daughter of his mother's friend, Mrs. Ormsby: his self-command, however, had been so great that he had kept the object of his affections in entire ignorance of his wishes, through a visit of several months for two successive years. In July of this year, 1796, he addressed to Mrs. Ormsby a proposal of marriage with her youngest daughter: her answer appears to me so replete with feeling and good sense, that, however private and domestic, I cannot deny myself the gratification of its insertion.

LETTER FROM MRS. ORMSBY.

August 1, 1796.

YOUR last kind letter was indeed an interesting one, my dear friend, and requires a speedy answer. It gave me pain and pleasure in the highest degree of both. To give my child to so worthy a man, the son of my dearest friend, is a most singular blessing, at the same time to part with her for life, and to consider the small income that can be made out between you, occasioned a conflict in my mind which proved you had rather too implicit a confidence in my friendship. It got the better, however, and you have her father's and my free consent—we are both

proud of her being distinguished by such a man. Mr. Ormsby will write to Mr. Cary and mention what fortune he can afford to give, if he and you approve of it. We shall be happy to see you again at Sandymount, to plead your own cause with the young lady. I showed her your letter and fairly told her the inconveniences attending such an union, as I saw she seemed very sensible of the merit that counterbalanced them. At the same time she told me, with her usual good sense, that, not having had the smallest idea that you honoured her by a preference, she never thought of you, but as a most worthy, sensible, agreeable man; and that she thought a more intimate knowledge was necessary, before she left all to follow you. If, then, you can manage matters so as to pay the long-wished-for visit, you shall be most joyfully received by all parties, and I think there is little doubt but you may go home more heavily loaded than you go out. If it should happen otherwise, for you are as free to choose as she is, remember it is better to repent beforehand than after.

The step you are now going to take is to influence the happiness of your whole future life, and cannot be too well considered. She has a good natural understanding, health and good humour—no accomplishments except chattering a little French—is a very good work-woman and housekeeper. I pray God these moderate talents may content you. I

have nothing else to wish, as I cannot doubt of *her* good fortune, and have only to regret our separation.

My heart is too full to write on any other subject, so adieu. After the proof we have now given of mutual regard, compliments are unnecessary.

J. ORMSBY.

The little obstacles arising from slenderness of means were soon surmounted, and on the 19th of September, in the same year, he married Jane, daughter of James Ormsby, Esq., of Sandymount, near Dublin.

CHAPTER III.

1796—1797.

Mr. Cary's Domestic Pursuits.—Letters to his Wife.—Literary Journal continued.—Letter to Mr. Price.—Begins the Translation of Dante.—Ode to General Kosciusko.—Sonnet on the Birth of a Son.—Letter to Mr. Birch and Mr. Digby.—Literary Journal for 1797.—Letter to his Wife.

On his return to Abbots Bromley, my father's literary studies were resumed, and he had brought with him one fully competent to share in his favourite pursuits. From this time till the period when domestic afflictions interrupted the quiet tenor of his life, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more refined and happy condition than his must have been; one, however, which is doubtless often hid under the roof of many a retired country parsonage. While his wife was engaged in her domestic duties, his mornings were spent either in his parish or his study; in the evenings he read aloud, and, as was his custom to a very late period of life, talked over what was worth noticing in his own private readings of the day.

What great delight this course of life afforded him, may be estimated from the following extract from a letter written by his friend Birch a few months after this period. The account to which it

is an answer is unfortunately lost :—"The description which you give of your associated studies is so inviting, that had not my blood been cooled and subdued by what is equivalent to at least sixty winters, viz., a six years' residence in college, I certainly must have burst these chains of celibacy, in which interest entangles me, and have precipitated myself into matrimony."

In November Mr. Cary went to Oxford for the purpose of taking his Master's degree, and towards the end of the year was called to London on business. During these brief absences he wrote the following letters—

TO HIS WIFE.

November, 1796.

DEAREST JANE,

I am much disappointed at not having a letter from you this morning, but am more inclined to lay the blame of my unhappiness on the uncertainty of the conveyance than on your negligence. I got safely here about five yesterday morning, went to bed, and rose to regret your loss, and to think that five more days must pass before I could see you. One and a half are now gone, and my business proceeds so smoothly that I do not fear being able to see you on Thursday evening. I doubt whether a letter written to-morrow would reach you on Wednesday, and will therefore send this

to-day. My friends here are well. I am just going to dine with Birch. I should seem at home here if I could forget you, but that is impossible; and if it was possible I should not wish it. Price receives me into his lodgings, the same that I had formerly myself. I talk as if you knew all my friends.

Is it possible that the reason why I don't hear from you can be that you don't know my direction? My mother would certainly have told you, if you were at a loss. There is little chance of my seeing your brother Stephen here; he would not think it worth while to come for two days only. He could not get my letter till to-day, as the mail of Saturday got the start of me. How I long to be with you once more under our quiet roof at Bromley? Will it not be better to write to Betty and tell her to make fires in our house? But I shall see you on Thursday, and you cannot, I believe, write before. I am paying away all our money, and hope to leave this place without a single debt, except for the instruction it has afforded me; one that I can never discharge. This evening I shall probably go to a music meeting where there will be Cramer and Mrs. Bland. The only thing to prevent me will be, that I feel disposed to enjoy as little pleasure as I can if you don't partake of it.

My *frizeur* comes and calls me away. Good by, sweet Jane.

TO THE SAME.

Glocester Hotel, 4 o'Clock. Piccadilly, December 29, 1796.

MY DEAR JANE,

I have been writing letters every moment almost since I have been in London, so that you won't wonder I am almost sick of the occupation. I have not yet had time to go to Suffolk-street to inquire about Stephen, but will go there immediately; and if he is in London add a line to let you know; if not, close my letter and put it in the office before I return. You will laugh at me if I tell you my journey was really a pleasant one. The agreeable fellow-traveller whom I mentioned to you in the few lines of galimathias I wrote you from Coventry, where we stopped to dine, entertained me till supper-time, 11 o'clock, by quotations of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French writers, in which he displayed a most marvellous power of memory. He was an officer, but I know not his name, which I regret much. From 11 to half past 7, when we arrived in London, I slept so soundly as not to perceive they had changed horses but once—then I was dozing—though we came fifty-two miles. This never happened to me before. On my arrival here after going to bed for two hours, I went to see the Bishop's secretary, who makes me fear I shall be detained in town till Monday; then went in search of the coffee-house which my father had recom-

mended me, and which I found had been closed fifteen years; then came over to the first hotel that I saw on the other side of the street, ate a hearty breakfast, wrote two letters, then went to call on Dr. Robertson, the man whom next to Heaven I may thank that I ever saw you; then returned to my hotel, wrote two more letters, and am now, as you may perceive, writing to you, and losing the opportunity of hearing the debate in the House of Commons, into which I now of course cannot gain admittance, as I very well perceive myself. But I must chatter no longer, or my letter will be too late for the post.

Adieu, dearest Jenny,
Your affectionate Husband,
H. F. C.

I have just thrown the ink instead of the sand over the paper; however it shall go, and will perhaps make you laugh. Adieu, sweet Jane.

His journal and his note-book again attest both his industry and his critical taste.

JOURNAL, 1796, CONTINUED.

October 10 to 13. Read Zimmerman on Solitude. The subject of this essay is its commendation; but it has disappointed my expectations. Much that is said of Rousseau and Lavater is interesting. It comes into English through the medium of the

French, and is greatly curtailed. Read Anstey's New Bath Guide with Jane.

December 3. Finished Sydney's Pembroke's Arcadia with Jane.

5. Began Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis with Jane, and read to p. 59.

6. Continued Anacharsis to p. 80 with Jane.

7. Continued Anacharsis to p. 93 with Jane.

8. Continued Anacharsis to p. 144 with Jane.

9. Continued Anacharsis to p. 162 with Jane.

10. Continued Anacharsis to p. 185 with Jane.

11. Read Henry IV., first Part, and first act of the second Part with Jane.

12. Continued Anacharsis to p. 209, and finished the second Part of Henry IV. with Jane.

13. Continued Anacharsis to p. 245 with Jane.

14. Finished the Poetics of Aristotle in the edition of Tyrwhitt. Continued Anacharsis to p. 269 with Jane.

15. Read the Caractacus of Mason, and continued Anacharsis to p. 287 with Jane.

16. Continued Anacharsis to p. 301 with Jane.

17. Continued Anacharsis to p. 314 with Jane.

18. Read St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans in Greek.

19. Read St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians in Greek.

20. Continued the Greek Testament; the second Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Epistle to the

Galatians. Continued Anacharsis to p. 328 with Jane.

December 21. Continued the Greek Testament; the Epistle to the Ephesians, the Epistle to the Philippians, the Epistle to the Colossians, and the two Epistles to the Thessalonians.

22. Continued the Greek Testament; the two Epistles to Timothy, the Epistle to Titus, and the Epistle to Philemon. Continued Anacharsis to p. 373 with Jane.

23. Continued Anacharsis to p. 399 with Jane. Continued the Greek Testament; the Epistle to the Hebrews.

24. Continued the Greek Testament; the Epistles of James, Peter, John and Jude.

26. Finished the first vol. of Anacharsis with Jane.

The beginning of the following year was clouded by the death of his old friend and schoolmaster, Mr. Price: on this occasion he thus writes to Mr. Price's son, with whom he was in a few years to be connected by still closer ties:—

TO THOMAS PRICE, ESQ.

Cannock, January 10, 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It was with heart-felt sorrow that I saw announced in the papers an event which you must

for some time have apprehended. To endeavour to offer you comfort on such an occasion must, I know, be in vain. Your grief will, I fear, at first, be of that kind that does not suffer anything to soothe it, and regards almost with jealousy any pretensions to participation.

There is one circumstance, however, that, though it may increase your regret, must at the same time contribute to your consolation; it is, that he whom you lament leaves behind him a character that no censure can impair, as no praise can heighten.

Adieu, my dear friend! Make it a duty not to give way to too great an excess of grief.

Believe me your

Faithful and affectionate friend,

H. F. Cary.

My father now commenced the great undertaking, the completion of which was afterwards to establish his reputation as a poet and a scholar. On the 16th of January in this year, as his Journal informs us, he began translating the Purgatorio of Dante. For a brief space only we have an account of the progress made in this work. At the expiration of two months he had finished five cantos; after that he continued his task at intervals, as inclination and opportunity enabled him; but we hear scarcely anything more of it until the publication of part of the Inferno, in 1805.

While his life was being thus spent in studious retirement, the whole of Europe was being convulsed by a rapid succession of events, such as could nowhere find their parallel in past history. On reading the few letters that have preceded, and the commencement of the Journal of his literary life, it would be scarcely possible to conceive that he was then living during the most dreadful period of the French Revolution. He was, however, by no means an indifferent observer of passing events; at the outset the popular party in France had his entire sympathy; his love of liberty was most ardent; but nothing moved him to give expression to that sympathy and love in the only way in which he would be likely to express them—by his pen, until the ill-fated and unsuccessful attempt of Kosciusko to deliver his country from the galling yoke of a despot roused him to offer his tribute of admiration to the cause and the heroism of the Polish patriot.

On the 13th of June he began, and in three days finished, "An Ode to General Kosciusko." The Ode consists of only one hundred and thirty-one lines, and was immediately published in 4to. by Cadell and Davies, London. It is at present totally unknown: at the time, indeed, it was favourably noticed as a work of considerable promise, but so many years elapsed before its author had established a literary reputation beyond the circle of his own

friends, that his early efforts had fallen into total obscurity.

Of the merits of the Ode itself, when published with his other poetical remains, I must leave for future and more impartial critics to speak. Its style and structure are in the highest degree Pindaric. As I have had occasion to remark with respect to his first youthful effort, his Ode to General Elliott, he was evidently imbued with the love at least, if not with the spirit, of the Theban bard. But in this later production the similarity is more striking.

He begins the poem in praise of that virtue for which its subject was distinguished—patriotism; this forms, as it were, the key-note of the whole:—

> If virtue spread her sacred flower,
> Whatever clime the treasure bears,
> The Muse exerts her guardian power,
> And cheers the plant with vernal airs;
> If glory of unfading hue
> Command his wreath aloft to burn,
> She opens wide her breathing urn,
> And feeds the root with heavenly dew:
> But chief where patriot worth displays
> His vigour, struggling with the storm
> That o'er the ruin'd landscape strays,
> She darts her own authentic rays,
> And shows in light reveal'd the hallow'd form!
> Such thine, Kosciusko!

Then after briefly touching on the deeds of the hero, the virtues of King Stanislaus, and contrasting with these the mean and selfish tyranny of the

Prussians, and the encroaching ambition of Russia, "the Harpy of the North," he makes a digression to speak of his own country, Britain, whose system of colonial slavery is condemned, and then returns to his subject, heaping up glory on his hero by the record of his country's ancient renown.

But steer to Poland's fields, my verse,
Thy backward course on wing sublime,
And call on Memory to rehearse
Deeds buried in the waste of time.
As old tradition's songs attest,
There Lechus * first ordain'd his seat
Within the desolate retreat.
Auspicious sign ! an eagle's nest
The name to Gnesna's turrets gave,
And thence the ample pinions spread
High on the Polish banners wave,
That oft the Turk and Russian slave
Have in the battle's storm beheld with wondering dread.

Then having paid a similar tribute to Bolislaus the Third, he proceeds :—

Such antique tales my rhymes repeat
To swell thy glory, mighty chief :
Nor he who rears the temper'd laws,
Nor who has tamed the frequent foe,
Is noble, as the hand that draws
The sword in freedom's sacred cause,
Tho' fickle fortune has not sped the blow.
This truth, by inward whispers told,
May gild thy latest eve of life ;
And teach thy spirit, firm and bold,
To pass the cloud of human strife.

* Il semble aussi que la Pologne, ayant été abandonné des Venediens, ses anciens habitans, servit de retraite à d'autres nations nouvellement arriveés, qui y formerent un état sous la conduite de Lechus, environ l'an

The birth of a son, which followed shortly after the publication of the Ode to Kosciusko, he thus records in a

SONNET AND LETTER TO THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

Walter, the hour is come in which the name
Of father welcomes me; but without fear
The pleasant greeting in my anxious ear
Sounds not, when I consider of the claim
That asks my future cares:—how best to frame
From taint of vice the opening spirit clear,
How likeliest in the infant mind to rear
The noble thought, and fix the generous aim.
For if some fairy bade me take the boon
That most I covet for my darling child,
Though all my wandering wishes I might send
In search of every bliss beneath the moon,
Yet should I most desire thy wisdom mild,
Thy pure and open heart, my honour'd friend.

Abbots-Bromley, July 18, 1797.

In these words, dear Birch, you have the event of my becoming a father, and my reflexions on that event told you very plainly. Your friendship will share with me in my joy, when I add that the mother and her son, who came into the world yesterday evening, are as well as possible. It was

550 après la naissance de Christ. On prétend que ce Lechus choisit la ville de Gnisen (Gnesne) pour le lieu de sa résidence, à cause de l'heureux présage qu'il saisoit d'un nid d'aigle qu'il avait trouvé là. Et ce fut pour cette raison qu'il fit mettre un aigle dans les armes de cette république, et qu'il appella la ville Gnisen (Gnesne) du nom Gnesne, qui veut nid en langue Polonoise.—*Puffendorf, Intro. de la Pologne.*

in the expectation of this pleasant little disturbance in our house that I have delayed writing to you, as I wished to be able to fix a time with you for your coming here. Your letter tells me you remain at Oxford till the 22nd of this month, from the agreeable necessity of being elected fellow at that time. I hoped it would have been in my power to have invited you immediately on your accession to your new dignity, and to have seen you while you were yet κύδεϊ γαίων. But I must now forego that hope, and request you will consult your own convenience in coming to me whenever you please between this month (when I hope to have my walls free of gossips) and next Easter, when it is our intention to make a journey to Ireland.

It will be a delightful task to me to endeavour to repair the health which you complain of as injured, by not suffering you to indulge in those three things which cause its detriment—sedentariness, poring over books, and abstemiousness. The word *indulge* is not improper, even for the last, as you feel more pleasure in refusing the glass of wine than I in taking it, when it would be better for you not to refuse it.

Poor Burke, or rather, great and excellent Burke! You have already joined with me, Birch, in lamenting the greatest writer, and one of the most amiable and venerable characters of our age.

Have you read a little poem I have just published?

It is an Ode to General Kosciusko, of which the best that can be said, and perhaps all, is, that it is a homage to one who deserves homage. I feel a sort of satisfaction, though but a poor one, in having mentioned Burke's name in it with respect, in that public manner during his life. You are happier in being able to say even *tantum vidi*. My friend Lister must be sorry for having treated him rather roughly in a political pamphlet he has lately published, called "A Mirror for Princes." But, perhaps both our praise and blame would be to him no more than the dew shaken off from the lion's mane.

I was indeed disappointed at not seeing Charles Digby. Your letter does not betray that decrease of enthusiasm you think you feel, particularly when you mention Bullock.

I wish to send one of my odes to Crowe, and would be glad if you would order it at Fletcher's, and leave it for him at New College, with "From the Author" written in it. It is printed for Cadell and Davies.

Adieu, dear Birch, yours truly ever,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DIGBY.

Abbots-Bromley, July 18, 1797.

DEAR DIGBY,

I cannot refrain from imparting to you the joy which I feel on becoming a father. Yesterday evening gave me that respectable character, or rather, respectable only as it is well performed. The mother and her babe are both well. I have expressed the sentiment of anxiety for my education of my son in a sonnet to Birch, which, as it is a testimony to the excellent qualities of our friend, I know you will read with pleasure: I will therefore transcribe it on the next leaf.

I had hopes of seeing Charles Digby here last Easter. He would have given me great pleasure, and I should have listened with cormorant avidity to the tale of his travels. I trust my pleasure is only delayed.

Is Bullock in town? If he is give him a gentle chiding for not writing to me, and let him know my good fortune. If I were a caricaturist I would draw the successful candidate of Oriel looking down with scorn on the rejected one.

With best wishes for your happiness,

Believe me, yours, most faithfully,

H. F. CARY.

TO WALTER BIRCH, Esq.

Abbots-Bromley, Sept. 25, 1797.

MY DEAR BIRCH,

I should have congratulated you sooner on your instalment in academical dignity if I had not known that good fortune which is certain before-hand is seldom highly esteemed. If I waited for matter, my letter would be still longer delayed.

But the fear of losing your company the next winter, which may perhaps be secured by a timely application, will not suffer me to continue my silence, though it will be broken to very little other purpose. You will remember, then, that I am to go to Ireland at Easter, and that I have your promise of a visit before that time.

Perhaps you can fix it for Christmas. I can offer you nothing better than long walks among the green hollies of Needwood Forest, and long evenings divided between nursing and reading. No feasts, no dances. The latter, I suppose, will be little regretted by the gravity of a Fellow; how far your indifference to the former may be affected by your new station I will not venture to prognosticate. For, though it be no enemy to "calm Peace and Quiet," yet I don't believe it equally friendly to "spare Fast, that with the gods doth diet," in whose company it will gladly leave it.

I am curious to know how your former tem-

perance will amalgamate with the propensities of your new character.

Your account of your health gave me great pleasure. Bating that minute and ridiculous scrupulosity which generally defeats its own ends, I don't think you can pay too great attention to that object.

I have enjoyed this summer a greater exemption from bodily complaints than I remember to have enjoyed long before.

I attribute it in a great measure to the freedom from anxiety, and the even flow of tranquil pleasure, which my mind has, more than usually, maintained. But I must soon expect to have this gentle course broken, though I trust but lightly. We are to inoculate our little boy next month; and though I believe there is little to be dreaded from the disease at his age, yet it is impossible to be wholly free from terror where there is the shadow of a danger to so cherished an object, much less from anxiety when one dearer than one's self is to suffer its pangs.

Write to me soon, and tell me what you have been doing, and what you intend to do. A visit to me will, I hope, be allowed to occupy some blank spot in your winter's plan, if it has not already filled up its allotted place.

Believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

H. F. Cary.

TO WALTER BIRCH, Esq.

Abbots-Bromley, December 11, 1797.

MY DEAR BIRCH,

I am delighted with the hopes of seeing you so soon. If it should be convenient to you to come to me the week after next, that time will suit me very well. You will not be the less welcome for having taken orders, as I begin to find my theological as well as my poetical vein running rather low, and shall be glad of the opportunity of drawing for assistance on a yet unbroken mine. In your criticism on my Ode I see and acknowledge with gratitude the "animum censoris honesti." It will induce me in future to place myself under the same wholesome severity, before publication shall have made that severity in some measure useless.

As we shall meet so soon I add nothing more, except my entreaties that you will extend your visit beyond the narrow limits which you threaten to prescribe to it. Adieu.

Your faithful

H. F. CARY.

Having thus noticed the few events of his life that are worthy of record during the year 1797, we may now attend him to his study:—

January 5 and 6. Read Hayley's Life of Milton. A warm but injudicious vindication of the poet's

character from the violent and illiberal aspersions of Johnson. The accounts of two Italian dramas, in the Appendix, from whence Milton might have first conceived the idea of writing Paradise Lost, are curious; but perhaps there might be found some old English dramas or moralities, that might furnish equal grounds for this sort of conjecture. This, however, is mere supposition.

January 11 to 13. Read the Lives of Rafaelle and Michelagnolo in Vasari.

14. Read Thomson's Castle of Indolence, with Jane.

15. Proceeded in the Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis, with Jane, and read to vol. ii., p. 21.

16. Translated Dante, Purgatorio, part of the first canto. Continued Anacharsis to p. 41, with Jane.

17. Continued Dante, and finished canto i. of the Purgatorio. Read L'Isola Disabitata of Metastasio, a little piece, in which the writer displays his usual art, by making a very common story in a high degree interesting. Continued Anacharsis to p. 63, with Jane.

18. Continued Anacharsis to p. 95, with Jane.

19. Read Milton's Sonnets and Tractate on Education, with Jane.

20. Continued Anacharsis to p. 126, with Jane.

21. Read the second book of De Lille's Jardins, and continued Anacharsis to p. 153, with Jane.

22. Continued Anacharsis to p. 182, with Jane.

January 23. Proceeded in translating Dante, Purgatorio, canto ii. Continued Anacharsis to p. 221, with Jane.

24. Proceeded in Dante, Purgatorio, canto ii. Continued and finished De Lille's Jardins, and read Mason's English Garden, with Jane. On the whole, I prefer the work of the French poet, as more complete, and giving more satisfactory rules respecting the art it treats of, than that of the English poet.

25. Finished canto ii. of the Purgatorio.

26. Began Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, and read to Part ii., with Jane.

27. Continued Burke to Part iii., with Jane.

28. Proceeded in Dante, Purgatorio, canto iii.

30. Proceeded in Dante, Purgatorio, canto iii. Continued Burke to Part v., with Jane.

31. Continued and finished Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, and read Miss Seward's Monody on Major André, with Jane.—The system of Burke appears to be founded in nature and truth, though erroneous in some of its details, and defective even in its general view. The Platonic idea of mental beauty is too entirely excluded. Perhaps Burke, in his wonderful range of knowledge, has never visited the writings of Plato.

Feb. 1. Continued Anacharsis to p. 271, with Jane.

2. Began the Supplices of Æschylus, and read to line 608. Continued Anacharsis to p. 285, with Jane.

3. Continued Anacharsis to p. 304, with Jane.

February 4. Finished the Supplices. Anxiety for the fate of the suppliants is strongly kept up throughout this play, and their terror forcibly painted. The mind at last is left in a disagreeable state of doubt as to the event. Continued Anacharsis to p. 334, with Jane.

5. Read the first canto of Falconer's Shipwreck.

6. Finished the Shipwreck, a little epic poem, rendered pleasing by the truth of its narrative, its brevity, and language generally animated and sometimes poetical, though too much disfigured by sea-terms. Its unfortunate author was lost twenty-seven years ago in a voyage to the East Indies. The *Aurora* frigate, in which he sailed, it is feared, perished by fire, with all her crew. Continued Anacharsis to p. 350, with Jane. Proceeded in Dante, Purgatorio, canto iii.

7. Finished the second volume of Anacharsis, with Jane.

8. Began the third volume of Anacharsis, and read to p. 60, with Jane.

9. Continued Anacharsis to p. 97, with Jane. Read Garth's Dispensary.

10. Continued Anacharsis to p. 137, with Jane.

11. Continued Anacharsis to p. 170, with Jane. Began the Panathenaic of Isocrates.

13. Continued Anacharsis to p. 223, with Jane. Continued the Panathenaic.

14. Finished the Panathenaic. This oration, written, as Isocrates himself declares, toward the con-

clusion of it, at the age of ninety-seven, is extremely artful. Under the pretence of abusing the Lacedæmonians in order to exalt the Athenians, his auditors, he introduces one who combats his opinions, and in such a manner that it is evident he does not wish them to be considered as his own, and that he designedly gives the advantage to his adversary. Thus, at the same time that he speaks to gain the favour of the multitude, he takes care to let the more intelligent part of his hearers understand that he is not in earnest; a mode of manœuvreing that must have raised indignation and disgust in the minds of plain and honest men. The vanity of Cicero (as I recollect it now) appears modesty in comparison of the vanity of Isocrates; but perhaps it is in some measure because the newest impression is the strongest.

Read the seventh book of Paradise Lost. Continued Anacharsis, to p. 259, with Jane.

February 16. Continued Anacharsis to p. 314, with Jane. Proceeded in Dante, Purgatorio, canto iii.

17. Continued Anacharsis, to p. 353, with Jane. Finished Dante, Purgatorio, canto iii.

18. Finished Anacharsis, with Jane. Read the Ipermestra of Metastasio. The cowardice of Danao is below the dignity of tragedy; and the pompous display of fine sentiments made by Ipermestra is sometimes disgusting. The plot, as usual, is conducted with such address as to keep the interest powerfully alive.

February 19. Began Henry VI., Part i., and read to Act iii., with Jane.

20. Finished the first part of Henry VI., with Jane.

21. Read the second part of Henry VI., with Jane. Continued Dante and began Purgatorio, canto iv.

22. Continued Henry VI., and began the third part, with Jane. Began remarks on a passage in Anacharsis, chap. lxxi.

23. Concluded the remarks. Finished the third part of Henry VI., and began Richard the Third, with Jane.

24. Finished Richard the Third, with Jane.

25. Began Beloe's Herodotus, and read to s. 141 of Clio, with Jane.

27. Finished Clio, with Jane.

28. Read Euterpe, to s. 18, with Jane.

March 1. Finished Euterpe, with Jane.

2. Read Thalia, to s. 59, with Jane. Finished Dante, Purgatorio, canto iv.

5 to 9. At Lichfield with Miss Seward. Read Sappho, and Curan and Argentile, two dramatic pieces, with some other new poems lately published by Mason.

10. Began Southey's Joan of Arc, and read the two first books, with Jane.

11. Continued Joan of Arc, and read the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books, with Jane.

13. Concluded Joan of Arc with Jane. About four hundred lines in the second book on "preter-

natural agency," by Coleridge, are in the Lucretian manner, and much superior to the rest. The poem on the whole is spirited, and keeps alive the attention, though it contains few passages admirable either for sublimity or beauty. The writer I remember sometimes to have met in company at Oxford.

March 14. Read part of Les Femmes Sçavantes of Molière, with Jane. Continued Dante and began Purgatorio, canto v.

15. Concluded Les Femmes Sçavantes, and read six of the Epistles of Boileau, with Jane. We are delighted with his Epistles to his Gardener, to the Marquis de Seignelai, and to M. de Lamoignon. Read the first act of Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida, with Jane.

16 and 17. Finished Troilus and Cressida, with Jane. This play, though miserably lame in its plan, has lines in which all the genius of Shakspeare burns out. Read the three remaining Epistles of Boileau, with Jane.

18. Finished Dante, Purgatorio, canto v.

22. Resumed Herodotus, and finished Thalia, with Jane.

23. Read the Alcestis of Euripides. The pusillanimity of Admetus in suffering his wife to die for him is a blemish in this beautiful and pathetic play. The imagination is awakened by the peculiar situation of Alcestis, who, without any previous malady,

falls a prey to death in order to deliver her husband from his immediate intention of destroying himself. Continued Herodotus and read Melpomene to s. 95, with Jane.

March 24. Translated a sonnet by Nicolo Gaetano in Crescimbeni.

25. Translated a sonnet by Angelo Firenzuola, the twenty-second in Crescimbeni, and began a translation of Smith's verses on the Platonic system. Continued and finished the Melpomene, with Jane.

27. Read "Discours sur cette Question: Si le rétablissement des Sciences et des Arts a contribué à épurer les mœurs," by Rousseau. "Réponse au Discours précédent par le R. D. P.," and "Observations de Rousseau sur cette Réponse."

28. Read "Autre Réfutation de Discours de M. Rousseau, par M. Gauthier de l'Académie de Nancy." "Lettre de Rousseau au sujet de la Réfutation de M. Gauthier." "Discours sur les Avantages des Sciences et des Arts, ou l'on réfute celui de Rousseau, par M. Bordes, de l'Académie de Lyon," and "Réponse de Rousseau au Discours précédent." Rousseau has the advantage of all his antagonists, both in ingenuity of argument and eloquence of style, though the opinion he upholds is very problematical. Continued Herodotus, and read Terpsichore, with Jane.

29. Read "Première partie d'un Discours sur l'Origine et les Fondemens de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes," by Rousseau, with Jane.

March 30. Finished the Discours, and read on to p. 304 of vol. iii. of Rousseau's works, and the Devin du Village and Pigmalion in vol. ii., with Jane. The Essay on the Inequality among Mankind displays the usual whim and ingenuity of Rousseau. The picture of the happy state of savage life is, on the first view, seductive; but it is the happiness of the brute creation, except in one point, the feeling of pity, which he attributes in a higher degree to the human animal in this wild state, though perhaps it owes as much to the state of society as the other feelings.

31. Began Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France, and read to p. 119 in vol. iii. of his works, with Jane.

April 1. Continued Burke to p. 168, with Jane.

3. Continued Burke to p. 211, with Jane.

4. Continued Burke to p. 250, with Jane.

5. Continued Burke to p. 295, with Jane.

6. Concluded Burke's Reflections, with Jane. Began the Memorabilia of Xenophon in the edition of Ernesti, and read to book ii. chap. iii. Resumed Herodotus, and read Erato, with Jane.

7. Read Polymnia to s. 100, with Jane. Finished the first book of the Memorabilia, and read Burke's Speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.

8. Read to book ii. chap. iv. of the Memorabilia. Finished Polymnia, with Jane.

9. Finished book ii. of the Memorabilia. Read

Burke's Speeches at his Election at Bristol, and Speech on Conciliation with America, to p. 99, vol. ii. of his works. The speech on the conciliation with America is in Burke's purest strain of eloquence.

April 10. Read book iii. to chap. vii. of the Memorabilia.

11. Finished book iii. of the Memorabilia.

12. Read book iv. to chap. iii. of the Memorabilia.

13. Concluded the Memorabilia. Continued Herodotus, and read Urania to s. 98, with Jane.

14 to 18. Finished Urania, and read Plain Sense, an interesting novel, with Jane.

22. Read the last book of Herodotus, and began Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, with Jane.

23. Concluded Rasselas, with Jane.

24. Began L'Esprit des Loix, and read to book iv., with Jane.

25. Continued L'Esprit des Loix to book v. chap. viii., with Jane.

26. Continued L'Esprit des Loix to book vi. with Jane; and read Eloge de M. de Montesquieu par M. D'Alembert, a pleasing picture of the talents and virtues of a great and good man. Began Ramsay's Travels of Cyrus, and read book i., with Jane.

May 4. Read Travels of Cyrus book ii., with Jane.

5 to 11. Continued Travels of Cyrus with Jane, and read books iii. and iv. Concluded the Rambler.

12. Continued Travels of Cyrus to p. 167 with Jane. Began Œdipus Tyrannus and read to line 324.

May 13. Continued Travels of Cyrus to p. 198, with Jane. Continued Œdipus Tyrannus to line 1129.

14. Concluded Œdipus Tyrannus.

15 to *June* 3. At Cannock. Concluded Travels of Cyrus. Read Ward's Origin and History of the Law of Nations, from the time of the Greeks and Romans to the Age of Grotius. The author endeavours to confute the notion of a moral principle existing in the human mind, and founds the basis of the law of nations on the influence of Christianity. The work is chiefly estimable for information it contains of curious customs in the middle ages. Read Wood's Life of Homer; an attempt to assign the reasons of Homer's superiority over all other poets, in which much learning and ingenuity are displayed, though some of the arguments appear fanciful. The style is quaint and affected. Read The Italian, a new novel by Mrs. Radcliffe, and Julia de Roubigné. These two tales are of a very different cast. The former raises an unmixed sensation of horror, the latter affects the mind with pity and terror. Taste must give the preference to Julia de Roubigné.

June 6. Read book i., canto i., of the Fairy Queen, with Jane.

7. Read the three first acts of The Cid, with Jane.

8. Finished The Cid, with Jane. Began Smith's Thucydides, with Jane, and read to p. 68 of the first volume.

May 9. Read Barrow, Sermons ii. and iii., vol. i. Read Cowper's Retirement, and Conversation, with Jane.

10. Read Cowper's Charity, and Hope, with Jane.

11. Read Cowper's Table-talk, Progress of Error, Truth, and Expostulation.

13. Read Puffendorf on the History of Poland, and Martini Cromeri Descriptio Poloniæ; and began an Ode to General Kosciusko.

14. Continued the Ode.

15. Finished the Ode.

16. Continued Thucydides to end of book i., with Jane.

19. Began the third book of Apollonius Rhodius.

20. Finished book iii. of Apollonius Rhodius. The two former books I read long since. The third book contains a beautiful description of Medea's passion, more interesting than the passion of Dido in Virgil, who has borrowed copiously from Apollonius.

21. Began book iv. of Apollonius. Began book ii. of Thucydides, with Jane.

25. Continued Apollonius.

26. Continued Apollonius.

27. Finished Apollonius.

June 28 to *December* 20.—Read Klopstock's Messiah, and Schiller's Ghost-Seer in English, and Disobedience, a new novel, with Jane and Mrs. Ormsby. Read Favole di Pignotti; Rabaut de St. Etienne's Account of the French Revolution; Con-

juration contre Venice, by the Abbé de St. Paul; a volume of Mr. Fox's Speeches; Bolingbroke's Patriot King; or History; Exile, &c.; and Dante's Inferno, in the edition of Venturi. Continued Thucydides to the Embarkation of the Athenian Fleet for Sicily, book vi.; and read Julia, a novel, by Miss Williams; and an Account of the European Settlements in America, with Jane.

The Account of the Settlements in America is said to be written by Burke, and indeed bears evident marks of its author in the depth of the political remarks, and the rapid energy of the style. Read Horace's Art of Poetry, with the Commentary of Hurd. The ingenious critic discovers or invents a plan in the judicious, but apparently unconnected remarks of Horace, addressed to the Pisos.

December 20. Continued Thucydides, book ii., with Jane. Read Il Tratto delle Virtù Morali di Roberto Re di Gerusalemme. This is a short tractate, without much poetical merit, on love or friendship, the four cardinal virtues, and the vices and defects of human life: it contains, however, just and deep reflections on the topics which it treats. P.S.—The authenticity of this poem is denied by Tiraboschi. Petrarch says that Robert, in his latter days, regretted that he had not given greater attention to poetry.

21. Read Il Tesoretto di Ser Brunetto Latini, and Quattro Canzoni di Bindo Bonichi da Siena.

The latter is a short work, and consists of moral reflections. Made an abstract of the Tesoretto. These poems of Roberto, Brunetto, and Bindo Bonichi, together with some of Petrarch's verses from an original manuscript, with his own alterations, are printed at Turin, 1750.

December 22. Continued Thucydides, book vi., with Jane.

23. Concluded book vi. of Thucydides, with Jane. Began the second book of Macchiavelli's History of Florence, in Italian.

24. Continued Macchiavelli. Began book vii. of Thucydides, with Jane.

26. Read canto vi. and vii. of Dante's Purgatorio.

From the month of June in this year to December my father's regular habits of reading had been agreeably interrupted by a visit from his wife's mother: and during this period he took an excursion into Derbyshire with one of his wife's brothers, who had escorted Mrs. Ormsby from Ireland. From Ashbourne he wrote as follows:—

TO HIS WIFE.

Monday, Half-past 1 *o'Clock.*

My dear Jane,

Nous voici à Ashbourne. We have had a pleasant ride without any accident, and may expect to see

the wonders of this neighbourhood this evening. Our dinner has been eaten with a good appetite, though your brother objected to the cooking, and decidedly gave the preference to his own country in that arduous and respectable science. He is now sitting over his jug of ale (there I believe he will give the palm to us), with Voltaire's Zadig, which he has just purchased, in his hand. My pot of porter in the meantime gets a little respite. I must strive to regain my looks before I return to you, for the landlady here (an old friend of mine, who gave me credit for tarts and gingerbread at school) cried out, that she was sorry to see me so poorly. I can only hope that it is an exclamation which her compassionate heart prompts her to utter to all who are travelling the road to Buxton. At any rate, the sight of my beloved Jane will revive me. I always like to end with a fine speech; so adieu till to-morrow.

Yours, most truly and affectionately,

H. F. Cary.

CHAPTER IV.

1798—1800.

Death of his Father's Second Wife.—Letter to his Wife.—Sermons.—Letters to his Wife and Mr. Price.—Literary Journal for 1798, 1799.—Letters to Mr. Price and his Sister.

EARLY in the following year, 1798, the illness and consequent death of his father's second wife, whom he loved with the most tender filial affection, interrupted his studies for several months. We consequently find his Journal broken off in the month of January, and not resumed till the October following. The intended visit to his wife's relations in Ireland, owing to the political disturbances with which that unhappy country was then torn, was postponed to the next year.

During a brief absence on this melancholy occasion he wrote the following letter—

TO HIS WIFE.

Cannock, Monday Night, 1798.

DEAREST JANE,

I thank you very heartily for taking every opportunity of writing to me. Your two letters to-day have cheered me very much. You are perhaps right respecting my staying here until Wednesday,

for which morning the sad ceremony is fixed; though it will be very painful to me to undergo the sound and preparation for that scene. I purposed going to Lichfield to-morrow evening with Muckleston, and coming to you on Wednesday. But as you seem to think my father's manner indicated a wish for my staying here, or else conjecture that he would wish it (for I do not perfectly understand which you mean), I shall make up my mind to staying here. Another reason for my thinking of spending Tuesday night at Lichfield instead of here was, that my father might not know which was the day. Tell me your opinion about all this. Urge Georgina on the subject of my note to her. I am happy to hear such comfortable reports of my father, Georgina, and the three children. Tell my father all has gone on well in the farm since I have been here, not that I impute any merit to myself. I shall be glad when our meeting is over; but I must pluck up spirits, and be more brave than I have been yet. The prospect of seeing my darling Jane, or rather, the real sight of you must inspirit me. With my best love to all,

I am, with still better than the best,

Your faithful husband,

H. F. Cary.

In 1799 he was able to prosecute his favourite studies with his usual ardour, the materials for which

were chiefly supplied from the library of the Grammar School at Birmingham. In the midst of his general reading, extensive as it was, he found time to study the writings of the early fathers: of these he has made but little mention in his Journal, but his note-book bears testimony to their having met with no less attention than the works of others more congenial to his taste. In his Sermons, however, he made more use of the high-toned and almost Christian ethics of Plato, than he did of the dogmatic and frequently inflamed eloquence of Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom.

An old school and college friend, the Rev. Thomas Pye Waters, of whose amiable eccentricities future letters will give a sufficient account, was driven by his necessities to publish a volume of Sermons by subscription, but not having energy to write them himself, called on others, and amongst them on Mr. Cary, to contribute from their own original stores. The volume made its appearance in print early in the year 1800; three of the discourses were from my father's pen; viz., one on Industry, another on the Sabbath Day, and a third on the Works of Nature.

Connected with the first of the three, I remember an amusing incident that occurred many years afterwards, about 1813. The writer of the Sermons was then Reader at Berkeley Chapel, in London, the pulpit of which was, according to the custom in proprietary chapels, filled on alternate Sundays by two

popular preachers. On our return home one Sunday after morning service, the sermon, as often happens, proved the subject of conversation. Mrs. Cary expressed her admiration of the discourse; but her remarks were only answered by a smile, that *subrisus* which Mr. Digby has remarked as so very expressive in his friend's countenance. At length, when pressed for his opinion and the reason of his smiling, he said, "I was thinking of the clerk's estimate of the different degrees of importance belonging to the Preacher and Reader respectively." He then told us an anecdote, of two strange clergymen being expected at a London chapel: when the first arrived, the clerk, who would proportion the quantum of respect to the dignity of the person whom he addressed, inquired, "Pray, Sir, are you the gentleman that preaches or the man that reads prayers?"

On reaching home, the above volume of Waters's was produced from its resting-place, and the admired sermon of the morning proved to be the one on Industry above mentioned; and an admirable sermon it is, only too didactic, too moral for these times.

The only other events that I have to record during the year 1799, are the birth of a daughter in the month of February, and the accomplishment of his projected visit to Wales and Dublin. In the intervening period he had accompanied his father on a visit to London; and during his absence wrote the following:—

TO HIS WIFE.

15, *Mount Street, May* 18, 1799.

MY DEAR JANE,

Your letter gives me great comfort. But, indeed, you set me a hard task of writing you a long letter, which shall have as many letters in it as yours. In the first place, to reckon 'em would be very tedious; and, in the next, I have not the art of prattling as you have, which however I like very much in you. There is so much to be seen and done in London that I have very little time to write. Besides the noise and hurry are so great that they disperse all that pleasant train of ideas which a more quiet scene would occasion when I thought of home. I have seen many fine pictures, and they have pleased me more than anything else I have seen. The Exhibition alone has more than a thousand, but many of them not very good. The room swarms like the threshold of a beehive. The Shakspeare Gallery and the Orleans Gallery, particularly the latter, are both less crowded, and much better worth attention. But London is not the place to enjoy fine paintings. In short, I long for the country again. I have seen Henry the Eighth very well acted, and heard Incledon sing exceedingly well; but not with that feeling which is with me a prime quality in a singer. I intended to have gone to the

Opera this evening, but my father has forgotten to ask Lord Uxbridge for the ticket which he had promised me. So much for gaieties. No answer to Lord U.'s application to the Chancellor yet. The Chancellor is ill; but I think there are little hopes, as the thing has been so long vacated.

Tell Georgina, with my love, I don't know how to execute her commission for Jenny. I don't know whether she would have cloth or cotton. I have got the bracelet for her.

Love to my sisters and kisses for my children, from your faithful

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Magdalen College, Oxford, May 22, 1799.

My dear Jane,

I have never written to you with so much pleasure as now that I am on my way home. We arrived here about ten o'clock this morning. My father proceeds fourteen miles this evening, and I am to overtake him to-morrow morning before breakfast, by means of a coach. Since I wrote last from Hounslow, we have been at Windsor, which I could scarcely recollect after an interval of twenty-four years. Raphael's Cartoons were there, but I was hurried by them too rapidly to dwell on their beauties.

This place renews many pleasant recollections, and some unpleasant; but the latter are more apt to escape us than the former. I have hopes of reaching you before you receive this letter. Under this circumstance can you expect me to be very long-winded in my epistle? I had thought of coming to you by the night-coach that passes through Bromley on Friday, but as you will have sent my horse to Cannock, and we shall probably arrive there in good time in the evening, I now think I shall travel by a more agreeable conveyance—I mean on my Arabian. But do not be surprised if I should knock up the house very early on Saturday morning. However, I would not have any one sit up. If anything prevents me from coming on Friday you will certainly see me early on Saturday. Adieu, my dear Jane, and don't count the letters.

My father joins in love to my sister and you.

Your faithful and fond husband,

H. F. C.

TO THOMAS PRICE, Esq.

Abbots-Bromley, July 9, 1799.

My dear Price,

Your very kind letter deserves at least a prompt reply; but a more grateful return, I cannot make it. I am already sufficiently recovered not to need the aid of the Cheltenham waters, and have no

such fears of dipping into the ocean without their previous lustration, as you would inspire me with.

If there were not more urgent reasons to detain me here for the few weeks that intervene before my Welch journey, your solicitation of my company might prove a powerful inducement. Nor do I apprehend much oppression to your spirits from the solitude of a water-drinking place, a solitude which may easily be dispelled by the wonder-working wand of Mr. Moreau, or whoever now presides as the *arbiter elegantiarum*. Take my advice, my friend; apply to that magician for assistance in his charmed circle, the assembly-room, and you will suddenly find the desert, which you now complain of as affording only a beautiful country and a good library, suddenly converted into a land of social gaiety, a happy region, where every *beau* will favour you with a salute, and every *belle* with a smile.

I conclude, from your silence, that the mysterious dean still keeps his secret *altâ caligine mersum:* a dean he probably will not much longer *hear* (to use a Greek phrase), since the long-expected mitre has at length deserted the brow of good Dr. Smallwell.

Waters writes to me that "his character for punctuality and despatch may, ay, and shall, yet be redeemed." I looked closely if I could not discover a blush on the paper which was made the bearer of so worn-out a promise.

If I do not see you here before my departure,

which will be on the 29th of this month, you shall hear from me in Wales and Ireland.

I am your affectionate,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Carnarvon, August 19, 1799.

DEAR PRICE,

Here have I been settled for this fortnight among the *ultimo remotos orbe Britannos*, for so the genuine sons of Britain, who inhabit the wild mountains of Carnarvonshire, may be called, when compared to the Saxon breed that have seized on the fertile plains of Stafford and Warwick. Let me impart to you the delight with which this country fills me by its romantic display of rocks, torrents, and lakes, by the mouldering magnificence of its ruined castles and palaces, but more than all by the good order and honesty that seem to prevail among its inhabitants. The only complaint I have to make against it is the incessant rains that gather on the mountains and seldom allow us a single day of uninterrupted fair weather.

Last Wednesday we made an excursion to Llanberris Lake, which, as I think you have not seen it, I wish I could describe. It is from four to five miles long, and in most parts half a mile or three-quarters broad, except at the distance of about one-third its length from the top, where it contracts into so narrow

a space that it is saddled by a small wooden bridge, that is commonly considered as dividing it into two separate sheets of water, though not with much propriety. When by a gradual curve you lose sight of the opening where the lake flows out, you are at times surrounded on all sides by dark slaty rocks and piles of monstrous mountains, among which Snowden seems willing to assert his sovereignty, but can scarcely lift his brow above the rest. At other times you discover one or two green spots with some wood and corn-fields, and a cottage or two. Then near the pass where the bridge is, but a little higher up, commanding that and each side of the lake, on a steep but not high rock, which projects before the rest, stands the single tower of Dolbudern Castle, which the Welch princes made use of as a place of retreat from the English, and is in the strong round Norman style of building. At the upper extremity is the poor little village of Llanberris, on a very flat, green, unwooded, but not extensive, plain, pent in by this same lake on one side, and these enormous mountains on all the rest.

But now for some adventures, not indeed in character with the savage greatness of the rest of the picture. As soon as we arrived at the miserable *cabaret*, not equal to the worst English hut, the mist thickened all round, and it began pouring most violently. But there was no alternative, for we were obliged to return and by the same convey-

ance, our whole party consisting of four ladies and as many gentlemen. We rowed on in the storm and wind over the rough billows; and the slipping of one gentleman, not very young, into the water, and the *sangfroid* with which his wife regarded the accident, occasioned some involuntary and not malicious mirth. When the peril of the waters was past, we had five miles more to travel under the pelting storm in an open cart. My conclusion is lame, yet not unhappy. We arrived safely at last and have escaped colds.

I wish this description had been sooner ended, for I have hardly room to ask after your present employment and future plans, and to inquire about Wilkes and Waters. Remember me most heartily to them, and tell me what they are doing. If Waters's sermon is printed, tell me who is the printer, that I may order it as soon as possible. I think that feather must please us as much as it pleases our friend.

I see some faces here familiar to both of us: Mr. Olivers' of Massachusetts, who lodges next door; Mr. Hillingworth's, the tutor; and this morning Peter Prattinton's, on a botanical tour, with whom I was glad to shake hands after an interval of five years. Would I could see my friend Price's, and have his pleasant company in a walk which I devise into the valley of Festiniog.

I am ever his affectionate friend,

H. F. Cary.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1798.

To *January* 22. Finished Dante's Purgatorio, and read the Septem contra Thebas of Æschylus.

22 to 27. Read the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and read the odes, elegies, and Elfrida of Mason, with Jane.

October 19 and 20. Read Aristotle's Poetics in Tyrwhitt's edition a second time. Read the Charmides of Plato. This dialogue consists of different solutions of the word "temperance." The most beautiful part of it is the beginning, in which the growth and lovely form of Charmides are described.

21. Read in Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, with Jane.

23. Read the Io of Plato. It is difficult to say whether Socrates is serious or otherwise in what he says of poetical inspiration. This is, on the whole, a pleasant dialogue. Finished the second book of Macchiavelli's Historia Fiorentina. Continued Reynolds' Discourses, with Jane.

24. Read the third book of Macchiavelli's Historia Fiorentina. This book places before the eye the internal confusion of Florence. It contains a speech artfully constructed to excite the fury of the populace; and two very striking characters, the one of the aspiring but public-spirited Michiele di Lando, the other of the temperate, severe, and unfortunate Benedetto Alberti, who has the features of an old

Roman. The family of the Medici now begins to appear, Salvestro (the friend of Benedetto Alberti) in 1376, and Veri in 1393. They both espoused the cause of the populace, but without intemperance or ambition. Read Pindar, Olymp. ii. Continued Reynolds' Discourses, with Jane.

October 25. Read the fourth book of Macchiavelli. The dying address of the good Giovanni de' Medici to his two sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo, and his character, are admirable. Our interest is strongly excited for the wise Cosmo, who returns after a short banishment in 1433. The supplication of the miserable inhabitants of the valley of Seravezza to the Florentines, and the answer of Nicolo da Uzano to Nicolo Barbadori are striking features in this book. Read the Life of Philippo Brunnelleschi in Vasari. The genius, the industry, and the perseverance of this man in architecture and mechanics were wonderful. He is mentioned by Macchiavelli in the fourth book, which induced me to read his Life. The anecdote of his unsuccessful plan of destroying Lucca, which Macchiavelli relates, is omitted by his biographer. Continued Reynolds' Discourses, with Jane.

26.—Read the fifth book of Macchiavelli. This book is full of the wars of the Florentines with their neighbours, particularly the Duke of Milan. Each side carries on the war with hired forces. Francesco Sforza and Nicolo Piccinino are the heroes, who combat with much stratagem and little blood-

shed. Rinaldo dagli Albizi, the head of the aristocrat party, dies in banishment after fruitless attempts to bring back himself and his faction by force. His character is well drawn.

October 27. Began the sixth book of Macchiavelli.

28.—Finished the sixth book of Macchiavelli. He contrives to make the complicated intrigues of the Italian States, the kingdom of Naples, the dukedom of Milan, the republics of Venice and Florence, &c., very interesting. This book ends in 1463.

29 to 31.—Read the seventh and eighth books of Macchiavelli. The history concludes with the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, in 1492. These two last books are less full of interest than the preceding books, which may be attributed to the overruling and absolute authority possessed by the house of Medici over the republic of Florence. On the whole this is an admirable piece of history, perspicuous in its narration and nervous in its style, adorned with strong delineations of character and eloquent speeches, and furnished with useful political observations.

November 2 and 3. Read the first and part of the second book of Macchiavelli again.

4. Finished the Lettres Persanes.

5. Read the Theages of Plato; an easy dialogue without any passage of peculiar beauty.

6 to 9. Read in Aulus Gellius for the first time.

10 to *January* 22, 1799. Read Roscoe's Life

of Lorenzo de' Medici; two volumes of Canterbury Tales by Harriet and Sophia Lee, very amusing, of which Lothaire, the Ghost Story, is the best. Reynolds' Works; Cowper's translation of the Odyssey, the twelve last books with Jane, and the twelve first of the Iliad; and concluded Ariosto's Orlando Furioso and the five supplementary Cantos.

1799.

January. Began Montesquieu, L'Esprit des Loix.

23. Read Lewis's Castle Spectre, a new play. Continued Montesquieu. Began Smollett's Count Fathom.

24, 25. Finished Count Fathom. Continued Montesquieu.

26 to 28. Continued Montesquieu to the end of book x.

29. Began Aristophanes, in Bergler's edition, 1760, and read the Plutus.

30. Began Milton's Prose Works, in the edition of 1753. Read his Life, by Birch, prefixed: and of Reformation in England, in two books; and of Prelatical Episcopacy, both against the junction of Church and State.

31. Began the Clouds of Aristophanes.

February 1. Finished the Clouds. Read the Areopagitica of Milton, with Jane—a noble defence of the press, with much true eloquence in it.

2. Read Milton's Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, in two books. In the intro-

duction to the second book is that noble passage where he speaks of the great poetical works on which his mind sometimes mused.

Feb. 4. Read cursorily Milton's Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence, and the Apology of Smectymnus. In the Apology are some interesting passages respecting his studies and habits of life.

5. Began the Frogs of Aristophanes.

6. Finished the Frogs. There is much humour in the conversation between Bacchus and Xanthias; and the styles of Æschylus and Euripides are skilfully caricatured. Read the first book of Milton's Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

7. Began the Knights of Aristophanes. Finished the History of the American Revolution, by David Ramsey, M.D., of South Carolina, with Jane; a perspicuous and apparently accurate account of that great event.

8. Finished the Knights.

9. Began the Acharnians of Aristophanes. Began Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, with Jane.

10. Finished the Acharnians.

11. Began the Wasps of Aristophanes. Finished the second book of Milton's Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

12. Finished the Wasps. This comedy is imitated by Racine in his Plaideurs. Read the Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce, by Milton. Martin Bucer was one of the Reformers

highly esteemed for his knowledge in the Scriptures. He was driven from Strasburgh by the persecution in Germany, and was afterwards two years a Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, under the patronage of Edward VI., in which situation he died in 1551.

Feb. 13. Began the Birds of Aristophanes.

14. Finished the Birds. This comedy is full of humour, and has many fine poetical passages.

15. Read the Peace of Aristophanes.

16. Read the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes.—Finished Milton's Tetrachordon, which I read cursorily.

17. Read Milton's Colasterion, in reply to an Answer to his Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce. At the conclusion of this most caustic reply he says to his antagonist, "Since my fate extorts from me a talent of sport, which I had thought to hide in a napkin, he shall be my Batrachomuomachia, my Bavius, my Colandrino, the common adagy of ignorance and overweening. Nay, perhaps, as the provocation may be, I may be driven to cut up this gliding prose into a rough sotadic, that shall rhyme him into such a condition, as, instead of judging good books to be burnt by the executioner, he shall be readier to be his own hangman. Thus much to this nuisance."

Read Milton's Tenure of Kings and Magistrates; a justification of punishing tyrants with death, on occasion of Charles the First's execution; in a more flowing style than Milton's prose commonly seems

to be in, and very able. Read the Thesmophoriazusæ of Aristophanes; and the Observations upon the Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels; on the Letter of Ormond to Colonel Jones; and the Representation of the Presbytery at Belfast, by Milton.

Feb. 19. Began Milton's Eiconoclastes.

20. Finished the Eiconoclastes, and read Milton's Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes.

21. Read Milton's Considerations touching the likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church, &c. Milton proves that a settled provision for the clergy is not enjoined by our religion; but fails in shewing it not to be expedient. It seems likely that ignorance or barbarism might be the final result of this plan, which would admit mechanics to be preachers. Read Milton's Letter to a Friend, concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth (posthumous); the Present Means and brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth, (addressed to General Monk, and posthumous); and The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth. Milton's plan is that there should be a general council of the nation, and ordinary assemblies in the chief towns of each county. He would have the grand or general council perpetual when once elected, at least, till affairs became quieter; though he indeed argues as if it would always be better so. The assemblies would send up deputies to the council, and a majority of them agree or reject any measure;

but the assemblies seem chiefly calculated for the government of the several counties. This seems a rude sketch, which perhaps could not be filled up in the present or any past condition of this country. Read Milton's Notes on Dr. Griffith's Sermon,—acute and severe. They conclude the first volume, excepting a grammatical work called Accedence Communis Grammar, for learners of the Latin Language.

Feb. 22. Concluded the Lysistrata, the last of Aristophanes' comedies, and perhaps the least amusing, as the Birds is most. This edition, called Bergler's, contains his notes on all the plays, and his translation of eight. It was published by the care of Petrus Burmannus Secundus, Lugduni Batavorum, 1760. In Burman's preface are some memoirs of Stephen Bergler, who is said to have gone to Constantinople and turned Mahommedan. The notes are commonly very satisfactory, and not too oppressive to the text.

Resumed Montesquieu, L'Esprit des Loix, Book xi. He makes an excellent distinction between the ancient heroic monarchies and the modern monarchies of Europe. The former united the executive and judiciary powers in the monarch, the latter unite in him the executive and legislative. The excellence of the modern over the ancient governments of this kind appear in their superior stability and length of continuance.

24. Read to the end of Book xiii. of Montesquieu.

Feb. 25. Continued Montesquieu to the end of Book xix.

26. Continued Montesquieu to the end of Book xxi. Read in the Fairy Queen, with Jane.

27. Read Book xxii. of Montesquieu; and read in the Fairy Queen, with Jane.

March 7. Concluded Milton's Private Latin Letters. Read Racine's Esther. Concluded Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici a second time, with Jane.

10. Read the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles.

12. Began the Thebais of Statius, and read the first book. The tempestuous night in which Tydeus and Polynices meet at the palace of Adrastus, their quarrel, reconciliation, and the sumptuous feast prepared for them, are all very impressive circumstances.

Read the second book of the Thebais, containing little more than the fruitless embassy of Tydeus to Thebes, and his defeat of the ambush laid to intercept him on his return. The beginning of the book, indeed, relates the marriage of Polynices and Tydeus to the daughters of Adrastus, and the appearance of the ghost of Laius to Eteocles.

14. Read the third book of the Thebais, containing the grief of the Thebans over the heroes slain by Tydeus, his return to Argos, the consultation of the auguries by Amphiaraus and Melampus, the impiety of Capaneus, and the final determination of war against Thebes.

15. Began Book iv. of the Thebais.

March 16. Finished Book iv., containing the preparations for war on each side, the consultation of the Manes by Tiresias, and the drought which afflicts the Argive army in Nemea. The description of Archemorus, the infant left on the grass by Hypsipyle, and her showing them the river Langia (with which the book concludes), is extremely beautiful.

18. Concluded Milton's History of England, with Jane, and the rest of his works in the second volume of his works, edit. 1753, excepting his Letters of State, his Political writings in Latin and his Artis Logicæ Plenior Institutio.

20. Read the Balia of Luigi Tansillo, with Roscoe's translation, lately published. The Italian poet recommends to mothers the nursing their own children, with great earnestness, and in plain and easy verse. The version has not so much merit, and in some passages is of very mean expression; but it has ten beautiful lines on the Virgin and Christ, which exceed the original.

April 19. Concluded Discourses concerning Government, by Algernon Sydney, with his letter, trial, apology, and some memoirs of his life. London: printed for A. Miller, 1763. The Discourses on Government shatter to atoms the unstable fabric of Sir R. Filmer, against which they are levelled. Sydney's style has more force than elegance. His Letters to his Father, from Rome, are curious, particularly that which gives the characters of some of

the Cardinals. His trial is one of the foulest blots on the page of British history.

It must be owned, that Sydney's principles inclined more to democracy, than a firm attachment to the English constitution could warrant. But the English constitution in those days was but an imperfect embryo of the present.

April 21. Read the Shade of Alexander Pope, by the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, supposed to be Mr. Matthias.

22. Finished the fifth book of the Thebais, which contains Hypsipyle's narration of the Lemnian women destroying the males, and of the arrival of the Argonauts ; the death of her infant charge, Archemorus, by a serpent, and the arrival of her two sons by Jason.

Read the sixth book of the Thebais, which, in imitation of the fifth book of the Æneid, relates the obsequies of Archemorus and the funeral games.

24. Began the seventh book of the Thebais.

May 3. Finished Juelli Apologia, a very able answer to the Papists;—and the first volume of Tenhove's Memoirs of the Medici family, translated by Sir Richard Clayton.

4. Read a "Short Catechisme," set forth in Edward the Sixth's time.

7. Finished the seventh book of the Thebais, in which the war is begun, and Amphiaraus swallowed up by an earthquake in the battle; and began the eighth.

May 8. Finished the eighth book of the Thebais, a second battle, in which there is one pathetic, and one very horrible description, the former the death of Atys in the presence of Ismene, and the latter the death of Tydeus, gnawing the skull of Melanippus.

28. Finished Sir Richard Clayton's translation of Tenhove's House of Medici, in two volumes, 4to; and read the Spleen, a poem, by Green.

31. Finished the ninth book of the Thebais; the battle is continued, in which Hippomedon, Hypseus, and Parthenopæus fall.

June 1. Read the tenth book of the Thebais. Three of the Argive chiefs make an excursion by night into the Theban camp, where they make great slaughter. Hopleus and Dymas stay behind the rest to recover the bodies of Tydeus and Parthenopæus, but are slain in the attempt. The Argives then make an attack on Thebes itself. Menœceus devotes himself for the city, and the impious Capaneus is destroyed by thunder from Jove. The description of Sleep's habitation, where Iris goes by the command of Juno, and the death of Hopleus and Dymas, are striking passages in this book.

2. Read Don Carlos, a tragedy, translated from Schiller, and Wulfingen, a tragedy, from Kotzebue.

3. Read book xi. of the Thebais. The brothers fall by each other's hands. The grief of Œdipus is finely expressed: he reminds one of Lear.

4. Read book xii. of the Thebais. Argia goes in

search, by night, of the body of her husband, Polynices, and meets Antigone on the same quest. They burn it. The poem concludes with the death of Creon by the hand of Theseus, who goes against him at the supplication of the Argive women, on account of his refusal of funeral rites to their slain husbands.

June 5 and 6. Read the two books which remain of the Achilleis of Statius. They begin the history of Achilles from his education in Chiron's cave, and carry it as far as his departure from the island of Scyros. It was the intention of the poet to have carried it through to his death, in opposition to the judicious and elegant rule of Aristotle.

June 6 to *July* 13. Read the first volume of D'Hancarville's Etruscan Antiquities, Darwin's Botanic Garden, and La Coltivazione di Alamanni. This didactic poem of Alamanni, though similar to the Georgics of Virgil in its subject, does not servilely follow the same track. It is remarkable that it has no episodes, except the conclusion of the first book on the pleasures of a country life may be called an episode. The only tedious thing in the work is the former and larger part of the sixth book, which treats of prognostics of the weather, to be observed from the situation of the stars.

July 28 to *December* 24. In Wales and Dublin. Read the second volume of Southey's Poems, Barrington's History of Henry the Second, Memoires du

Chevalier de Grieux. The Midnight Bell, a novel, Hayley's Triumphs of Temper, most of the Critical Works of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, the Hecuba of Euripides, in Porson's new edition, the first book of Hobbes's Leviathan, some of Filicaja's Poems, Bishop Taylor on the Liberty of Prophesying, &c., &c.

His friend Price had promised to pay him a visit at Abbots Bromley early in the following year, 1800; but wrote to excuse himself on account of the badness of the weather, and tried to prevail on my father to pay him a visit instead, holding out as a temptation a sale of *original* pictures shortly about to take place at Birmingham. This occasioned the subjoined pleasant correspondence.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Abbots-Bromley, February 1, 1800.

DEAR PRICE,

Now that your "fortnight's engagements" are over, I hope you will begin to think of your engagement with me, as I cannot recede from my claim of a visit. Your decoy of the pictures would not take. I am not so like the bird in the old story of the Greek painter's bunch of grapes, as to fly to you immediately on such a deception. If, however, you really wish to indulge me in that way, come to me and bring Waters, and then I shall be sure that I have at least one *original* in my own possession.

If you can prevail on yourself to leave Lord S. Chichester's sale, you may be certain of finding me at home at the beginning of next week, and in the language of the Politicians, "I pledge myself" to return the visit in the course of a month afterwards, with more intention of keeping my promise than they, I believe, commonly have.

I wish much to see Wilkes and Waters. His sermon has been long ordered, but from the dilatoriness of country booksellers, my anxiety has a chance of remaining some time longer unsatisfied.

My wife desires her compliments,

Your faithful friend,

H. F. Cary.

P.S. If you could contrive to bring me half a pound of Olympian green you would do me a service.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Handsworth, February 6, 1800.

Dear Cary,

I admire that high tone which you assume in claiming a visit from me. Recollect, good father Abbot, that in the first instance I expected you, and on account of your indisposition was condemned to endure the pains of disappointment. I admire that high-erected mind which, seated in a head full of taste and knowledge, could resist a decoy so alluring as a sale of paintings. I wish I could admire that

firmness of resolution which, in despite of courtesy and ancient friendship, can keep you at home when I call. I wonder at, rather than delight in that incontinence of wit, which leads you to characterize the new-born author, and rising promise of the flock of divinity by an epithet ironically applied where it ought to have been used in soberness and truth. For if new and singular modes of acting and thinking, new ways of acquiring knowledge, and new ways of diffusing it, if discoveries of the most important and saving kind, moral and intellectual, constitute any part of originality, then is my admirable friend, the Curate of Barr, an original, a great original. For what man has at any time so boldly dared to oppose the fixed habits of domestic life as Vatersius? What man has dared, like him, to dine when others sup, to talk while others eat, to read while others drink, to preach while others laugh? to quote, rehearse, recite, to or from the purpose, in or out of season? What man has so wholly despised the restraints of an over-anxious principle of cleanliness, and overcome all regularity of habits and observances incompatible with the unshackled nature of his genius? what man, before Vatersius, has studied divinity in Puffendorf, and Greek in Bishop Taylor? Did ever yet man live, of such great resolutions and high aspirings? Was ever man so poor and yet so honourable, so disregarded and yet so charitable, so proud and yet so friendly, so open yet so secret, so

inconsiderate yet so wise, so low and yet so high, so great a copier and yet so true an original?

When I read your innuendo contained in the words "at least one original" and conjecture that you mean me, I shrink with terror from a comparison so disadvantageous to me. I know but of one original in the world to compare with the Curate of Barr and the chaplain of the high sheriff:—he who, soaring into the heights of poetry and romance, has yet an eye keen enough to discern, and a multifarious mind to direct the low and common concerns of domestic life; he whose generosity is corrected by his prudence; firm and unyielding, yet courteous and easy to be entreated. I am afraid the colours are too brilliant, the portrait will be too flattering, and I fear you will not know it.

But it is high time that I should begin my letter, lest the prelude should preclude the main subject of the composition. I wish to know how your engagements stand for a few weeks to come, for I mean to take the first opportunity and spend a whole week with you. I could perhaps come sooner and spend a few days with you, but I am persuaded that you would rather I deferred till I can, with some convenience, contrive to get my duty done for a Sunday, so that I may be out a "Parson's week."

I do not know what "Olympian green" means; explain it to me, that I may make no mistake. I once thought that it was Olympian Greek, and that

it was a poetical way of desiring me to bring you some classic author, till I recollected that you would not have sent so vague a commission in a matter of such importance and nicety as your reading.

From yours truly,

THOMAS PRICE.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Abbots-Bromley, February 8, 1800.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Overwhelmed as I am with the flow of wit and oratory which runs through your last epistolary composition, I am almost ashamed to use such plain English prose as the following: "I shall be very happy to see you as soon as you can make it convenient. I shall be at home for about a fortnight, and then probably go for the next fortnight on a visit to my father. It is fair, however, to apprise you that my sister is at present staying with us, which can be of no other inconvenience, that I know of, to you, except that you will be put into a bedchamber which has no fire-place. To me it is none; she will not interrupt either our morning's walk or our evening's reading. If it is left to me to fix a time I should certainly prefer the present to the future, provided my impatience does not make your visit shorter; but I should suppose the obstacle of your Sunday's employment might be easily removed by the assistance of one of your clerical acquaintances and friends."

I fear you will hardly have had patience to toil

through this dull matter-of-fact statement, but I could not have attempted to embellish it with rhetorical ornament, to round it into periods, and enliven it with antitheses, without running considerable risk of having my meaning misinterpreted. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* It is thy peculiar privilege to excuse thyself from an engagement, and to answer an invitation by returning thy correspondent a rapid sketch of his own character, accompanied with a minute and spirited portrait of a common friend.

It is thy unrivalled talent to execute a commission for purchasing half a pound of paint for colouring walls, by a pompous effusion on the subject of Grecian learning; for such I am obliged to confess to be the homely use and property of that Olympian green which I did request thee to bring me half a pound of, obliged even to disclaim any the most remote allusion to the celebrated plains of Elis, either literally as productive of good greens, cabbages, colewort, or spinach, for which I never heard them famed; or metaphorically, as applicable to the correspondent excellence between the Olympian contest,

μηδ' Ὀλυμπίας ἀγῶνα
φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν *,

and the productions of the Grecian Muse.

* Pindar, Olymp. i. 11.

Nor deem the world supplies
A nobler than th' Olympic prize.
(*Cary's Translation.*)

However, that I may not utterly disappoint your opinion of my studious propensities, and that I may be more worthy of witnessing your future flights of eloquence, "I request you to send, as well as the half pound of Olympian green, which may be had at a druggist's or oilman's," the following Olympian Greek:—"Demetrius Phalereus," and "Hermogenes de Arte Rhetoricâ," both of which I suppose to be in the Birmingham School Library, the latter in a collection of the Rhetores Græci.

Yours as you visit me,

H. F. Cary.

P. S. "It may be necessary to observe that those parts of my letter which are inclosed in brackets are very seriously meant."

The long-promised visit from Mr. Price was at length paid, and the friends amused themselves by an excursion, of which the following letter gives some account:—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Abbots-Bromley, March 28, 1800.

Dear Georgina,

Your letter, with its companions, though all without date, give me great pleasure, as they inform me you arrived in Cheltenham some day this week, after a pleasant journey, and are very well. I am glad

you are so comfortably settled in point of lodgings, and find Gloucestershire so charming. Staffordshire is much improved by this last week's fine weather, and though the hawthorns are not yet in full blow (as I suppose is the case in Gloucestershire), yet we have discovered some primroses under them, which is as much as can be expected in this more northern climate.

Price and I spent the three first days in this week very agreeably, in riding short excursions on the borders of Derbyshire and Leicestershire. We first went to Burton, and from thence looked at Stapenhull, separated from that town only by the river, where we found a very pretty little parsonage-house, which I wish the present inhabitant could exchange for a still better in Wales. Hence we proceeded along the banks of the Trent through some of the prettiest villages I ever saw, and certainly the finest oaks, in Lord Moira's park, as far as Castle Donnington, which living Price had thought of purchasing, if the place answered his expectations, but here we were disappointed. The situation is exposed, and the town itself full of manufacturers and dissenters. We returned by way of Tutbury, and admired the noblest site for a castle I ever beheld, at the latter place.

This was the business of Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday we again sallied forth and explored the beauties of Croxton Abbey, and Wooton Lodge,

all in Staffordshire, and beyond my powers of description. Now match all this with your fine places in Gloucestershire.

I hope to hear, at the least once in ten days, how you all are.

Believe me, your affectionate brother,

H. F. CARY.

CHAPTER V.

1800—1804.

Mr. Cary is presented to the Vicarage of Kingsbury.—Letter to his Sister—and to his Wife.—Removes to Kingsbury.—Letter to his Sister.—Literary Journal for 1800.—Account of the most Eminent Restorers of Greek Literature.—Letters to his Sister and Mr. Price.—Birth of a Daughter.—Domestic Troubles.—Letters to his Wife.—To Mr. Price.—Literary Journal for 1801.—Studies interrupted by Illness.—Letters to his Sister.—To his Wife.—Increase of his Family.

In the spring of the year 1800, Mr. Cary was presented by the Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Earl of Uxbridge, to the vicarage of Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, and was instituted on the 27th of June. The emoluments of the living added but little to his income, as they fell short of 100*l.* a year, not much more than he would have to pay to a substitute at Abbots-Bromley. It had, however, the advantages of a better house, a delightful and healthy country, and less arduous duties than he before had to attend to; but these last he increased by taking the curacy of the adjoining parish of Lower Whitacre.

The trouble and distraction that a change of residence necessarily brought with it, for a time interrupted his usual literary pursuits, which, as his

journal shows, had been in the early part of the year followed with unremitting perseverance.

His time was now occupied in running between Abbots-Bromley and Kingsbury; but still he was able to devote a few occasional hours to his books. The following letter to his sister during this interval is interesting, on account of its allusion to some unpublished poems of Cowper's.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Abbots-Bromley, September 23, 1800.

My dear Georgina,

I suppose I must break the ice of our correspondence, which, however, I hope will prove rather warmer than one would judge from that expression. At any rate, I trust the ice, if such it is, will be all melted by the next Spring, by the appearance of your fair looks at Kingsbury. If this beginning is a little out of the common way, you must impute it to my having just been reading a manuscript collection of Cowper's poems, which Miss Bagot lent me this morning, and which I feel a great desire to transcribe, if I thought it honourable to do so. There can be nothing wrong in wishing you were here to read them with me, though I could not be so unreasonable as not to waft you back again in my wishes to Hampton Court, where you must be very happy in the society of General and Mrs. Grinfield,

after so long an absence. I hope to hear soon from you that he is much better, and that they both enjoy England much more than Gibraltar.

Your letter to Caroline arrived after her return to Lichfield, and was sent to her there. I hardly know where they are likely to spend the winter. My father has applied for Mr. Dickenson's house, at Dosthill, which you may recollect on the road to Kingsbury; but I fear there is no chance of his getting it. At present they are at Mrs. Ledum, the schoolmistress' lodgings. His own house will not, probably, be habitable before the Spring. I hope to be more fortunate in mine, which the workmen have engaged to put in repair by the eleventh of next month. Next year I shall add a bedroom, and am willing to flatter myself that it will be inhabited by General and Mrs. Grinfield, as you may tell them, with my kindest remembrances.

Arthur Brocas lately spent a day with me on his way to town. I liked him very much. He certainly has got a living worth at least 580*l.* a year, out of which, according to a previous agreement, he pays 100*l.* a year to each of his sisters.

I leave the remainder of this page to Jane, who I hope may be able to explain the story of the spinning-wheel in so short a space. Adieu, your ever affectionate brother,

H. F. C.

While my father was engaged in superintending the repairs and furnishing of his new residence, his family were staying at Lichfield. To that place he addressed the following letter:—

TO HIS WIFE.

Kingsbury, October, 1800.

My dear Jane,

Having finished the important business of unloading the furniture, I make use of the few minutes that are left before James sets out, to tell you that I find the workmen proceed tolerably, though not so fast as my rapid wishes would have them. I am now writing by an excellent fire in the little parlour, which seems to be quite finished. I hope to have the rest of the painting completed by the beginning of the next week, and the papering done, so that I may hope to welcome you with all your family into it the week following. I am as pleased with everything as any child with a new bauble, and I hope you will like my plaything when you see it.

Your ever faithful and affectionate

H. F. Cary.

On the twelfth of November he removed with his family to Kingsbury, having had the good fortune to prevail on his friend Price to take charge of his duties at Abbots-Bromley.

The following letter, which is the only one I have

inconsiderate yet so wise, so low and yet so high, so great a copier and yet so true an original?

When I read your innuendo contained in the words "at least one original" and conjecture that you mean me, I shrink with terror from a comparison so disadvantageous to me. I know but of one original in the world to compare with the Curate of Barr and the chaplain of the high sheriff:—he who, soaring into the heights of poetry and romance, has yet an eye keen enough to discern, and a multifarious mind to direct the low and common concerns of domestic life; he whose generosity is corrected by his prudence; firm and unyielding, yet courteous and easy to be entreated. I am afraid the colours are too brilliant, the portrait will be too flattering, and I fear you will not know it.

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I do not know what "Olympian green" means; explain it to me, that I may make no mistake. I once thought that it was Olympian Greek, and that

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From yours truly,

THOMAS PRICE.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Abbots-Bromley, February 8, 1800.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Overwhelmed as I am with the flow of wit and oratory which runs through your last epistolary composition, I am almost ashamed to use such plain English prose as the following: "I shall be very happy to see you as soon as you can make it convenient. I shall be at home for about a fortnight, and then probably go for the next fortnight on a visit to my father. It is fair, however, to apprise you that my sister is at present staying with us, which can be of no other inconvenience, that I know of, to you, except that you will be put into a bedchamber which has no fire-place. To me it is none; she will not interrupt either our morning's walk or our evening's reading. If it is left to me to fix a time I should certainly prefer the present to the future, provided my impatience does not make your visit shorter; but I should suppose the obstacle of your Sunday's employment might be easily removed by the assistance of one of your clerical acquaintances and friends."

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through this dull matter-of-fact statement, but I could not have attempted to embellish it with rhetorical ornament, to round it into periods, and enliven it with antitheses, without running considerable risk of having my meaning misinterpreted. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* It is thy peculiar privilege to excuse thyself from an engagement, and to answer an invitation by returning thy correspondent a rapid sketch of his own character, accompanied with a minute and spirited portrait of a common friend.

It is thy unrivalled talent to execute a commission for purchasing half a pound of paint for colouring walls, by a pompous effusion on the subject of Grecian learning; for such I am obliged to confess to be the homely use and property of that Olympian green which I did request thee to bring me half a pound of, obliged even to disclaim any the most remote allusion to the celebrated plains of Elis, either literally as productive of good greens, cabbages, colewort, or spinach, for which I never heard them famed; or metaphorically, as applicable to the correspondent excellence between the Olympian contest,

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> φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν *,

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Yours as you visit me,
H. F. Cary.

P. S. "It may be necessary to observe that those parts of my letter which are inclosed in brackets are very seriously meant."

The long-promised visit from Mr. Price was at length paid, and the friends amused themselves by an excursion, of which the following letter gives some account:—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Abbots-Bromley, March 28, 1800.

Dear Georgina,

Your letter, with its companions, though all without date, give me great pleasure, as they inform me you arrived in Cheltenham some day this week, after a pleasant journey, and are very well. I am glad

Feb. 17. Began book iv. of Muratori.

18. Continued Muratori;—and Clarendon, with Jane.

19. Continued Muratori;—and Clarendon, with Jane.

20. Began the Ars Rhetorica of Dionysius Halicarnassensis; — and continued Clarendon, with Jane.

21. Continued Dionysius Halicarnassensis;—and Clarendon, with Jane.

22. Continued Dionysius Halicarnassensis;—and Clarendon, with Jane.

23. Continued Muratori.

24. Continued Dionysius Halicarnassensis.

25. Continued Muratori;—and Clarendon, with Jane.

26. Concluded the Ars Rhetorica of Dionysius Halicarnassensis. The receipts for making different kinds of orations are almost ludicrous. Chapters eight and nine contain some very ingenious remarks on particular passages in Homer. The two last chapters are obscure. I have now gone through all the critical works of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, and give the preference very decidedly to his treatise "On Composition*," in which he has the rare merit of having produced a system equally new and just. —Continued Muratori.

* Περὶ Συνθέσεως.

all in Staffordshire, and beyond my powers of description. Now match all this with your fine places in Gloucestershire.

I hope to hear, at the least once in ten days, how you all are.

Believe me, your affectionate brother,

H. F. CARY.

March 30. Concluded Brown's Poems. There is much pleasing delineation of rural scenery, in versification often smoother than one could expect from the time in which he wrote, to be met with in Brown. But the plans of his poems are uninteresting, and affectation and conceit too often hold the place of simplicity and nature. Began P. Fletcher's Purple Island.

31. Concluded Aristotle's Poetics, for the third time, and continued Clarendon, with Jane.

April 1. Began Hodius de Græcis Illustribus Linguæ Græcæ Restauratoribus; and continued Clarendon, with Jane.

2. Continued Hodius; and Clarendon, with Jane.

3. Continued Clarendon to the end of book viii., with Jane.

4 and 5. Continued Hodius; and Clarendon, with Jane.

6. Concluded Fletcher's Purple Island. This poem very successfully imitates the measure of Spenser; but the subject, as being a naked and professed allegory throughout, and in the former part no very pleasant one, is unfortunate. Fletcher, however, had certainly much of the *mens divinior*.

7. Continued Hodius; and Clarendon to the end of book ix., with Jane.

8. Concluded Hodius. In reading this amusing book I have made an abridgment of the lives of the most eminent Greek restorers of Greek literature.

journal shows, had been in the early part of the year followed with unremitting perseverance.

His time was now occupied in running between Abbots-Bromley and Kingsbury; but still he was able to devote a few occasional hours to his books. The following letter to his sister during this interval is interesting, on account of its allusion to some unpublished poems of Cowper's.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

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My dear Georgina,

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CHAPTER V.

1800—1804.

Mr. Cary is presented to the Vicarage of Kingsbury.—Letter to his Sister—and to his Wife.—Removes to Kingsbury.—Letter to his Sister.—Literary Journal for 1800.—Account of the most Eminent Restorers of Greek Literature.—Letters to his Sister and Mr. Price.—Birth of a Daughter.—Domestic Troubles.—Letters to his Wife.—To Mr. Price.—Literary Journal for 1801.—Studies interrupted by Illness.—Letters to his Sister.—To his Wife.—Increase of his Family.

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vince me that it is not his. Whosesoever it is, Gray rightly calls it a fine dialogue.—*June* 8, 1841.] Continued Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV. with Jane.

May 14. Read Plato's Lysis. The reasoning is too subtle for me; but the parts are, as usual, admirably distinguished and supported. [This dialogue, like the Charmides, is remarkable for the description it contains of the effects of beauty on the beholders. I do not think that female loveliness is ever described by Plato as producing the same excessive admiration. The question started about love or friendship doubles like a hare, and after the keenest pursuit eludes the attempts of Socrates to seize it. Much of this dialogue is a comment on a passage I have remarked elsewhere, to the effect that "good must have something opposed to it, so that we cannot imagine it to subsist without evil." Mem. To see if Bembo's dialogue is not very like this.—*June*, 1841.]—Continued Voltaire, with Jane.

15. Read Plato's Hipparchus. In this short dialogue there is nothing very remarkable, except the story concerning Harmodius and Aristogeiton. [This dialogue is named from a story introduced in it about Hipparchus, and Harmodius and Aristogeiton. The rest is mere haggling about the meaning of *κέρδος*, *gain*, between Socrates and a companion whose name is not given. Can one suppose it to be Plato's? I have read this in a *variorum* edition, where the collo-

While my father was engaged in superintending the repairs and furnishing of his new residence, his family were staying at Lichfield. To that place he addressed the following letter:—

TO HIS WIFE.

Kingsbury, October, 1800.

MY DEAR JANE,

Having finished the important business of unloading the furniture, I make use of the few minutes that are left before James sets out, to tell you that I find the workmen proceed tolerably, though not so fast as my rapid wishes would have them. I am now writing by an excellent fire in the little parlour, which seems to be quite finished. I hope to have the rest of the painting completed by the beginning of the next week, and the papering done, so that I may hope to welcome you with all your family into it the week following. I am as pleased with everything as any child with a new bauble, and I hope you will like my plaything when you see it.

Your ever faithful and affectionate

H. F. CARY.

On the twelfth of November he removed with his family to Kingsbury, having had the good fortune to prevail on his friend Price to take charge of his duties at Abbots-Bromley.

The following letter, which is the only one I have

inconsiderate yet so wise, so low and yet so high, so great a copier and yet so true an original?

When I read your innuendo contained in the words "at least one original" and conjecture that you mean me, I shrink with terror from a comparison so disadvantageous to me. I know but of one original in the world to compare with the Curate of Barr and the chaplain of the high sheriff:—he who, soaring into the heights of poetry and romance, has yet an eye keen enough to discern, and a multifarious mind to direct the low and common concerns of domestic life; he whose generosity is corrected by his prudence; firm and unyielding, yet courteous and easy to be entreated. I am afraid the colours are too brilliant, the portrait will be too flattering, and I fear you will not know it.

But it is high time that I should begin my letter, lest the prelude should preclude the main subject of the composition. I wish to know how your engagements stand for a few weeks to come, for I mean to take the first opportunity and spend a whole week with you. I could perhaps come sooner and spend a few days with you, but I am persuaded that you would rather I deferred till I can, with some convenience, contrive to get my duty done for a Sunday, so that I may be out a "Parson's week."

I do not know what "Olympian green" means; explain it to me, that I may make no mistake. I once thought that it was Olympian Greek, and that

it was a poetical way of desiring me to bring you some classic author, till I recollected that you would not have sent so vague a commission in a matter of such importance and nicety as your reading.

From yours truly,

THOMAS PRICE.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Abbots-Bromley, February 8, 1800.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Overwhelmed as I am with the flow of wit and oratory which runs through your last epistolary composition, I am almost ashamed to use such plain English prose as the following: "I shall be very happy to see you as soon as you can make it convenient. I shall be at home for about a fortnight, and then probably go for the next fortnight on a visit to my father. It is fair, however, to apprise you that my sister is at present staying with us, which can be of no other inconvenience, that I know of, to you, except that you will be put into a bedchamber which has no fire-place. To me it is none; she will not interrupt either our morning's walk or our evening's reading. If it is left to me to fix a time I should certainly prefer the present to the future, provided my impatience does not make your visit shorter; but I should suppose the obstacle of your Sunday's employment might be easily removed by the assistance of one of your clerical acquaintances and friends."

I fear you will hardly have had patience to toil

through this dull matter-of-fact statement, but I could not have attempted to embellish it with rhetorical ornament, to round it into periods, and enliven it with antitheses, without running considerable risk of having my meaning misinterpreted. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* It is thy peculiar privilege to excuse thyself from an engagement, and to answer an invitation by returning thy correspondent a rapid sketch of his own character, accompanied with a minute and spirited portrait of a common friend.

It is thy unrivalled talent to execute a commission for purchasing half a pound of paint for colouring walls, by a pompous effusion on the subject of Grecian learning; for such I am obliged to confess to be the homely use and property of that Olympian green which I did request thee to bring me half a pound of, obliged even to disclaim any the most remote allusion to the celebrated plains of Elis, either literally as productive of good greens, cabbages, colewort, or spinach, for which I never heard them famed; or metaphorically, as applicable to the correspondent excellence between the Olympian contest,

μηδ' Ὀλυμπίας ἀγῶνα
φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν *,

and the productions of the Grecian Muse.

* Pindar, Olymp. i. 11.

Nor deem the world supplies
A nobler than th' Olympic prize.
(*Cary's Translation.*)

However, that I may not utterly disappoint your opinion of my studious propensities, and that I may be more worthy of witnessing your future flights of eloquence, "I request you to send, as well as the half pound of Olympian green, which may be had at a druggist's or oilman's," the following Olympian Greek:—"Demetrius Phalereus," and "Hermogenes de Arte Rhetoricâ," both of which I suppose to be in the Birmingham School Library, the latter in a collection of the Rhetores Græci.

Yours as you visit me,

H. F. CARY.

P. S. "It may be necessary to observe that those parts of my letter which are inclosed in brackets are very seriously meant."

The long-promised visit from Mr. Price was at length paid, and the friends amused themselves by an excursion, of which the following letter gives some account:—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Abbots-Bromley, March 28, 1800.

DEAR GEORGINA,

Your letter, with its companions, though all without date, give me great pleasure, as they inform me you arrived in Cheltenham some day this week, after a pleasant journey, and are very well. I am glad

Aug 23. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 209;—and read Burke's pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the Prospect of a Regicide Peace," with Jane.

24. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 300.

25. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 391. He makes an apology for the tediousness of his two chapters on the Lawyers, civil and ecclesiastical. He might have added almost all the remainder of this second book, which begins at p. 115, except the last chapter, which is on the Historians. Read Burke's Tract on the advantages of Natural Society, with Jane. This is an admirable piece of irony directed against the sophistical reasoning of Lord Bolingbroke.

26. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 426.

29. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 445;—and began Davenant's Gondibert, with Jane.

30. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 491;—and Davenant, with Jane.

31. Continued Tiraboschi to p. 508.

September 1. Continued Tiraboschi to end of vol. v. This volume contains the history of Italian literature from 1300 to 1400—a splendid period, in which the Tuscan language in the hands of Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, the Villani and some others, all at once obtained a perfection and purity, that has never since been excelled nor perhaps equalled. Tiraboschi is diligent in ascertaining the facts he relates, and clear in his manner of stating them. He does not, like many who are engaged in such researches, wander from his subject in order to display his know-

all in Staffordshire, and beyond my powers of description. Now match all this with your fine places in Gloucestershire.

I hope to hear, at the least once in ten days, how you all are.

Believe me, your affectionate brother,

H. F. CARY.

CHAPTER V.

1800—1804.

Mr. Cary is presented to the Vicarage of Kingsbury.—Letter to his Sister—and to his Wife.—Removes to Kingsbury.—Letter to his Sister.—Literary Journal for 1800.—Account of the most Eminent Restorers of Greek Literature.—Letters to his Sister and Mr. Price.—Birth of a Daughter.—Domestic Troubles.—Letters to his Wife.—To Mr. Price.—Literary Journal for 1801.—Studies interrupted by Illness.—Letters to his Sister.—To his Wife.—Increase of his Family.

In the spring of the year 1800, Mr. Cary was presented by the Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Earl of Uxbridge, to the vicarage of Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, and was instituted on the 27th of June. The emoluments of the living added but little to his income, as they fell short of 100*l.* a year, not much more than he would have to pay to a substitute at Abbots-Bromley. It had, however, the advantages of a better house, a delightful and healthy country, and less arduous duties than he before had to attend to; but these last he increased by taking the curacy of the adjoining parish of Lower Whitacre.

The trouble and distraction that a change of residence necessarily brought with it, for a time interrupted his usual literary pursuits, which, as his

journal shows, had been in the early part of the year followed with unremitting perseverance.

His time was now occupied in running between Abbots-Bromley and Kingsbury; but still he was able to devote a few occasional hours to his books. The following letter to his sister during this interval is interesting, on account of its allusion to some unpublished poems of Cowper's.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Abbots-Bromley, September 23, 1800.

My dear Georgina,

I suppose I must break the ice of our correspondence, which, however, I hope will prove rather warmer than one would judge from that expression. At any rate, I trust the ice, if such it is, will be all melted by the next Spring, by the appearance of your fair looks at Kingsbury. If this beginning is a little out of the common way, you must impute it to my having just been reading a manuscript collection of Cowper's poems, which Miss Bagot lent me this morning, and which I feel a great desire to transcribe, if I thought it honourable to do so. There can be nothing wrong in wishing you were here to read them with me, though I could not be so unreasonable as not to waft you back again in my wishes to Hampton Court, where you must be very happy in the society of General and Mrs. Grinfield,

after so long an absence. I hope to hear soon from you that he is much better, and that they both enjoy England much more than Gibraltar.

Your letter to Caroline arrived after her return to Lichfield, and was sent to her there. I hardly know where they are likely to spend the winter. My father has applied for Mr. Dickenson's house, at Dosthill, which you may recollect on the road to Kingsbury; but I fear there is no chance of his getting it. At present they are at Mrs. Ledum, the schoolmistress' lodgings. His own house will not, probably, be habitable before the Spring. I hope to be more fortunate in mine, which the workmen have engaged to put in repair by the eleventh of next month. Next year I shall add a bedroom, and am willing to flatter myself that it will be inhabited by General and Mrs. Grinfield, as you may tell them, with my kindest remembrances.

Arthur Brocas lately spent a day with me on his way to town. I liked him very much. He certainly has got a living worth at least 580*l.* a year, out of which, according to a previous agreement, he pays 100*l.* a year to each of his sisters.

I leave the remainder of this page to Jane, who I hope may be able to explain the story of the spinning-wheel in so short a space. Adieu, your ever affectionate brother,

H. F. C.

While my father was engaged in superintending the repairs and furnishing of his new residence, his family were staying at Lichfield. To that place he addressed the following letter:—

TO HIS WIFE.

Kingsbury, October, 1800.

My dear Jane,

Having finished the important business of unloading the furniture, I make use of the few minutes that are left before James sets out, to tell you that I find the workmen proceed tolerably, though not so fast as my rapid wishes would have them. I am now writing by an excellent fire in the little parlour, which seems to be quite finished. I hope to have the rest of the painting completed by the beginning of the next week, and the papering done, so that I may hope to welcome you with all your family into it the week following. I am as pleased with everything as any child with a new bauble, and I hope you will like my plaything when you see it.

Your ever faithful and affectionate

H. F. Cary.

On the twelfth of November he removed with his family to Kingsbury, having had the good fortune to prevail on his friend Price to take charge of his duties at Abbots-Bromley.

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inconsiderate yet so wise, so low and yet so high, so great a copier and yet so true an original?

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From yours truly,

THOMAS PRICE.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Abbots-Bromley, February 8, 1800.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Overwhelmed as I am with the flow of wit and oratory which runs through your last epistolary composition, I am almost ashamed to use such plain English prose as the following: "I shall be very happy to see you as soon as you can make it convenient. I shall be at home for about a fortnight, and then probably go for the next fortnight on a visit to my father. It is fair, however, to apprise you that my sister is at present staying with us, which can be of no other inconvenience, that I know of, to you, except that you will be put into a bedchamber which has no fire-place. To me it is none; she will not interrupt either our morning's walk or our evening's reading. If it is left to me to fix a time I should certainly prefer the present to the future, provided my impatience does not make your visit shorter; but I should suppose the obstacle of your Sunday's employment might be easily removed by the assistance of one of your clerical acquaintances and friends."

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through this dull matter-of-fact statement, but I could not have attempted to embellish it with rhetorical ornament, to round it into periods, and enliven it with antitheses, without running considerable risk of having my meaning misinterpreted. *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* It is thy peculiar privilege to excuse thyself from an engagement, and to answer an invitation by returning thy correspondent a rapid sketch of his own character, accompanied with a minute and spirited portrait of a common friend.

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* Pindar, Olymp. i. 11.

Nor deem the world supplies
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Yours as you visit me,
H. F. CARY.

P. S. "It may be necessary to observe that those parts of my letter which are inclosed in brackets are very seriously meant."

The long-promised visit from Mr. Price was at length paid, and the friends amused themselves by an excursion, of which the following letter gives some account:—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Abbots-Bromley, March 28, 1800.

DEAR GEORGINA,

Your letter, with its companions, though all without date, give me great pleasure, as they inform me you arrived in Cheltenham some day this week, after a pleasant journey, and are very well. I am glad

Christ. Rosa, *de Turcismi fugâ et Græcæ linguæ incremento*; C. F. Boerner, *de alterâ migratione Lit. Græc.* &c.; Sam. Battier, *Orat. de Lit. Græc. post inductam barbariem*, &c."

The commencement of the following year was clouded with domestic affliction by the sudden death of one of his wife's brothers, at a time when she was about to be confined with her third child. He thus describes his distress in a letter:—

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Kingsbury, February 1, 1801.

My dear Georgina,

I have a very melancholy circumstance to communicate to you, of which the papers may perhaps have already informed you. Yesterday I received two letters at the same time from Plymouth Dock, the one requesting me to come immediately to George Ormsby, who lay dangerously ill there (which was not written, however, by his desire nor even with his knowledge), the other acquainting me with his decease, and also requesting my presence to give directions for his funeral. It was written on the 28th, on which morning he died. You may conceive my distress on account both of the melancholy event and of the consequences it might have on Jane in her present condition, if she should know it. I have determined, however, by the advice of my friend, Dr. Humberston, to keep it concealed from her, if possible, till she has been confined and begins to recover her strength. Fortunately I received the

letters at Tamworth, and answered them there, declining, as you may suppose, to go for the funeral to Plymouth. I also wrote to Corneille to break it to the Ormsbys.

If you write pray do not mention anything that may lead to a suspicion, if Jane should see the letter. You may imagine how difficult I find it to conceal my feelings, when I know there is so much affliction in store for her.

Your ever affectionate Brother,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Kingsbury, February 3, 1801.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I little thought, when we parted with so much gaiety on Saturday last, what mournful news I was to meet at the Letter Office at Tamworth—the decease of one of my wife's brothers, of whose illness we had had no previous intimation. He had just attained to the summit of his wishes, the command of a sloop. I suppose you heard me sometimes speak of him in the warmth of my heart, as I had a great affection for him, and high expectations that he would distinguish himself in his profession. What adds to my distress is, that I must conceal the mournful intelligence from my wife till she has been confined and begins to recover her strength, as the effects might be dreadful of her hearing it now. If you write, therefore, do not allude to it.

This event must necessarily delay my visit to you, and indeed to every one for some time.

Your affectionate friend,

H. F. CARY.

On the eleventh of February his wife was brought to bed of her second daughter, whose early death not many years afterwards became to him the source of severe and lasting affliction: it was one of those "grim calamities" which, to use his own forcible expression in the following letter, "was about to strike him to the ground."

The painful secret, however, with which he was yet burthened and on which he was still compelled to ruminate, did not prevent his attending to the ordinary duties of life. Mr. Price had written to ask his advice about the course to be pursued in endeavouring to relieve the distresses of his poor parishioners at Abbots-Bromley: his answer was as follows:—

TO THE SAME.

Lichfield, February 21, 1801.

MY DEAR PRICE,

As I neither saw you yesterday nor had an answer to my letter of Thursday, I am induced to think you did not receive it the same day it was written, or else that you were from home when it arrived. Being thus disappointed in this second attempt at making you a visit, I must content myself at present with a paper intercourse, and with the hope of being once more

able to stretch my wing more successfully towards your nest, or of seeing you soon on the way to mine.

With respect to an application to Lord Uxbridge for his contribution to the subscription, I will mention it to my father, and request him to apply, if he sees any chance of success. But I think it not unlikely he will consider the farmers as having made sufficient profits by the last harvest to enable them to give relief to their own poor. This has been done at Kingsbury, where I believe no landlord, living out of the neighbourhood, has been asked for assistance. With regard to Lord Bagot, his case is different. He is almost an inhabitant of the parish, in which much of his pleasure-grounds and his park are situated, and is under the necessity of employing many of the poor as his own labourers. Last year I wrote myself to Lord Dartmouth to ask him to subscribe, for which liberty I excused myself by saying, that I took it in consequence of the request of the parishioners and the distresses of the poor. If it were to come over again, before I gave any assistance I should stipulate that what was done should relieve the farmers less and the poor more. Your neighbour, Mr. Palmer, who, without any solicitation, and with too prompt a liberality, gave two guineas, soon saw the matter in the same light that I did. I hope you have not applied to him, as he has no interest in the parish, and cannot fairly be asked to contribute to its relief.

I thank you very much for thinking of me on the approaching arrival of your remittance; my share of it will certainly be very welcome when it comes; but if the parting with it at present puts you to any serious inconvenience, defer it to another time, as I can probably borrow from my father.

I left my family well on Thursday, and my wife almost completely recovered from her late effort, but soon about to be afflicted by the disclosure of the fatal event which I mentioned to you.

I cannot easily describe to you what my feelings have at times been on this occasion. I have shrunk with terror at thinking of the knowledge of those superior beings who, while they behold the happiness and gaiety of us miserable mortals, at the same time can see every grim calamity that stands by our side, and is about to strike us to the ground.

I must say a word to you, to show our politics do not differ so essentially as you conceive. Mr. Pitt's conduct in relinquishing his place appears to be upright and honourable, and I should be sorry if Mr. Fox succeeded him without the confidence of his king and his countrymen: but remember I still lament that such confidence has not been reposed in him. I apprehend too, with you, that the late divisions in our councils may increase the pretensions and the spirit of our enemies, and our own embarrassments.

I think you will do well to go to Mr. Bagot's

when you feel yourself so inclined, after his invitation. For my own part, in your circumstances, I should have waited on him again in the course of two or three months, and staid to dinner if he asked me. But I am perhaps *ritrosettó*. Surely, you estimate your own judgment too low, and mine too highly, in asking such a question.

Yours, truly,
H. F. C.

During the period of these domestic anxieties the regular course of his studies had been interrupted. In May, we learn from his journal, and perhaps sooner, his evening readings aloud were renewed; but were again interrupted in the month of August by the absence of his wife, who then went to Ireland on a visit to her own relatives. The following letters give an interesting picture, as well of the tenderness of his domestic affections as of his occupations during his wife's absence.

TO HIS WIFE.

Kingsbury, Tuesday, August 4, 1801.

MY DEAREST JANE,

I am happy to have the same story to repeat about our babes, who are as well as when you left them. Jenny keeps close to me as if to give and take comfort for your absence; for though she does not talk much of it, yet like other silent folks she does not feel the less, if I may guess from a little dejection I

sometimes see about her. Harriet, I must own, appears not only unconcerned, but much gayer than she used to be. I have just parted from her with her mouth and nose drawn up on one side, and snifting through the latter, which you know is the highest elevation of her mirth and gladness. I do hope her aunt Charlotte will not set this down immediately as a mark of insensibility and hardness of heart, but, if you must be conjecturing, you will consider it as a violent effort she is making to raise her sister's spirits and mine.

I sent to Coleshill yesterday, but there was no letter, which, I am sure, was owing to your being out of the road that the mail travels. But this evening will make amends.

There came an invitation for you to dine at Mr. Blick's on Friday next, to meet Mr. Cary of Lichfield. Next Friday three weeks is the day you are to meet him in Anglesea. You will see he will be more punctual to his time and engagement than you allow him usually to be. The expectation of meeting you, and the desire of bringing us together again will make him exact to a day. It is not yet arranged where my melancholy hours are to pass while you are away. I am much pitied. My sister Charlotte, among others, I think, was so good as to say she felt compassion for me, which, pray tell her, I consider as a token of her forgiving that cruel thing, whatever it was, that you charged me as having said to her, but which, if I was solemnly sworn on the

Sorrows of Werter, I would affirm I never intended, though you know, we both forgot what it was.

Mrs. Grinfield wants me to pass my time at Lichfield, and to keep the children at my father's; but, as she had thoughts of going to Matlock soon for a few days, I shall wait till I hear her determination. Price wishes me to go and stay with them at Bromley, but of this I could not think twice.

The housekeeping goes on tolerably well; only, as there is less to do, there is still more parleying than when you were here. I was obliged to ring the bell after I was in bed last night to beg a truce.

Read Castle Rackrent, if you can meet with it, and resolve not to be made angry. In that case you will laugh heartily, as I did.

Your faithful and fond husband,

H. F. C.

TO THE SAME.

Kingsbury, August 8, 1801.

MY DEAREST JANE,

My not having received a letter from you since that dated Monday last, makes me rather uneasy, though you know I am not easily discomposed by such events. In this case, as in others of the same sort, I am willing to think that some inconsiderable accident may have deprived me of the delight of hearing from you. Your brother John, who will

probably deliver this, will tell you the children are perfectly well, and indeed they have been since I wrote last. He has enlivened me very much, and made me happier than I expected to be during your absence. He will, no doubt, give you an account of our gaiety, for so it has been to me who am used to so quiet and stationary a life. I hope that you are enjoying yourself, and are as happy as you are making others. I think of going to Lichfield the middle of next week, and taking the children with me. The house is just in the same state you left it, but the workmen have promised to recommence their operations next Monday. I find household matters proceeding very smoothly and well. Little Jenny, I must own, does not talk of you; but it is not her way, and I verily believe she does not think of you the less. She still remains with me as much as she can, is pleased whenever I return into the house, and asks admittance into the study as soon as I am up. Harriet is in every respect as when you left her.

Ah, my dear love, what happiness we shall have in meeting! After all I was more uneasy than I liked to allow about not hearing from you. You will not fail to give me a particular account of the welfare of all my friends. I shall leave this till to-morrow morning, that I may tell you the children are well then.

Sunday morning. They are so. Jenny is by my side, but says she will go with uncle John to you. He leaves me this morning. If the mail

should be full, he is to put this into the post-office. I shall send to Coleshill this evening in hopes of a letter from you.

Ever your faithful and affectionate husband,

H. F. C.

TO THE SAME.

Kingsbury, August 11, 1801.

MY DEAREST JANE,

Your letter, which I have got this evening, has delivered me from a state of great anxiety for your safety. Last night I really began to feel dismal apprehensions that disturbed my rest. That I did not get your letter sooner was owing to its being mis-sent to Birmingham.

The children continue perfectly well. Jane better than when you left her, and Harriet as well; for better I believe she could not be. They begin to play very prettily together, or rather Jenny has found out the art of amusing her sister, who laughs very heartily at her tricks. She is indeed a pattern for little girls, very sociable without being the least troublesome, and as submissive as either a father or a husband could desire.

To give you joy of your safe journey and voyage and to express my compassion for Charles's sufferings is needless.

It will better answer the ends of our correspondence, if I communicate to you my feelings when you can have any doubts concerning them, and give you

some account of the way in which I pass my time. To begin then with the former. You ask me whether I am dull without you, and repent having let you go.

How, my dear love, can you suppose that my home can be equally cheerful during your absence? That it is sometimes not absolutely dull is owing to the efforts I make to render it otherwise, that I call off my thoughts to my books, that I amuse myself with the children, that I indulge myself with the hopes of your speedy return, that I think of the many pleasures we shall have when we meet.

You ask me, too, whether I repent having parted with you. No, my dear Jane, you know I preach repentance oftener than I practise it. When I do foolishly, to repent, as far as it means to be sorry, is fruitless. And when I do right, as I think I have done in this instance, it is inconsistent and absurd, let the consequence be what it will. And now let me ask you a question, which, I trust, you will answer with great plainness. Do you find your desire to return at all abated? When my father spoke of bringing you back in a month, I flattered myself you embraced his offer with great readiness. But in your last letter, I am deceived if you do not show some little hesitation about it. If you resolve not to avail yourself of that opportunity, let me know as soon as possible, that I may not cherish the delusive hope of seeing you at the end of the short period I expected.

As to the manner in which I pass my time, it is very much as usual. I read, walk, and play with the

children, and keep the same hours. Doctor Humberston dined with me to-day, and has made me promise to meet him to-morrow at his brother's, where we are to fish. My plans for next week are not fixed. I shall go to Lichfield if my father wishes it. It seems churlish to refuse their invitations and remain here alone.

You will not fail to remember me affectionately to all our friends in Dublin, among whom I wish myself at this instant.

Wednesday morning. The children continue well. On Friday I go to Bromley for two days; I will write to you on my return.

Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate husband,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Kingsbury, August 19, 1801.

It is very happy, my dearest Jane, that we can mutually give such good accounts of our precious charges. Mine are as well as ever. Yesterday Mary announced to me in due form that Harriet had cut another tooth; and as she was not inclined to exhibit it to me, I took Mary's word for it. She and Jenny are warm friends, and never look at each other without a smile of mutual intelligence. You asked me whether she still calls herself your pet; upon which I put the question to her, and was an-

swered in the negative. But as she said she was mine, I suppose she considered me as entitled to all the privileges implied in that relation till you return to claim them for yourself. I like even to write this word "return," which I trust is enough to satisfy you in the hope you express of my longing to see you. I shall make an effort to accompany my father in his journey into Wales. You may, I think, contrive it so as to come over in one of the two packets you mention. Otherwise I should recommend it to you to bring over a servant, unless you can hear of some family coming over that you could join. I am truly grateful to your mother for leaving you so much at liberty as to the time of your coming away. How glad should I be to see her, and tell her so! But as my stay could not be more than for four or five days, the effects of the voyage would give me no time to enjoy her company, or any thing else. My father went to London on Saturday last, where he is to stay only two or three days. But as this journey was an unexpected one, it may possibly delay his journey into Wales for a few days, which I should hardly be sorry for; as your mother's disinterestedness makes me desirous of imitating her, even at the expense of your absence being a little lengthened. I suppose Charles is leaving Dublin, from your saying that you do not expect to see him again. Your brother John's return was fortunate, as it must have raised your mother's spirits, dejected by William's

flight and Charles's renewed ill health. I hope you will see Henry and Stephen.

I have not been further than Kingsbury-woods since I wrote last. Georgina is come to me this morning, and stays till to-morrow evening. She will write to you as soon as my father comes back from town. I forget whether I mentioned to you in my last letter (which I closed in great haste) that I expected to see Bullock here this week, to pass some days with me. He wrote to me last Sunday se'nnight from a place about forty miles off, and the letter did not reach me till Saturday. I am half afraid this delay may have lost me his visit, which it has at least shortened, as he intended to set out last Sunday evening if he got my answer by that time.

Your last was, as usual, mis-sent to Birmingham. It will be better to omit Warwickshire on the direction. Coleshill is a post town that must be well known; but seeing "Warwickshire" beneath it, and looking at nothing else, they sent it to Birmingham, the largest town in the county. Susan removed on Monday to Tamworth with her children. Georgina and I intend calling on her to-morrow.

I got the 5*l.* bank note safe. It was very welcome, and would have been still more so one day before, as I was obliged to overdraw Mr. Cobb. I do not venture to direct under cover to Charles; indeed it is doubtful, from what you say, whether he remains in Dublin.

Ever your faithful and affectionate

H. F. C.

TO THE SAME.

Kingsbury, August 20, 1801.

MY DEAREST JANE,

As I did not send the inclosed yesterday according to my intention, I add the news of the day. Bullock came in yesterday at dinner, and leaves me to-morrow or Saturday, to return to the church that he is serving for Digby, who still retains his spirits and resolution. The children continue perfectly well. Jenny has kept up a long flirtation with Bullock this morning. He and Georgina and myself walked till nine o'clock last night in Kingsbury-woods by moonlight, and feasted on the nuts we found there in great abundance. This is the news since yesterday. I wait impatiently for the time when my father is to set out for Wales. I shall perhaps see him on Saturday, and something will be fixed. I look back with pleasure on every day that brings the day of our meeting nearer.

Ever yours truly, and fondly,

H. F. C.

TO THE SAME.

Lichfield, August 25, 1801.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Your letter of the 16th (which, as usual, travelled first to Birmingham), delighted me by the assurances it gave me of your desire to return. I am happy to have a good account to give you of Jenny and Harriet, who came here yesterday on a visit to their

grandfather. Would I could say something equally satisfactory about your return. But alas! my father has put off his journey into Wales without fixing any time, but at soonest, it is not likely to be before the middle of next month; so that it would be near the end of it before he would be ready to return. This being the case, I have three plans to propose to you for your choice. The first is, to wait till his arrival in Wales, of which, however, you see the uncertainty. The next, to fix a time for meeting at Parkgate. Suppose it is Monday, the 7th of next month. I mention that day, because it is on a Sunday commonly that the Parkgate packets sail. I can be at Parkgate waiting your joyful coming early on Monday morning, as I would do the duty on Sunday at Bromley in the morning, and proceed to Wolseley Bridge, to join the mail that day. The last plan is, that you will fix a time for meeting me at Holyhead; and to this I know no other objection, except that of the expense, which you know our finances are ill able to bear. Pray let me know your decision on one of these three plans by writing the day after; or, if you can, the same day you receive this. And now, my dearest Jane, let me thank you over and over again for your long and affectionate letter, which I intended to repay by one of equal length, but just as I was set down to it, Georgina came in and summoned me to attend her at 10 o'clock, on a visit to Mrs. Palmer's, for which expedition Mrs. Grinfield has lent us her carriage, but we

cannot have it at a later hour. I have, therefore, but little more time left than enough to tell you that I find it requires all my philosophy to bear your long absence, and that I think of the moment that is to reunite us without any philosophy at all. Bullock and Georgina left me on Saturday last. They contributed to make the week pass much more glidingly than it would otherwise have done. We had several pleasant walks, and discovered three new ones.

I am happy to hear that you see so many of your friends at Sandymount. Could you prevail on any of them to make us a visit at Kingsbury? John's leave of absence must, I suppose, be as uncertain as my father's movements, which have really been affected by accidents that he could not possibly foresee. Your account of Charles is alarming; it ought, however, to prepare you and all his friends for anything that may happen. For myself, I have better hopes of him. Pray say everything you can in prudence. Say to your mother, not to suffer her mind to be too much cast down by the many evils this life necessarily brings on those who see much of it, but to think more of the many comforts it also yields us.

Ever your affectionate and constant husband,

H. F. C.

TO THE SAME.

Conway, August 29, 1801.

MY DEAREST JANE,

We arrived here this evening, and to-morrow proceed to Amlwch, where I shall remain with my father till Tuesday. On that evening I shall be at Holyhead (as I fixed in my letter of yesterday), waiting your arrival. I trust it will not be later than Thursday, as my father wishes to set out on his return the following day. We have so far had a good journey, except that we found it difficult to procure horses on some stages. Last night we slept at Llangollen, where we did not arrive till eleven o'clock, and I had the pleasure of seeing the valley by moonlight. With what anxiety I shall look out for the packet on Wednesday and Thursday, freighted as it will be with what is most precious to me in life! You will not look out with less eagerness for the rock of Holyhead. I shall wait there till your arrival, whenever that may be. I am sure you will not keep me in expectation a minute longer than you can avoid.

How it has happened that my father has so often changed his plans, I must tell you when we meet. Pray remember me affectionately to your father and mother, and tell them how truly sorry I am that you are to leave them at so short a notice.

Ever, dearest Jane,
Your fond and faithful husband,
H. F. CARY.

In November he writes—

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Kingsbury, November 5, 1801.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I must request your indulgence for having neglected to answer your letter by this evening's post, but will take the first opportunity of forwarding this to you. The Enville scheme, with all good wishes for Wilkes's company, I must at present decline, as I have so many prior claims to answer, if I do leave home at all, for which I feel but little disposed. Perhaps you will be able to prevail on him to proceed to Birmingham with you on Wednesday, and to spend the remainder of the week here. If you can do so, pray ask him to write to me and apprise me of his intention.

I have just been reading the Œdipus in Colono, in the plot of which I can discover no resemblance to the Samson Agonistes, according to your notion, except that the chief character in both plays is blind. There is a great similarity too in the manner in which they open, and by this, perhaps, you were deceived. I am now in the Philoctetes, and feel much for the very natural expressions of intense bodily pain, so like what we both heard, I believe, in this house some months ago.

It is very gratifying to see the opposition to the Peace so weak. Mr. Pitt's speech is admirable, and Mr. Fox's worthy of himself. The debates have set

in very opportunely with the severe weather, to make the fireside more agreeable.

If you do not meet your friend whom you expect at Birmingham, perhaps you will join Wilkes if he honours me with a visit.

Ever yours truly,
H. F. CARY.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1801.

To *May* 17. Read Demetrius Phalereus: Captain Turner's Embassy to Bootan and Tibet, a well-written and entertaining account of countries hitherto little known: Currie's Life of Burns, the Scotch Poet: Modern Philosophers, a new novel, very laughable, but too long: Dr. Gillies' translation of Aristotle's Ethics and Politics, in two vols., an admirable work, deserving of repeated perusal; I have not, however, had an opportunity of comparing it with the original: Dr. Burney's Life of Metastasio, in three vols., chiefly compiled from his letters: Carmina quinque Illustrium Poetarum, viz., Bembi, Naugerii, Castilioni, Cottæ et Flaminii, edit. Florentiae, apud Laurentium Terrentinum, 1552.

18. Finished the Old Testament, with Jane.

19. Began Bossuet, Histoire Universelle, with Jane.

21. Finished the first vol. of Sir William Jones's Works, consisting chiefly of dissertations on subjects of Asiatic history and literature; I have also read most of the sixth vol. of his works, viz., Hitopadesa, Sacontalà and Hymns to the Hyndu Deities, &c.

22 to *June* 26. Read the first eleven books of

the Odyssey, with Price: Dr. Pretyman, bishop of Lincoln, Elements of Christian Theology, except the latter part, which relates to the Thirty-nine Articles: Captain Symes's Account of his Embassy to Ava, an entertaining work, containing an account of a country hitherto very imperfectly known, and reflecting great credit on the author for the judicious manner in which he seems to have executed his mission from the East India Company to the Birman Empire in the year 1795: and Herbert Marsh's History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War against Great Britain.

June 29. Read the twelfth book of the Odyssey, with Price.

30. Began Marino's Adone, and read canto i. Began Burnet's History of his own Times.

July 1. Continued Burnet.

2. Continued Burnet; and read canto iii. of the Adone.

3. Read canto iv. of the Adone.

4. Read canto v. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

5. Continued Burnet.

6. Read canto vi. of the Adone.

7. Began canto vii. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

8. Finished canto vii. of the Adone; and continued Burnet, to the end of book ii.

9. Continued Burnet.

11 and 12. Continued Burnet.

July 13. Finished Dryden's translation of the Æneid, with Jane. Though there are many coarsenesses in this version, which are very unlike the original, yet they are less disgusting than the refinements of Pope in his translation of the Iliad. The numbers have more variety and are less cloying than those of Pope. The poem itself has but little interest, as a whole, when compared with either of the two poems of Homer, but there are passages more highly and beautifully wrought than in almost any other poet.

14. Continued Burnet to the end of book iii.

16. Read chap. viii. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

17. Read chap. ix. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

18. Read chap. x. of the Adone; and continued Burnet to the end of book iv.

19. Finished canto x. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

21. Read canto xi. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

22 and 23. Continued Burnet.

25. Read canto xii. of the Adone; and continued Burnet.

27. Continued Burnet.

28. Continued Burnet; and finished the Diatessaron of Dr. White, with Jane, reading the Greek and English together.

29. Finished Burnet.

August 2. Read Castle Rackrent, by Maria Edge-

worth. This little novel contains a faithful representation of the manners and language of the country people of Ireland. Began Mariana Starke's Travels in Italy from 1792 to 1798.

Aug. 3. Continued M. Starke's Travels, as far as the end of her account of the French campaign in Italy, from '94 to '98. It is written in an easy and perspicuous manner. The rest of the two volumes seems to be taken up with an enumeration of pictures and statues, and with directions for families travelling in that country. Began Travels through the United States of North America, the country of the Iroquois and Upper Canada in the years 1795, 96, and 97, with an authentic account of Lower Canada; by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt.

4. Continued the Duke de la Rochefoucault's Travels.

6. Read the greatest part of Gray's Letters, which I have so often read before, with renewed pleasure.

7. Read great part of Hurd's Selections from Cowley's Works. The Vision on Cromwell's Government, at the beginning of the second volume, is admirable. I had never read it before.

9. Continued the Duke of Rochefoucault's Travels.

10. Finished the Duke of Rochefoucault's Travels. I have skimmed hastily over these two quarto volumes. Of the agricultural remarks, which constitute the greater part of them, I am incompetent to judge. Though an emigrant, the author con-

tinually displays the warmest predilection in favour of France, and an inveterate jealousy of this country. It is consoling to observe that the Americans in general still retain a congeniality of character with Englishmen, which seems naturally to attach them to our interest. I have found the account of Upper Canada, in the first volume, and the description of Philadelphia and New York, and the view of the American Constitution, at the end of the second, the most interesting parts of this work, which would be much better calculated both for amusement and instruction, if it was better methodised and more compressed.

Aug. 11. Began canto xiii. of Marino's Adone.

12. Finished canto xiii. of the Adone.

13. Began canto xiv. of the Adone.

14. Continued canto xiv. of the Adone. Continued Hurd's Cowley, to the end of vol. ii.

15. Finished canto xiv. of the Adone.

16. Read canto xv. of the Adone.

17. Read cantos xvi. and xvii. of the Adone.

18. Read canto xviii. and began canto xix. of the Adone.

24. Read Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, vol. ii.

28. Read the first volume of Wordsworth.

30. Read the Tempest, and Midsummer Night's Dream.

September 3. Finished the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

6. Read La Dot de Suzette, a new French novel.

Sept. 8. Began the fourth volume of Burns's Poems.

9. Finished the fourth volume of Burns's works. This volume consists of songs with the letters in which he sent them to his friend to be published in a musical work. They have a certain rustic beauty, perhaps not exceeded by similar compositions in our language. Began the third volume of his works.

10. Finished the third volume of Burns, which contains the poems published in his life-time with a few additions. Resumed Marino, and continued canto xix.

11. Continued Marino. Read Johnson's Life of Savage.

14. Continued Marino. Began the Bible and Testament, with Jane, a second time.

16. Continued Marino; and Froissart, with Jane.

17. Finished Marino's Adone. This poem, by which the taste, not only of Italy, but even of a great part of Europe, was at one time sensibly affected, is now fallen into greater neglect than it deserves. The end which it aims at, though that end be not a right one, is attained; and that luxuriance of ornament, which in an epic poem of a nobler stamp would be utterly misplaced, has a certain propriety and consistency, when considered in relation to the purpose of this poem, which seems to be only *pleasure*. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

18. Read the two Latin Epistles of Naugerius to

Cardinals Bembo and Sadoleti prefixed to his edition of Cicero's Orations; and continued Froissart, with Jane.

Sept. 19 to 24. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

October 12. Read the first and second books of Paradise Regained, with Jane.

29. Continued Cicero de Oratore. Resumed Froissart, with Jane.

28 and 29. Continued Cicero de Oratore; and Froissart, with Jane.

30. Continued Cicero de Oratore. Read the third book of Paradise Regained; and continued Froissart, with Jane.

31. Began the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles; and continued Froissart, with Jane.

November 2. Continued the Œdipus Coloneus.

3. Finished the Œdipus Coloneus; and continued Froissart, with Jane.

4. Began the Philoctetes. Finished Paradise Regained, and continued Froissart, with Jane.

5. Continued the Philoctetes; and Froissart, with Jane.

6. Finished the Philoctetes; and continued Froissart, with Jane.

7. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

9. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

11. Read an admirable Sermon by Doctor Parr on Education.

13. Read the first two books of Rowe's translation of Lucan.

Nov. 14. Continued Rowe's Lucan, book iii. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

15. Read, cursorily, the first, second, and part of the third book of Whiston's Josephus.

16. Continued Whiston's Josephus; and Froissart, with Jane.

17. Began Justin Martyr's first Apology for the Christians; and continued Froissart, with Jane.

19. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

20. Continued Justin Martyr.

21. Continued Josephus.

23. Continued Justin Martyr.

24. Continued Justin Martyr to the end of Apologia Secunda.

26. Began Justin Martyr's Dialogus cum Tryphone Judæo. Began Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, with Jane and Georgina.

27 and 28. Continued Justin Martyr's Dialogus; and Burke, with Jane and Georgina.

29 to *December* 11. Read to the end of Justin Martyr in Thirlby's edition. This writer, though he often argues shrewdly and sensibly, sometimes gives way to very weak fancies. He appears to be deficient in the genuine ornament of the new religion for which he contends, mildness and forbearance, and his style seems to be inelegant and confused, as his annotator Thirlby seldom loses an occasion of observing. It is satisfactory to see the confidence with which he asserts the innocence of his Christian brethren, in opposition to all the imputations that

were laid to their charge, as well as the appearance of deep conviction with which he professes his own faith. Continued Burke, with Georgina and Jane. Began Todd's edition of Milton's poetical works, lately published.

Dec. 14. Read the Notes to Doctor Parr's Spital Sermon.

17 to 20. Read Hall's Bampton's Lectures; very elegant compositions.

21. Continued Froissart, with Jane.

22. Continued Todd's Milton to the end of vol. iii. Continued Froissart, with Jane, to the end of vol. i.

Early in this year, 1801, as the Journal has informed us, my father read the Latin poems of several famous Italians. From among them he selected the following from Flaminio for translation*:—

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

FROM THE LATIN OF FLAMINIO.

Lo from the East's extremest verge
  Aurora's pearly car
Advance its buoyant orb, and urge
  The lingering mists from far.
Lo from her wavy skirts unfold
The lengthen'd lines of fluid gold;
  Ye pallid spectres, grisly dreams,
That nightly break my rest, avaunt;
Back to your dread Cimmerian haunt,
  And fly the cheerful beams.

* For the original see *Selecta Poemata Italorum, accurante H. Pope*, vol. ii., p. 66, 2 vols. 8vo, Lond., 1740.

Boy, bring the lute. Well pleased, I sound
  Once more the tuneful string ;
Be thine the task to scatter round
  Fresh odours while I sing.
Hail, Goddess, to thy roseate ray :
All earth, reviving, owns thy sway ;
  All, all, in glowing vest array'd,
The lowly mead, the mountain's brow,
And streams that warble as they flow,
  And softly whispering shade.

For thee an offering meet prepared,
  Behold our incense rise ;
The crocus gay, the breathing nard,
  And violets' purple dyes.
Mix'd with their fragrance, may my note
Upon the wings of ether float.
  What muse, how skill'd soe'er, may claim
In worthy strain to emulate
The glory of thy rising state,
  And hymn thy favourite name !

Soon as thy bright'ning cheeks they spy
  And radiance of thy hair,
Each from his station in the sky,
  The starry train repair.
Wan Cynthia bids her lamp expire,
As jealous of thy goodlier fire ;
  Upstarting from his death-like trance,
Sleep throws his leaden fetters by ;
And Nature opes her charmed eye,
  Awaken'd at thy glance.

Forth to their labours mortals hie
  By thine auspicious light ;
Labours that but for thee would lie
  In one perpetual night.
The traveller quits his short repose,
And gladly on his journey goes.
  The patient steers the furrows trace ;
And, singing blythe, the shepherd swain
Drives to their woody range again
  The flock, with quicken'd pace.

Not so the lover: loth to rise,
He slowly steals away,
Chides thy first blush that paints the skies,
And wisheth night's delay.
With other voice thy beam I greet,
With other speed thy coming meet;
And as I mark thy opening bloom,
Prefer to heaven the ardent vow
That I may welcome thee as now
For many a year to come.

A few years later (I am unable to fix the exact date) my father became possessed of a larger collection, or rather selection* from the Latin poems of Italian writers. Among them is one by Fracastorio, the physician, "to whom," as Mr. Cary says, "the palm in Latin verse is usually attributed among the moderns:" it contains an account of the manner in which the author dedicated his time to the instruction of his two sons, in the retirement of his country villa. Mr. Cary's version of this poem, as well as that of the "Hymn to the Morning," from Flaminio, was published in the "London Magazine;" but that by Fracastorio is erroneously said to have been addressed to Giovanni Battista Torriano; whereas it is inscribed to his brother Francesco Torriano.†

TO FRANCESCO TORRIANO.

Torriano, if my simple village farm
Could boast more joys a welcome guest to charm,
Or if I thought my friend could better brook
The scant convenience of this rustic nook,

* *Selecta Poemata Italorum, accurante H. Pope*, 2 vols. 8vo, Lond., 1740.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 207.

Then should I covet thy dear company
Amidst Incaffi's mountains here with me,
These mountains, where, but that with chirpings shrill
The grasshoppers our lofty woodlands thrill,
I scarce that it were summer-tide could know,
So mildly does the air of July blow.

What though my shed be lowly! yet if pure
From sordid stain, from eddying dust secure;
Yet if no sound unwelcome break my rest,
No guilt alarm me, and no care molest;
So peace throughout, and deep-felt quiet reign,
With Ease that brings the Muses in his train;
And the long slumber of the silent night:
Nought moves it me, though other eyes delight
In vermeil hues that on their ceilings shine;
Content to see the chimney-smoke on mine.

If round my walls no giant forms thou spy,
Hurl'd by Jove's lightning from the starry sky,
No life-impassion'd figures, that may claim
A deathless guerdon for Romano's name;
Boon liberty awaits thee; she, who loves
Above all haunts the sylvan wild, and roves
With easy footstep, unconcern'd and gay,
Where chance impels, or fancy leads the way.
Some nicer rules if thou shouldst here offend,
Loll with too careless freedom on a friend,
Or haply from thy grasp the platter slip,
Or the press'd goblet sound beneath thy lip;
None marks thee. Sit or walk thou may'st at will,
Be grave or merry, fast or take thy fill.
In this retreat how circling days I spend,
What recreation with what studies blend,
Thou haply wouldst inquire; and on the view
Award of praise or blame the impartial due.
The dawn appears. Enchanted, I survey
In the broad east the kindling wheels of day,
That in no clime with state more radiant rise,
And woods, and rocks, and many-colour'd skies;
Then turn to clear Benacus' brimming lake,
Toward whose ample breast their progress take

A hundred streams, which green-hair'd Naiads pour
To swell the mighty father's crystal store.
Next from the breezy height I pleased discern
Up to the woods the lowing oxen turn,
And scatter'd o'er their pasture range the goats:
The master of the flock his beard denotes,
Shagged and crisp, and locks depending low;
Stalking before the rest with measured pace and slow:
The goatherd damsel waves her wand behind,
A bunch of flax about her girdle twined,
That streams and flutters in the passing wind.
Meanwhile my sons, whom diligent I train
To venerate the powers that rule the plain,
I beckon to the shade: they straight obey
The call, with books to charm an hour away:
These on the grassy couch at random thrown,
Studious we con; or seated on a stone,
Where his rough arms the broad-leaved chestnut bends,
And charged with oily mast the beech impends;
The boughs on every side and thickets round,
With sport and song of feather'd warblers sound.

Sometimes the more to vary the delight,
Green alleys and the yielding turf invite
Amid the forest ways our feet to roam,
Till sharpen'd appetite reminds of home:
Then wearied and athirst the boys complain
Return too long delay'd; nor tuneful strain,
Pan, nor Lycæus with its umbrage hoar
Of whispering pine-trees can detain them more,
But on they speed with busy haste before;
With laughing wine the glass transpicuous fill,
And limpid waters sparkling from the rill;
In order due each ready vessel place,
And, mingling flowers between, the banquet grace.
I come: the orchard first supplies the board
With tender figs, or the dark mulberry stored;
The garden and the court the rest afford.
With frequent stroke meanwhile the granary rings:
Rebounding light the crackling harvest springs;
The heavy flail descending smites amain
The floor alternate and the sparkling grain;

Echoes the glen ; the neighbouring rocks reply ;
And the light chaff floats upward in the sky.
Indulgent, on the sturdy thresher's toils,
Glad Ceres downward looks from heaven, and smiles.

Books, exercise, and slumber wing with down
Our following hours, whilst Procyon fires the town:
But at their close, when up Olympus' height
Emerging Hesper leads the host of night,
On the tall cliff I take my custom'd stand,
Point to their eager gaze the radiant band,
With love of its celestial home inspire
The youthful soul, and feed the sacred fire ;
Wond'ring they learn to spell each shining star,
Cepheus, and Arctos, and Boötes' car.

And canst thou doubt, for this our calmer life,
To quit awhile the jarring city's strife ?
To solitude and ease thy thoughts resign,
And change thy loftier pursuits for mine ?

Our cell e'en great Naugero once adorn'd ;
Nor Battus, favourite of the Muses, scorn'd,
What time his harp first taught the list'ning groves
Their guardian Pan and Tellus' ancient loves :
Here also I, whom healing arts engage
In these last moments of my waning age,
Once more the Nine regarding, point my song
At the mad follies of the vulgar throng.

Lest these light numbers meet Ghiberti's glance,
Beware : except at Bubulo, perchance,
On the green bank he nurse some milder mood,
Where rolls smooth Tartarus his tranquil flood.
For oft his gracious audience entertains
The gladden'd muse, nor slights her rustic strains.
But when his soul into herself retires,
(Whether to realms of light her wing aspires,
Or meekly ministrant on rights divine
Duteous she bends before the hallow'd shrine,)
Then holds he sweet communion with the skies .
Nor lighter themes attract his awful eyes,
To whom the life that angels lead, is given
On earth, to know, and antedate his heaven.

From this period to the month of February, 1806, the Journal is discontinued, containing only the following single entry:—

1802.

September 9. Read the Clitopho, an excellent fragment of one of Plato's Dialogues.

The few letters also that remain are brief, and of a strictly private and domestic nature. During the greater portion of this long interval repeated returns of illness interrupted his usual avocations. Of the nature of his ailments I am unable to speak with accuracy: sometimes he alludes to his being afflicted with gravel, at others he complains of vertigo as disabling him from study or business. His friend, Birch, in a letter dated January 31, 1803, congratulates him on his "recent recovery." Again in March 1, of the same year he says, "I am sorry to hear of your slight relapses." In the Easter following, however, he was sufficiently recovered to receive a visit from Mr. Birch. But another attack must have followed not long afterwards, for in a letter to his sister, dated Sept. 1, 1803, he writes, "I am bravely."

Two other letters, written to his sister about this period, may be worth preserving for the sake of the brief allusions they contain to the literature of the day, and as evidencing the languor which seems to have oppressed their writer.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

Kingsbury, September 17, 1803.

DEAR GEORGINA,

I am sorry that I happened to be at Cannock when you were out. My father has probably told you that my going there was quite accidental, occasioned by our meeting together at Lichfield. We have been looking for you and the young ladies since Wednesday last, and fear now we shall not see you before you move to Cheltenham, or rather till after your return from thence. I think of going to Mr. Seward's next week, on Wednesday (weather and duty permitting) to stay one night. For Monday next we have invited Mr. Digby and his sister to pass a day and night here. We have no other engagement, and if you can come to us any other time before the end of the month, pray do. Might you not all as well spend the next month here as at Cheltenham?

I hope you will take care not to fatigue yourself so much as to bring on any more of those giddinesses.

Your opinion of Cowper and his fair cousin entirely agrees with mine. Indeed I think his letters the best of any I ever read in English: and your observation, that we may discover from them the character of the persons to whom they are addressed, is very just.

I suppose you have heard of the sudden and melancholy way in which Mrs. Willoughby and her

poor little girl have been carried off by the scarlet fever. The former was very well and in good spirits on Tuesday se'nnight, and had continued speechless from the following day till the Friday night after, when she was released. The other followed her mother last Wednesday night, though Dr. Jones had pronounced her out of danger the day before. He, Mr. W., bears it better than one could expect.

We are all well, and unite in love to you, my father and sisters; none more truly than your affectionate brother,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Kingsbury, October 29, 1803.

Dear Georgina,

My father's letter, dated the 20th, did not reach me till the 25th of this month. However, it made up for its tardiness by the welcome news it brought me that you were all so well and so comfortably settled. My father mentions your being grown so strong and fat that I should scarcely know you. I beg you will not grow quite out of my knowledge before your return. He is, I suppose, by this time on the wing for London, where I shall write to him in a few days. I go on Wednesday next to Enville, and pass the remainder of the week there with Wilkes. Jane has been and is still in great distress, and wishes much for your aid and advice. She found her newest gown on a moderate computation a yard and a half shorter

than either Mrs. Lally's or Mrs. Coulthurst's, who dined here the other day, and expects to undergo the same humiliation again on Monday next, when we are to meet them at Dosthill. I comfort her as well as I can, and have promised to ask you what is the longest train you have seen at Cheltenham, measuring from the heel.

We have lately been much amused by Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters, newly published with many additions, particularly her letter from Italy to her daughter, Lady Bute, in the latter part of her life, which are far more interesting than any of the rest, and give a much more pleasing impression of her character. I almost envy you the good circulating library you have at Cheltenham, where you may get this or any other new book. It is true I can do almost as much at Sutton. But I am obliged to get a number at once, and then can't help devouring them all as fast as I can swallow, by which means I am forced to keep fast for a month or two afterwards. I never feel this want so strongly as during the foggy weather we have had for these last four or five days. How do you contrive to keep it off with your coals 50*s*. a ton? I am inclined to attribute the high price that coals have lately risen to, to the thin garments that you ladies now wear, which makes you consume so much more fuel to keep yourselves warm, though you may now pay Paul without robbing Peter. Pray ask Caroline and Mary if they know what I allude to.

I have not heard from William for some time, nor seen any of the pheasants he offered to send to any of my friends, but which I more discreetly asked for myself. Have you had any of them? Jane desires her love. She and the children are all very hearty, and do not forget their aunts, whose affectionate brother I am always,

H. F. Cary.

It was in the month of July or August of this year that an incident occurred, which in after life he was frequently used to relate with affectionate gratitude. On his return from London to Kingsbury he was taken suddenly ill at the Mitre Inn, Oxford; Dr. Bourne, to whom he was personally unknown, was called in. The patient was not provided with means to bear the expenses of a long illness at a distance from home, and as his bodily health returned Dr. Bourne perceived that something which weighed on his mind retarded his recovery, and, rightly judging the cause, at once stated his own conviction, and insisted on my father's accepting a loan of money from his purse.

Still, although disabled from prosecuting a continuous course of study, he must have had intervals of improved health; for during this period he must have translated a considerable portion of the Inferno of Dante. As his Journal has informed us, he began translating that portion of the Divina Commedia on the 23d of May, 1800, and in the autumn of 1804

his work was sufficiently advanced to warrant his offering it for publication.

In October of the same year he made an excursion to Cambridge, in company with his friend Wilkes, of which the following letters give some account.

TO HIS WIFE.

Daventry, October 15, 1804.

MY DEAREST JANE,

Kingsbury, from whence my friend Wilkes and myself set out this morning, is a very pleasantly situated village on the river Tame. We particularly admired the neat little vicarage close to the church on the brow of an eminence and commanding a delightful view of the valley, and heard that the present vicar is a most respectable man with a charming wife and family. How much it is to be regretted that such men are not promoted to situations in which their talents and virtues may be of more use to society. But not to dwell on such melancholy reflections, we proceeded to Coventry through a well-wooded and cultivated country. In that city having a slight acquaintance with Mr. Waters, whom you must have heard of as one of the first divines of the age, but who is also suffered to remain unprovided for, we presumed to call with the intention of paying our respects to him, but found that the good man had walked out to one of his curacies (for he is a pluralist in that way) to baptize a child. Reconciling

ourselves as well as possible to such a disappointment, we drove on through Dunchurch to this place, and as I believe you travelled this road last summer, it is superfluous to give you any account of it. Suffice it to say that we arrived here safe, and intend taking up our abode here for the night.

We have just walked out after eating our dinner, with the intention of visiting Burrow hill, a Roman encampment at the distance of about three quarters of a mile. But finding it rain we were contented with looking at it from the skirts of the town, and walked back to the inn through the churchyard and main street, the former of which incloses a large church of stone not of very elegant architecture; the latter has also many stone houses, and, as well as I could discern by moonlight, has an air of neatness and is well flagged.

Tuesday, Northampton.

This morning I walked out before breakfast to survey the remains of the priory at Daventry, which we had overlooked last night. They are close to the church. What is left of that building appears to be the refectory and a wall of the church. It stands close to the present church. Leaving Daventry we passed, with Burrow hill to our right, and the village of Weldon on high woody ground to our left, about two miles, and at that distance from Daventry reached Norton, a village of stone cottages thatched, into which we entered through a shady lane, and continued through a lane of the same description till we crossed Watling

Street, and soon reached the village of Whitton, resembling Norton, but less neat. Hence the country became more bold and open, and we saw Holmeby House at some distance to our left, where Charles the First was confined. At about six miles from Daventry we reached Great Brington, where is a fine old church of Saxon-Norman structure in a pretty church-yard well darkened with trees. Lord Spencer's grounds join it; and I walked down an avenue of respectable oaks for about a quarter of a mile. Entering the porter's lodge we were struck with the appearance of Althorpe Park, abounding in oaks that surround the house almost on every part, and are neither too formally disposed nor scattered about with affected negligence, and more than one old avenue is still suffered to remain. The house agrees well with the grounds, being plain and handsome. It is stored with pictures, and books yet more valuable. Of the former, which are very numerous, we were most pleased with a Holy Family by Raphael, a Virgin and Child, painter unknown, Witches by Salvator Rosa, a miniature of Holbein by himself, a young man's head by Rembrandt, family pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a full length of Lord Spencer by Copley, Algernon Sydney by Vandyke, but on the whole the collection is not very choice. We were, however, extremely satisfied with what we had seen.

From Althorpe is six miles of better road than the last, which traversed a cross country. Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached this town, on

the banks of the discoloured and reedy Neu, which we crossed. We find it neat, but less important than we expected. We have dined to-day with Mr. Mainwaring, and finding considerable difficulties in our plan of visiting Olney and Weston, intend proceeding directly to Cambridge, and have taken places in the coach for that purpose.

It is near twelve o'clock. So good night, my dear Jane. My eyes are dim and my hand falters. Love to all the sweet children, and kindest remembrances to Price and Georgina.

Your ever faithful and fond husband,

H. F. CARY.

TO THE SAME.

Cambridge, October 17, 1804.

MY DEAREST JANE,

We arrived here at seven o'clock this evening. You cannot expect much account of the country we have passed through, as we have travelled in a coach, but indeed there has been little that seemed to require a more leisurely inspection.

Our route lay through Wellingborough, Thrapston, and Huntingdon, three small towns of stone, all neat, but each neater than the other according to the order I have mentioned them in. The last is famous for having been the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, whose house we saw. It was also, as you may remember, the residence of Cowper and the Unwins. The country from Northampton here is rather defi-

cient in wood, and grows gradually worse as it comes nearer Cambridge, except that it wears a pleasanter aspect about Huntingdon, where the Ouse (a river in character much like the Neu) winds in a broad stream through a spacious green meadow. I did not mention in my last that the Neu is navigable as high up as Northampton, as the Ouse is at least as high as Huntingdon. The road almost all the way from that town is extremely dreary, being very flat and almost entirely destitute of trees and hedges. The new inclosure will soon supply the latter deficiency.

As soon as we had drunk tea we were both disposed to wander about the town, under a very bright moonlight. It has shown us Trinity College and King's College Chapel to greater advantage probably than they will appear by day. The former is more splendid and palace-like, but not equal in sublime effect to Christ Church. As for the latter, where shall I find words to express my admiration and delight? As I stood almost close under it and looked up, it reminded me of a description in Milton,

> "A rock
> Of alabaster piled up to the clouds."

The other buildings seemed like toys after it. But more of this to-morrow or the following day. It is now ten o'clock, and we rose at six and have had little rest since.

October 18. We have this morning walked over

most of the Colleges. The buildings had a finer effect by moonlight. The Senate-house alone, which is a beautiful structure of the Corinthian order, is improved by the full view afforded of all its parts by the light of day. What is called the backs of the Colleges is extremely pleasing. It is a walk that passes behind several of the Colleges with the river Cam between (a narrow, deep, muddy stream either bordered with stone or stone-like brick piers, or with a very smooth green bank), and is shaded by avenues of large trees, lime, elm, and some willows, in different directions.

We have not entered the inside of any of the buildings except Pembroke, and that was accidental, as we were inquiring of an old servant which were Gray's rooms. He showed them to us, and then led us into the hall, out of which he helped to carry Gray, when he was suddenly seized with the fit that terminated his life. On further recollection, we also walked into the hall of Trinity College, which, though a fine room, is very inferior to that at Christ Church.

Mr. Charles Blick is coming to dine with us, and in the evening we are engaged to Mr. Boon, whom you may remember to have seen at our house the winter before last.

On the whole I am much more gratified by this place than I expected. The town particularly is far better than I supposed. The streets indeed are narrow, but they are well flagged and tolerably neat

and clean, and both Wilkes and I think it appear larger than Oxford.

In my next letter I hope to be able to tell you when we shall leave Cambridge. There is much yet to be seen, and something I trust out of the University library, from which Mr Boon has very kindly promised to get me books. I write in great haste.

Believe me to be, dearest Jane, ever yours truly and faithfully,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Ely, October 20, 1804.

My dear Jane,

We left Cambridge this morning at seven o'clock, and having seen the cathedral here, are about to set out for Peterborough. It is uncertain what route we shall take from that place, but I hope to reach either Coleshill or Kingsbury on Wednesday, or at farthest, on Thursday next. It will not, therefore, be likely that another letter will reach you. You will not get this perhaps till Tuesday. Not one from you have I seen since I left home, and now certainly shall not see one. We yesterday saw the inside of the libraries and public buildings best worth attention in Cambridge. The inside of the public library is very inferior to the Bodleian. That of Trinity is a noble room. I inquired there for a copy of my great grandfather's admission into that college and obtained it.

The road from Cambridge here, though entirely flat, is much less dreary than I expected, exhibiting at present very little appearance of fen, but in winter, I am told, it is covered with water.

The chaise is at the door; and I have no time to add more than that I long to see you once more. Love to all around you.

Ever yours truly and affectionately,

H. F. CARY.

Wilkes is not ready. I may therefore tell you that this cathedral, though exhibiting a very grand specimen of Saxon architecture, is much injured by time and injudicious alterations. It is besides very dirty.

Since mention was last made of his children, his family had been increased by the addition of two sons; one born in June, 1802, another in February, 1804. About the latter date his father married a third wife, Mary, daughter of —— Bunbury, Esq., of Bath, by whom he had one child, a daughter; and in the autumn of the same year the subject of this memoir had the gratification to see his sister Georgina united in marriage to his friend the Rev. Thomas Price.

CHAPTER VI.

1805—1812.

Mr. Cary's translation of the Inferno of Dante is published.—Correspondence with Miss Seward about his version of Dante.—Literary Journal for 1806.—Death of his youngest daughter.—His consequent illness.—Letter to Mr. Birch, and to his Wife.—Settles in the neighbourhood of London.—Appointed reader at Berkeley Chapel.—Letter to his Father.—Literary Journal for 1811 and 1812.

EARLY in the year 1805, the first volume of his version of the Inferno of Dante made its appearance before the public; and was followed by the second volume in the next year. In this edition the original is printed with the translation, a plan which, while it enables the reader to test the fidelity of the English version, at the same time much facilitates the study of the most difficult of Italian authors. There is probably no metrical version in our language of any poet, ancient or modern, which would so well bear, in point of faithfulness at least, to be thus put side by side with its original.

The success of the publication was not at all answerable to its merit; and the translator had to endure the mortification, common to the most gifted authors, of seeing the fruits of many years of toil received with coldness and indifference. In the "Cri-

tical Review," indeed, favourable notice was taken of the translation; but as the article was written by his friend Price, who had already frequently expressed his commendation of the work, praise from such a quarter could not afford much encouragement; and the circulation was chiefly confined to a small number of personal friends, and perhaps a few Italian scholars. Even his friend, Miss Seward, not content with expressing her distaste for the subject of the poem, charged the translation with obscurity and vulgarism. This, however discouraging it may have been to the translator himself, is abundantly compensated by its having occasioned the following spirited defence of both the original and its copy.

TO MISS SEWARD.

Kingsbury, Coleshill, August 16, 1806.

My dear Mistress,

You cannot wonder that after all the pains I have taken in the translation of a favourite poet, I am disappointed in having so utterly failed of pleasing one whom I have always ardently wished to please. Your opinion of Dante himself I do not attempt to controvert. It is so much a matter of taste, that I am sure it would be vain to say anything on the subject. Together with Chaucer and Spenser, it will ever be to you, as "caviare to the multitude," and as Ossian to me.

Voltaire was of your mind. The old Tuscan was

the object of his bitterest ridicule, while our own Milton avowed the delight and admiration excited in his mind by that which only provoked derision in the Frenchman. That spirits confined in flames should make themselves heard, surely does not seem more absurd (as Mrs. C. has justly observed to me) than that those pent in trees should do the same in Virgil and Tasso, as well as in Dante. I know nothing in the whole circle of diablerie more terrible than the transformations in canto xxiv. and xxv. The two nauseous passages you have remarked, with something more of the same sort, I should have been heartily glad not to have met with: but I did not think myself justified in doing more than endeavouring to make them somewhat less offensive than they are in the original. I have always admired the art with which the poet has relieved the horrors of his tale by the little exquisite touches of landscape painting that are every here and there interspersed, as you may find them, perhaps feebly copied, in page 43, line 10, &c., (Inferno, canto xx., 44—47); page 45, (canto xx., 57, &c.); the whole page, 117, (canto xxiv., 1—16), of which you erroneously observe that it contains a description of hoar-frost similarised to *moonlight*; page 141, line last, (canto xxv., 52—54); page 145, line 1, (canto xxv., 70—73); page 157, line 8, &c., (canto xxvi., 22—27); page 233, line 7, (canto xxx., 30—33);—the passage you could not find. In the same way the attention is refreshed by the description of the Venetian dock-yards, at

the beginning of canto xxi.; and of the military manœuvres, canto xxii.; and by many similar contrivances.

The same artifice you well know is practised by Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton. The two former, like Dante in this instance, are always original: the last commonly borrows from his predecessors, but seldom fails to improve what he takes. That he does so in the description of Satan, I freely admit. He is truly sublime where Dante is little better than grotesque, but it is the grotesqueness of a masterly hand.

Of the two charges which you bring against the translation, obscurity and frequent vulgarisms, from the former it is impossible that I should clear myself without having the particular passages pointed out which appear to you liable to that objection. With respect to the latter, I must protest against the method of picking out particular words or expressions without taking the context, and the occasion on which they are used at the same time into consideration. You refer me to Milton for an example "of never stooping dignity in the infernal regions." Now, I beg to know what you say to the following words and phrases, singled out from the first four books of the Paradise Lost, where the scene for the most part is laid in those regions, and entreat that you will answer me candidly, whether they are not, in their state of nudity, full as likely to raise a laugh as those unfortunates which you have stripped, "and

held them dangling at arm's length in scorn,"—"slipping the occasion—bestirring themselves—so much odds—belike—likeliest—drudge—trumpery—backside—likest—with a vengeance sent from Media post—unhoarding the cash—cringing—kicking the beam." I could almost ask the spirit of Milton forgiveness for using him thus unfairly even in play.

If, my dear mistress, you and such youth-loving critics will cull from the temples of our venerable language every grey hair your scrutinising eye can discover, and others, admirers of antiquity like myself, should be equally solicitous to extirpate all the tokens of juvenility, alas! what a bald pate will soon be left. I cry a truce then.

I sincerely congratulate you on the mark of respect you have received from Dr. Mansel, a man whose situation and literary character must make his notice valuable wherever it extends. Let it a little soften your resentment to the late Premier,* that Dr. M. was through his means distinguished, and placed at the head of Trinity College.

I am willing to cherish better hopes than you entertain of our present minister's recovery, or at least of an alleviation of his complaint, and a consequently prolonged and not uncomfortable existence. I look on the name alone of such a man as a sort of bulwark to the country.

Miss Fern is a false fleeting young lady. She promised to pay us a visit before her return to Col-

* Charles James Fox.

wich. We hope that you and Miss J. Seward (to whom pray make our best compliments) will not let the summer pass away without giving us the pleasure of your company. I am sorry to hear of the death of the lady you mention, though I did not even know her by sight. Mrs. C. joins in affectionate remembrances to you, with your ever faithful servant,

H. F. CARY.

Miss Seward was not to be so silenced, and renewed her attack by pointing out what appeared to her to be particular defects in the version. Her letter is in itself of considerable interest; but I think it well to insert it here, in order to make the reply to it more intelligible.

FROM MISS SEWARD.

Lichfield, August 6, 1806.

DEAR FRIEND,

I should have liked the sitting down to an instant acknowledgment and reply to your last letter, but *will* and *power* are different things with *me*. A succession of company to stay beneath my roof, together with Lichfield engagements, have engrossed every intervening moment.

On the 19th of last month I had the pleasure of an hour's conversation with Sir Charles Ormsby, but could not prevail upon him to stay dinner. He was, however, so good as to promise to pass a day and

night with me on his return, and at my request engaged to write to desire that yourself, Mrs. Cary and the boys, would meet him here, on whatever day he shall fix for his return. So soon as you hear from him to arrange that circumstance, and fix the hour of meeting in this mansion, you will have the goodness to inform me.

And now to Dante. No, dear Cary, you have by no means utterly failed to satisfy me, though I cannot but like this volume less than the first. Yet that is much more the old poet's fault than yours. My last letter was written immediately, on Miss Fern's finishing her audible course through that volume. Previous to the arrival of your last letter I had *looked* into several parts of it to which, when I wrote my observations, I had only *listened;* and I then perceived that my ear had mistaken the simile in the opening of the 24th canto; that the dazzling sister was *snow,* the sister of the hoar-frost, and not Cynthia, the Sun's sister. Certainly that exordium is a very poetic passage, of which you have made a very vivid and striking picture, perfectly true to nature and the descriptive Muse. I will try to point out the lines which struck me as having that faulty kind of obscurity, which results, not from the image being purposely rather hinted than expressed, with a dependence upon the reader's imagination to supply the remainder, but where from want of precision in the *language,* the reader becomes perplexed in his guess at the meaning.

The first instance which occurs to me is in the first canto, first vol., thus :—

"Yet, to discourse of what *there* good befel,
All else will I relate discovered *there*."—l. 8.

The passage is perfectly intelligible in Hayley, by the introduction of the word *but*.—"I saw terrible things, which to describe is dreadful to me, *but* I will tell the good which I found there." That must be the poet's meaning, and your lines do *not* express it.

Canto xix., line 21 :—

"and be this
A *seal* to undeceive."

What is meant by a *seal?* can it possibly stand for attestation?

Same canto, line 55 : "standest," for "standest thou," appears to me unwarrantable in our language; so also "dost," for "dost thou," which frequently occurs in your translation, much, I think, to its disadvantage. Surely these are not *habits* with our best English poets! O dear, dear! why not say—

"What then of me requir'st thou?"*

The genius of our language will not bear the omission of the conjunctions, and you make it *wantonly*.

Canto xix., p. 29. To mix the usage of the second

* For "What then of me requirest?"—*Canto* xix., l. 68.

and third person has ever been condemned. What occasion was there for doing it on that page?

Canto xx., line 26, has as good a bull as ever Teague made:—

> "Here Pity most doth show herself alive,
> When she is dead."

On the same page, (line 33,) you have the word "ruining" in a sense in which I do not recollect ever seeing it applied.

The two last lines of the 77th page (canto xxii., lines 17, 18), are to me entirely unintelligible.

Canto xxiv., last line but one, *false quantity*, except you speak "Bianco" "Banco." Southey offends thus at times, but his poetry is always the worse for it.

I do not understand the opening of the 25th canto, —a man *levelling* his hands at God!—nor *why* the serpents became *Dante's friends* by tormenting the sinners in hell.

How easy to avoid that revolting abbreviation of *dost thou* in the 9th canto:—

> "Pistoia! ah Pistoia! wherefore doubt*
> To turn thee into ashes?"

Page 141 (canto xxv.) line 47, to the end of the canto, seems to me an utter abortion of attempt; the most minute precision, without the least distinctness. What is description worth if the mind of the reader cannot image the object described? Canto xxxii.,

* For "why dost doubt?" as it is in Cary's version.

line 24, one line, in which I find the inelegant and unscholarlike word "liker," (yes, I would call it unscholarlike, if Milton himself, as perchance he may, have used it)—you might, with the utmost ease, have avoided it, preserving exactly the same sense and measure:—

> "A lake whose frozen surface seemed more like *
> To glass than water."

The succeeding passage is eminently beautiful, and could not be better expressed in *any* language.

Page 273 (canto xxxii., line 79). Why would you not avoid that strange elision of the word "thou?" Without temptation to that mutilation of our language, instead of "wherefore dost bruise me?" why not, "why dost thou bruise me?" And again, in less than three lines, "wherefore troublest me?" why not leave out the *st* in trouble?.

I have quarrels with your phraseology in page 283:—the slovenly "tell on't," (canto xxxiii., line 6), which I never surely till now saw in our good poets, and the superfluous and disagreeable monosyllable *at* in the ninth line; vulgarness surely for the sake of vulgarness, since you could have no difficulty in abstaining from it:—

> "which but to think of, rends my heart
> Ere I describe it."†

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* For "liker seemed."

† For—

> ———"which but to think of, wrings
> My heart, or ere I tell on't."

And again :—

> "The traitor whom I gnaw ; then thou again
> Shalt see me speak and weep." *

Page 291 (canto xxxiii., line 91), why say "*un*capable" instead of "*in*capable?" I like the change as little as I like it in Shakspeare when he calls *in*effectual, uneffectual fire.†

A gentleman of the name of Brown is, with his mother, now resident in this mansion. He is fellow of Trinity, and will be dean of that college next year; a man of letters, ingenious and well-versed in our *own* best poets. I consulted him about your custom in this translation of cutting off *thou*, as by *choice*, in *shalt, wilt* do this, &c., &c. He said there was no precedent for it in Milton: he believed there might be a few instances of it in Shakspeare; but added, "It is 'a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,' and must *greatly deform* a work in which it occurs *frequently*."

Your note does not assist me to comprehend what is meant by—"the date *more luscious* for my fig." (Canto xxxiii., line 118.) If the poet had simply said, "and here have I a date for my fig," (familiar and awkward as would have been the use of such a Rowland for his Oliver, as the old saying is with *us*, in a situation so *full of horror*), I might have understood

* For

> "The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
> Shalt see me speak and weep."

† *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

it, but why the date should be *more luscious* for his fig, passes my comprehension.

Thus have I instanced some of the many passages in which the language fails to express the poet's idea with perspicuity. My dear friend, you wanted Molière's old woman now and then.

You accuse me of being a youth-loving critic, and of want of reverence for antiquity. I deny the charge. I have all the reverence for it which it can *justly claim;* but blind *partiality is not due reverence;* and he who prefers *old* poetry to *better* poetry of a later date, is not of taste much less defective than a person who should prefer an old Gothic mansion with its

> "Dim windows, which exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing,"

to a lightsome and convenient mansion, in which utility and beauty are united. Every poet, whose works have centennial mellowness, is considered as an *ancient.* Shakspeare and Milton are in that class. What enthusiast in antiquity can admire their writings more than myself? I am pleased and interested by several of our modern tragedies; yet you never heard me speak of one of them as within any limit of comparison with our immortal dramatic bard.

If I can form any judgment from the most approved translations, the pompous Greek dramas, with their unnatural botching choruses, and vocal unities, which burlesque probability, they are more, much more inferior to Shakspeare's plays than are the best of Otway's, Rowe's, Jephson's, and the grand Al-

phonso, by Lewis. It is true you have heard me say, that the superiority of human interest in the Madoc, and of dramatic spirit and variety of characters, drawn with Shakspearian force and subtlety, almost balance the transcendence of magnificent harmony in the *style* of Milton; and when we consider the lavish plagiarisms of Milton, from Homer and the Italian poets, and above all from the Scriptures, and that Madoc's imagery is all original, I think there is much more reason for suspecting the coldness of a poetic mind to so beautiful and sublime a work, the result of prejudice, than to fancy any sensibility of the real faults of Chaucer, Spenser, and Dante, a sort of unhallowed irreverence for crude and easy composition. Then how can you profess to be charmed with the few faint outlines of landscape painting in Dante, who are blind to the beautiful, distinct, and profuse scenery in the pages of Ossian?

Now to answer your questions. I have fifty times repeated from Paradise Lost, "Let us not slip the occasion," without being struck with *slip* as a vulgarism. A monosyllable was necessary to the measure. I know of but one that Milton could have substituted, and that is "*miss* the occasion;" and *miss* is not more elegant than *slip;* then the grandeur of the next line so immediately covers the *common-life* word, as to prevent the attention from dwelling upon it, if indeed, as I know that it is, it *be* a vulgarism. *Bestir* themselves is in harmony with the simile of the roused *soldiers.* Milton would not

have used it in describing the upstarting of the fallen *angels*. *Belike* and *likeliest*, though exceptionable, are not so exceptionable as *liker*. I confess *kicking* the beam, to be *very very* low; and words that are in themselves a deformity, cannot, even from the best writers, be precedents of *justifiable* power. The rest of the words, quoted from Milton, are not used in the *demoniac* regions, but in that very absurd part, the Limbo of Vanity; which being in itself grossly ludicrous, any phraseology is good enough for it.

You will probably not be able to read this hurried scroll, written at snatches of scanty leisure, as day by day I could seize them, while company were in my house. Forgive my ingenuousness, hazarded in the hope that if you translate the Purgatorio, it may induce you to weed your blank verse a little. It is a rich soil, and wants only a higher degree of husbandry to make it responsible for a transplantation of the finest powers of another language.

Adieu. I hope we shall meet soon; your's ever,

A. SEWARD.

TO MISS SEWARD.*

August, 1806.

I AM very happy in receiving so certain a proof of the amendment in the health of my dear mistress, as her last kind letter affords me. It is a disap-

* The transcript of this letter, as sent to Miss Seward, was not found among her papers. It is therefore printed from the original draught retained by its writer, which is so much defaced by erasures and alterations as in parts to be scarcely legible.

pointment to Mrs. Cary and myself, that we are not likely soon to have the pleasure of witnessing that amendment in our intended visit.

Sir Charles Ormsby got no farther on his journey to Ireland than Lord Kirkwall's in Wales, when he was obliged to return to London by the threatened approach of a fever and ague. Fearful of being laid up in this house, he did not call here on his way. However, he gives us hopes that we may still see him again before he leaves England, and accompany him to Lichfield.

And now, my dear mistress, let me put in my plea at the bar of the Muses, in answer to the several charges you have brought against my translation.

The first instance is from canto i. :—

> "Yet, to discourse of what there good befel,
> All else will I relate discovered there."

If this is not to be understood at all in my version, Mr. Hayley's version has not helped you much, for it has made you misunderstand the meaning of the passage entirely, which is this, "In order to tell of the good things which happened there, I will tell of all else, every other circumstance, let it be ever so bad, which I found in that place." Just as if I was to say, "In order that I may have an opportunity of telling you all the good events of my life, I will, at the same time, enter upon a narration of all those even of a contrary nature."

Second instance, canto xix., line 21 :—

> "and be this
> A *seal* to undeceive."

You prove this is not unintelligible by suggesting the right meaning. The use of the word *seal* for *attestation,* or rather *confirmation,* is so very common, that I wonder it could escape your recollection. "He that hath received his testimony, hath set to his *seal* that God is true," that is, hath attested.—*John* iii., 33.

> "How in my words soever she be shent,
> To give them *seals* never, my soul, consent."
> *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

Third instance. Omission of the pronoun *thou* after the second person singular of the verb, which so grievously offends you. Of this you are told and believe there is no instance to be found in Milton. Take the following:

> "What fury, O Son,
> Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
> Against thy Father's head? and *know'st* for whom?"
> *Par. Lost,* b. ii. v. 730.

This is in hell, where you say Milton's phrase never stoops, though I see not why he should be more solicitous to preserve his dignity there than in Heaven, Paradise, or even Limbo itself; and it is plainly by choice, as he might have written,

> "Against thy Father's head? *know'st* thou for whom?"

But he thought, as every one must think, that it was much more dramatic as it stands at present. Again:

> "Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
> To greatness? whence authority *derivest?*"
> *Par. Reg.,* b. ii.

"Then *proceed'st* to talk
Of th' emperor."
Par. Reg., b. iv.

"For hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Askalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber *strip'd'st* them of their robes?"
Samson Agon.

There may be many other like passages in Milton. These have offered themselves on a very cursory view of part of his works, and are sufficient to disprove the broad assertion, that he never omits the pronoun. With the concession that there may be a few instances of the same custom in Shakspeare, I will not rest satisfied; but will maintain that there are very many, that they almost always are instances of a very forcible and spirited tone of language, and therefore, that "the custom must needs be more honoured in the observance than the breach." Take the following ten passages that I met with after a short search.

"Wherefore *ey'st* him so?"—*Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5.

"Have I the aspic in my lips? *Dost fall?*"
Anton. and Cleop., act v. sc. 2.

"Well said, old mole! *canst work* i' the earth so fast?"
Hamlet, act ii. sc. 1.

"I heard thee say but now: thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what *didst not like?*"
Othello, act iii. sc. 3.

"*Hast stolen* it from her?"—Act iii. sc. 3.

"My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman.
I say, thy husband: *dost understand* the word?"
Act. v. sc. 2.

"Fellow, where *goest?*"—*Lear*, act iv. sc. 1.

"*Wilt break* my heart?"—*Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

"*Art not* ashamed to look upon this beard?"—Act ii. sc. 4.

"Good even to thee, friend. *Art* of this house?"
Act ii. sc. 2.

The truth is, that when the dialogue is quick, vehement, unceremonious, passionate, then the omission of the pronoun has generally a good effect.

Fourth instance. "Pity most alive when she is dead," if a blunder, is imputable to Dante, since his words are faithfully translated, just as if I were translating Milton's

"The fairest of her daughters, Eve,"
Par. Lost, b. iv. v. 324,

I should not hesitate to preserve that peculiarity of my author, though commonly esteemed a blunder.

Fifth instance. The word *ruining* is used in the same sense by Milton;

"Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven *ruining* from Heaven:"
Par. Lost, b. vi. v. 868:

and as the subject is that in which Milton's phrase never stoops, I trust the authority will content you.

Sixth instance. Canto xxii., line 15.

"With the ten demons on our way we went;
Ah fearful company! but in the church
With saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess."

The difficulty you complain of here results from the omission of "we keep company," or some such words, before "in the church." In proverbial modes of expression like this, such ellipses are very frequent.

Seventh instance. Canto xxiv., last line but one, *Bianco,* the first two syllables are melted into one in the Italian pronunciation, and always constitute a single foot, just as the last two in Etruria and many other similar words. Had I made three syllables of it I should have displayed a woful ignorance of my author, or neglect.

Eighth instance. *A man levelling his hands at God;* Johnson's Dictionary will explain to you that to *level* sometimes means to *point.* The concomitant action of the spirits explains his meaning to be a profane defiance of the Almighty. The serpents became Dante's friends by stopping the mouth of a sinner, who was about to utter horrid blasphemies.

Ninth instance. The word *liker* appeared to me to be more poetical here than the alteration you suggest (which, indeed, being a very obvious one, suggested itself to me exactly in the same form at the time of writing the passage) and for that reason I retained it.

Tenth instance. Page 283, "*tell on't.*" This abbreviation or corruption, if you please, of *on't* for *of it,* is so very, very common in Shakspeare (who surely does deserve to be called a good poet, though often an incorrect one) that I can scarcely believe my eyes

when you say that "you surely never saw it in our good poets." Take the following examples :—

"The Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am *glad on't;* 'tis a worthy governor."
Othello, act ii. sc. 1.

"Be not you *known on't;* I have use for it."
Act iii. sc. 2.

"By my soul, I'm *glad on't.*"—Act iv. sc. 1.

"You taught me language ; and my *profit on't*
Is, I know how to curse."—*Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

"And yet he would be king *on't.*"—Act ii. sc. 1.

"This tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach *on't.*"—*Henry VIII.*, act. i. sc. 1.

"I'll go and tell the duke *on't.*"
Beaumont and Fletcher; The Loyal Subject, act i. sc. 3.

Yet after all this I would not use it in a modern poem ; but, in the translation of a poet, whose manner as well as matter I wish to represent, and whose manner is antique, it seems to me in its place. "'Ere I describe it," is to my ear of so *base and scrannel* a sound, that no temptation could have induced me to adopt such an amendment.

Eleventh instance; same page. "The traitor whom I gnaw at;" I did not make the pause where you propose, because it seemed to me too like concluding the sentence, while the speaker was carried on by a violent passion to the end of it. I did not indeed think the passage (a passage of such unmixed horror) one in which *elegance* of phrase was much to be studied.

Twelfth instance. *Uncapable* instead of *incapable,*

on the same account, probably, that Milton wrote *unsufferable* for *insufferable* in the passage quoted above, Shakspeare *uneffectual* for *ineffectual*, and *uncapable* for *incapable*, because I thought it of better sound, and that it was not at all the worse for not being the word of common chit-chat.

Last instance: "date more luscious for my fig." On consulting my old woman here (perhaps more quick of apprehension than Molière's), she found the only difficulty was to know what it could be you did not understand. Yet I plead guilty of having exceeded my original, by the insertion of *more luscious*, which I conceived (vainly it seems,) would add force to the sentiment (he suffered more than he inflicted), and found besides very convenient for filling up the verse. And for this offence let the Muse inflict what punishment shall seem good unto her, only I humbly pray it may not be to answer as many more objections.

When you made the comparison between the Gothic building and the modern one, I wonder it did not lead you to a different conclusion, and show you that as Dante's edifice is Gothic, an attempt to modernise it would be to do what the architect has done within these few years to your own cathedral, that is, in your opinion and mine, what he could do to spoil it; nay, more, would be like fitting up that venerable pile with sash windows, Venetian blinds, crimson curtains, and Turkish sofas.

Yours, &c. H. F. Cary.

Mr. Cary had resumed his journal early in this year.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1806.

February. Read the Zodiacus Vitæ of Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus. This poem is dividedinto twelve books, called from the twelve signs of the Zodiac, as the books of Herodotus are named from the nine Muses. It is moral and metaphysical, without plan. The Christian religion is only twice or thrice incidentally mentioned as a moral rule. There is great facility in the versification, which indeed has often the wordy fluency of the improvisatore style; and is accordingly seldom or never highly wrought. I have traced Pope in several passages; and I suspect that a careful comparison of his Essay on Man with this poem would discover more imitations. Shakspeare (see Common-Place Book) has imitated one passage. He had probably read the translation of Googe. The edition which I have read is printed, Londini, apud Robertum Dexter, 1599.

From this poem I have been led to the Latin poetry of Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, which in respect of versification is of a higher cast. The Urania, an astrological poem, showing the influence of the heavenly luminaries on human life, has no longer much interest now that the system on which it was built is entirely gone by. The Meteororum Liber treats of the causes of many natural appearances. The De Hortis Hesperidum, on the

Culture of Oranges and Lemons, is perhaps more pleasing than the others. I have looked into some of the other poems. In the Amorum Liber i., the hendecasyllables have the indecency of Catullus without the graces of his style. Flaminius has imitated the better part of that writer.

May. Finished the eight books of Origen against Celsus.

June. Read the Supplices of Æschylus in the edition of Schutz. I now wonder at my own observation* respecting the conclusion of this tragedy. It is far less striking than the Eumenides, which I have read (as well as the Choephoræ) in this edition. In many places the text is extremely corrupt. To Æschylus may be applied his own words respecting the will of Jove:—

> οὐκ εὐθήρατος ἐτύχθη
> πάντα τοι φλεγέθει
> κἀν σκότῳ †—*Supplices*, 90.

June and July. Read cursorily Origen *de Principiis*. Of his four books *de Principiis* only a part of the third and fourth remains in the original Greek. The rest is preserved in an unfaithful Latin version, by Rufinus, made A.D. 398. Origen in this work

* Ante, p. 105 (Feb. 4, 1797).

† Jove's firm decree, tho' wrapt in night,
Beams 'midst the gloom a constant light;
Man's fate obscure in darkness lies,
Not to be pierced by mortal eyes.
Potter's Æschylus.

is by no means orthodox, particularly with regard to the Trinity. Read his Treatise *de Oratione*, and his *Exhortatio ad Martyrium*. He forbids prayer to Christ, because he differs from God the Father "in substance," s. 15. I find nothing in the Exhortation to Martyrdom, that peculiarly attracts my attention.

Read Barrow's China; a History of the Orkney Islands; and Tassoni's Secchia Rapita. This poem is said to be the earliest of the burlesque epic kind. Some of the descriptions are in the gorgeous style of colouring used by Marino, who is mentioned, canto xii., st. 11, together with Tasso, Bracciolino and Ariosto. The heathen deities form the machinery. The time of the war, occasioned by the fatal bucket being carried off in skirmish from Bologna by the Modanese, is in the thirteenth century. But there are many designed and humorous anachronisms. The episode of the enchanted island, which occupies the ninth canto, is highly fanciful, and has much drollery in its conclusion. The poem is in many parts disgraced with indecency, to be found neither in the Lutrin, nor in the Rape of the Lock. The latter has the advantage over both its rivals in point of machinery. Tiraboschi mentions its (the Secchia Rapita) having been translated into English, as does Muratori, referred to by Mr. Hayley, Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. 3., n. viii., where the translation is said to have been printed in 1715. P.S. In a life of Tassoni, by Mr. Cooper Walker, there are

quotations from the translation, which was made by Ozell. In the ninth canto Don Quixote is mentioned.

My father's favourite studies were now interrupted, first by domestic affliction, and then, as the result of that affliction, by a long and distressing malady. Several members of his family were attacked by typhus fever, himself amongst the number; before he had well recovered from the effects of the fever, his youngest daughter Harriet fell a victim to that complaint. She died in the month of May, 1807.

In early childhood, his mother, as we have seen, had remarked the strength and tenderness of his affections: the enjoyment, for a series of years, of happiness as pure and unmixed as can well fall to the lot of man, in the society of a wife and children whom he tenderly loved, tended only to increase the fervour of his natural disposition. The loss of a beloved child was more than he could stand up against. Mind and body both fell prostrate at the blow. Shortly after his daughter's death, a removal to London was found necessary for the sake of procuring the best medical advice. For several months a suspension of all mental occupation was indispensable, and, as his wife says in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Price, "he was unable to read for many minutes together."

At intervals, however, he was able to exert him-

self, and though incapable of a continuous course of study, could attend to the claims of friendship or the calls of duty.

The following letter to Mr. Birch, written on occasion of the death of his friend's mother, will show not only how far sympathy for another's sufferings could make him, for the time, forget his own, but also, how applicable to himself is the remark he several years before had made on the letters of Cowper, that from them one may form an estimate of the characters of the persons to whom he was writing. Mr. Birch was possessed of remarkable firmness of mind, joined to strong, but well-regulated affections; he owned a spirit without guile, a cheerful but unobtrusive devotion; and could not but be sensibly affected by his friend's allusion to his own bereavement, a subject on which nothing but the hope of giving consolation would have induced him to touch. Indeed, so deep and lasting was my father's sense of the loss of his own mother, that I never heard him make the most indistinct allusion to it, till after his wife's death, in comparison of which all other afflictions, especially such as were distant, were as nothing.

TO THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

Kingsbury, October 1, 1807.

My dear Birch,

If I had not been aware, both from the manner in which your last letter is written, and from my

knowledge of your just way of feeling on such occasions, with how much composure and resignation of mind you bear the loss of your mother, I should not have let a day pass without offering you my condolence on that event. Her advanced age, the prosperity of a large family, the presence of her children, the quiet manner of her falling asleep, would have been so many lenitives even to an intemperate sorrow. In your mind they must have tended powerfully to heal the wound almost in the moment it was inflicted.

You appreciate too, with due gratitude, the value of a blessing so long enjoyed. I hope it is not with a culpable repining, that I consider the difference of our lots. You reach almost to the middle of your natural term, before you are deprived of the advantage and comfort of having such a parent. Mine was taken away from me in early childhood, so that not even the slightest impression of her form remains on my memory, though I can recollect something of a sweetness, which is known to me chiefly from the extreme bitterness with which I felt its loss.

For this remembrance, however, let me be grateful. It has sometimes had a good influence on my mind, when other motives might perhaps have failed.

I have some hopes that I may enjoy rather more of your company next winter than I have done for some years past. I think of taking a house in the neighbourhood of Westminster School, from after the Christmas holidays to the ensuing Whitsuntide,

for the sake of sending my boys there and assisting them, during their examination for becoming King's Scholars. I am led to believe they have made that degree of proficiency which is necessary for entitling them to become candidates.

Their instruction, added to the continuation of my work as a translator, has occupied my time pretty fully. I have nearly reached the end of the Purgatorio, which is, within one canto, as long as the Inferno. The critique which you hear has done me some justice, is from a partial hand, that of Price, who is now becoming a frequent writer in the Review where it appeared.

These are not his only productions. Within this month he has had another little girl born. He has now three pupils, the sons of his relations; and I believe would be glad to add another to the number. My wife and children are all well. The long and sad illness of one of my sisters, who for near a twelvemonth has entirely lost the use of her limbs, and during that period, has appeared several times at the point of death, has been the severest deduction from our family happiness. The preceding year had also been one of great suffering with her, and we were just beginning to indulge hopes of her recovery, when she was again levelled by a typhus fever, which has left her in this state of extreme weakness and danger. Her mildness and patience have been exemplary throughout; and they are of the more value, because she has a mind capable of

relishing some of the highest and most refined pleasures of life.

I am, dear Birch, most sincerely yours,

H. F. CARY.

At the commencement of the following year my father was, for the time, sufficiently recovered to carry into effect his purpose, expressed in the foregoing letter, of taking his youthful charges to Westminster School. These consisted of his own eldest son, and his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Ormsby's, two sons, with whose education he was intrusted.

The subjoined account, matter-of-fact and detailed as it is, will, I persuade myself, be not without interest.

TO HIS WIFE.

St. Alban's, January 15, 1808.

MY DEAR JANE,

If you wish to read the most interesting part of this letter first, you must carry on your eye and begin where it is dated London. But, now the boys are gone to bed, I have a mind to divert myself a few minutes with writing to you; I have also some important intelligence to communicate respecting the coaches. There is one called the Sailor that passes through Coleshill, (baiting at Smith's Inn, though a Mr. Barton of Coleshill is the proprietor), every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday night at eleven or twelve o'clock, and puts up at the Swan with two Necks in Lad-lane. It of course passes

through Coventry in its way, where it puts up at the King's Head. On the same three evenings, at about five o'clock the Nelson coach passes through Coventry, on its way to the Swan with two Necks in Lad-lane, and puts up also at the King's Head. The inside fare of both is twenty-five shillings, the outside, fifteen from Coventry, and probably little if anything more from Coleshill.

Places cannot be secured in either, but are generally to be had. We came in the Nelson last night from Coventry to Daventry, not being able to get a chaise at the former place.

We did not arrive till eleven o'clock; the boys were well amused with this, and I am not the worse for it. We did not set out again till eight, and breakfasted at Towcester, where the quantity of *toast*, dry and buttered, that we eat, and the singular coincidence of that remarkable event with the name of the place, which was the scene of action, afforded much amusement. We were hardly less entertained here with having to wait a full hour for our beef steaks, during which time the waiter, by repeated visits to the room for very little apparent purpose, ever and anon excited, and as often disappointed, our expectations.

I am here at Mrs. Butler's, the Angel, and have been telling her of the sad trick the Barnet landlord played her when we last came from London. She seemed to bear it with so much Christian forgiveness as really raised my admiration, till I found

that he now does all he can to recommend her. But I will waste no more of this sheet, lest I should not have room enough left for more important matter.

TO THE SAME.

Storey's Gate Coffeehouse, Thursday.

MY DEAR JANE,

I arrived here at twelve, and as soon as I was dressed went to Dr. Carey's.

He is plainly averse to my having the boys with me, and said that as all the *helps* were engaged, they had therefore little chance of succeeding; but if I came to stay in town merely on their account he would fairly tell me, he thought them better without me, &c., &c.,—this is somewhat discouraging. I told him that as everything was arranged, it could not now be altered, in which he acquiesced, and they are to go on Saturday morning to school.

He at first fixed on to-morrow, but on my mentioning the probability that they would be too childishly dressed for the Form in which James and William may be placed, the day was postponed, with his concurrence and approbation. I ought to add, however, that he owned that though the helps were sometimes said to be all engaged, yet it afterwards proved to be otherwise. A help too may have as many *protégés* as he pleases. Dr. C. told me what amused me, that it was not to be supposed that he knew there was any such thing as a *help*. After this interview, I posted away to Frazer's with

the boys, where they were measured, and the clothes promised as for Monday night.

On our return, I called at Major Sparrow's, who was not at home, and left my card. Then went to inquire about a house I was told was to be let in Parliament Street. But it was not to be had for a shorter term than six months, nor for less than ten guineas a week. We now posted off for Mrs. Rivers's, where I learnt that houses would be dear in any fashionable street, but that if I would be contented with College Street (close to the school), or Smith Street, or some other near it, which were very decent though not modish streets, I might meet with something that might hold us comfortably for about five guineas a week.

Your brother's lodgings in Fludyer Street were mentioned, and on my return, I called to look at them. This house too, a larger and much better furnished one than we need, considerably, was offered me at ten guineas a week, or as much of it as would hold all our family for eight, but then the good lady and her niece must remain, and other lodgers might be admitted. This would not do, but however, I took lodgings in it for 2*l.* for a week, for myself and the boys, which I thought better than remaining at this Coffee-house, where I shall probably pay for everything at an extravagant rate. The Fludyer Street lady pressed me to her house most earnestly, and kissed James and Tom so heartily that I thought she must be in love with their father. To-morrow

morning I shall renew my inquiries, and if I meet with any success before the post goes out you shall hear from me further: if not, conclude I have met with none, and have not time left to tell you so.

Mrs. R. dissuaded me from Lower Grosvenor Place, where she says houses are still dearer than on this side, and the long dirty walk would be very bad for the boys. Adieu, dear Jane, good night. I continue pretty well. The boys quite so.

Friday. No success, or very little. After going round Abingdon Street, and all those recommended by Mrs. Rivers,—James Street, Pimlico, &c., &c., all I have met worth recording is as follows:

No. 1, in this (Fludyer Street) two sitting-rooms, two bed-rooms, two inside bed-rooms, and one garret, a very bad kitchen, into which the neighbours say the tide rises, and which partly was confessed—three guineas a week—plate and linen not found—a very tart-looking old maid the landlady, who with her sister and maid must remain in the house.

Next, Queen's Row, a good airy situation, near Buckingham Gate, convenient enough for the school, with two parlours, two bed-rooms, two attics, and a kitchen. The woman and her husband to remain in the house. He was out, and she did not know whether he would take in ourselves and five or six children, nor what he would ask, but probably about three guineas a week. He is to send me word.

Lastly, 16, Stafford Row, still nearer to Buckingham Gate, overlooking the Queen's Gardens, two

parlours, two bed rooms, and one attic: each of which three rooms would contain a second bed, a press-bed in the front kitchen, a most comfortable room, and another kitchen to cook in, three guineas a week the lowest. It would suit us very well, if you would leave the little ones behind. Both these lodgings well furnished, with very good-tempered looking landladies. No such thing to be heard of as a whole house. I tempted the last to leave her's with an offer of five guineas a week for three months certain, but in vain—linen and plate found in neither. I am very comfortable in this house. It would suit our whole family perfectly well. But such a price there is no thinking of. Adieu, dear Jane, love to all the children. I forgot to tell you I believe that the boys don't go till Tuesday, because Monday is a holiday, the Queen's birth-day.

It cost me 1*l.* 8*s.* for dining and sleeping at Storey's Gate, though I had nothing but beef steaks and cheese cakes, and a bottle of Sherry. No tea, no supper. Here I provide myself, and hope to live cheaper. I would engage for my landlady's honesty. She tells me she is under obligation to your brother Charles for advice in a law-suit which has lasted seven years, and which she now hopes will terminate very soon, and make her mistress of 200,000*l.*, more than the Recordership of Prince of Wales's Island would ever have brought. But she is an elderly woman. She bought this house and furnished it

thus completely with the expectation of enjoying the fortune I have mentioned. Don't send this letter to your mother, a trick I think you played me once. I shall pursue my inquiries to-morrow. Perhaps you wonder I have not called on Mrs. J. Smith. I thought I might do better by looking about for myself, but I shall perhaps go to her and Major Sparrow to-morrow. I have just seen his card here.

Shortly after the date of the preceding letter my mother, with some members of their family, joined him in London. But in a very few days he must have suffered a relapse, for on the 20th of the next month I find he had removed to Brompton, and in a letter to his sister of that date, speaking of some deed which he was required to execute, he says, "If anything is to be read over first, I will not promise much in that way."

On this occasion his malady was much more lasting, though still he was free from it at intervals, during which he continued his translation of Dante. But from this period to the month of June, 1811, when his Journal is resumed, I have not found among his papers any traces of a regular course of study. At length his sufferings yielded to medical skill, but still more, probably, to the unremitting attention of his wife: and in the spring of 1810 he was sufficiently recovered to undertake the readership at Berkeley Chapel. He had not courage to return

to his old happy home at Kingsbury; and it was, therefore, decided that London or its neighbourhood should in future be his place of residence.

He now rented a small house at Alpha Cottages, for the term of three years, of which mention is made in the following letter:—

TO HIS FATHER.

May 3, 1810.

DEAR FATHER,

I did not receive your letter of the 27th of last month till the first of this, and am much obliged to you for it. You are quite right in supposing that Jane and myself wish to keep within the bounds of our income. A step which I have just taken will, I hope, tend to this object. One of the heaviest expenses is, at present, our lodgings, for which we pay two guineas and a half a week; but I have now taken a house, to be entered on the 11th of this month, for fifty guineas a-year, and taxes, levies, &c. ten pounds; and intend moving our furniture into it from Cannock and Kingsbury.

It is situated very pleasantly about half-a-mile to the left of Edgeware Road, as you come into London near Upper Baker Street. There is a small garden; it is very retired, and looks to the fields, and yet is near enough to the best part of the town. The name of the place is "Alpha Cottages."

We shall have room for you or for the boys during the holidays, by putting up a bed in one of the parlours.

Another measure of economy will be to keep only two servants instead of five, as we formerly did. By these means our expenses, I trust, will be reduced considerably, so as to be nearly within our income.

Till we get into our new habitation we have taken a small lodging near it, at No. 18, Park Street, Upper Baker Street, at two guineas a-week, and shall move into it on Saturday next.

I trust the Bath waters will be of service for your complaint, and am glad Mrs. Cary will have an opportunity of seeing her friends there. Our love to her and my sisters. We have not heard of our little boys coming, and scarcely wish for them now till we are settled.

I am obliged to conclude, the post-hour being come.

Believe me, your affectionate and dutiful

H. F. Cary.

After the lapse of another year, my father had courage to resume his Journal.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1811.

June 15. Finished the Trachiniæ of Sophocles. Few Greek tragedies exceed this in pathos. The chorus beginning v. 834 is very obscure. It is, perhaps, corrupted. In the next, beginning 964, ἄσπετόν τι θαῦμα perhaps means "some terrible vision of the ἀλάστωρ, or fiend," which would ap-

pear πρὸ δόμων "before the house," and of which the chorus wish to avoid the sight, by being carried away by the wind. Θαῦμ' ἂν πόῤῥωθεν ἰδοίμαν says Hercules, v. 1021, of which Musgrave in his note seems scarce to understand the meaning, and translates it *cum admiratione viderem.* According to my notion it may mean, "may I see the wonder at a distance! may it not approach near me!" I have remarked on another note of Musgrave's in my Common-Place Book, *Emendationes.*

The word θαῦμα is omitted in the Index to this Oxford edition of 1809, though it occurs here twice.

June 18. Read the Procemium, and the Life of Solon, in Diogenes Laertius.

19. Ibid., the Life of Solon.

25. Finished the second volume of Horsley's Sermons. The twentieth, is on 1 Pet. iii. 18—20. He explains ἐν φυλακῇ, *in Hades,* "in a place of safe keeping,*" where he supposes the spirits of the departed to reside in an intermediate state between death and the resurrection. This is the old interpretation. I find the word φυλακῇ, in the Epistles attributed to Ignatius, used in the sense of "obedience," πρόκειται ζωὴ ἡ ἐκ φυλακῆς καὶ θάνατος ὁ ἐκ παρακοῆς. *Ad Magnesianos,* p. 53, *Usser. edit.* If the word be taken thus, the text may be considered as asserting the pre-existence of Christ and of the

* See Bishop Bull's interpretation of this passage, noticed in this Journal, September 6th, 1815.—H. C.

Holy Spirit, by which he preached to those souls who were saved in the Flood, though formerly disobedient, namely, eight persons. In the twenty-fifth sermon a new interpretation is given to Deut. xxxiii. v. 2—5, by which the passage is made a prophecy of Christ's coming; and the same is done to a passage in the book of Genesis.

June 26 and 27. Read, in Usher's edition, the Epistle of Polycarp.

28. Began the Epistles of Ignatius.

29. Read to the end of the Epistles of Ignatius, *i. e.* to the end of his Epistle to the Smyrnæans.

30 to *July* 6. Read Captain Pasley's Military Policy, &c., and part of the first volume of Horsley's Sermons. The bishop, in one of these sermons, would, I think, by his interpretation spoil the poetry of a passage in the Psalms, see p. 99. On a verse in Peter's second Epistle, (ch. iii., 16), he remarks, "although St. Peter speaks of things in it (the Bible) hard to be understood, he speaks of such things only as could never have been understood at all, had they not been revealed, and, being revealed, are yet not capable of proof or explanation upon scientific principles, but rest solely on the authority of the revelation; not that the terms in which these discoveries are made are obscure and ambiguous in their meaning, or that the things themselves, however hard for the pride of philosophy, are not of easy digestion to an humble faith."—p. 138. "The Levitical rites," he says "were nothing less than

the Gospel itself in hieroglyphics, and, rightly understood, they afford the most complete demonstration of the coherence of revelation with itself, in all its different stages, and the best evidence of its truth," &c.—p. 150. "Men are apt, upon all occasions, to run into extremes; and it has been too much the practice of preachers, in these later ages, in their zeal to commend what every one will indeed the more admire the more he understands it; to heighten the encomium of the Christian system, by depreciating not only the lessons of the heathen moralists, but the moral part of the Mosaic institution. They consider not that the peculiar excellence of the Christian system lies much more in doctrine than in precept."—p. 262.

Matth. xvi. 28, he explains to refer to Judas, and by a new interpretation explains "shall not taste of death" to signify "shall not be condemned eternally." Sermon xii. "If on any ground it were safe to indulge a hope that the suffering of the wicked may have an end, it would be upon the principle adopted by the great Origen, and by other eminent examples of learning and piety which our own times have seen,—that the actual endurance of punishment in the next life will produce effects to which the apprehension of it in this had been insufficient, and end, after a long course of ages, in the reformation of the worst characters. But the principle that this effect is possible—that the heart may be reclaimed by force—is at best precarious; and

the only safe principle of human conduct is the belief, that unrepented sin will suffer endless punishment hereafter."—p. 302.

July 7 and 8. Finished Horsley's Sermons. These sermons chiefly turn upon the explanation of doubtful texts of Scripture. But except in the instance of two prophecies applied to our Saviour, and of Matt. xvi. 28, I do not observe any interpretation but what may be found in *Poli Synopsis*. The hypotheses, raised by the Bishop, appear sometimes very fanciful. But they display generally great acuteness, and are maintained in a style of stately and nervous eloquence. Began the invectives of Gregory Nazianzen against Julian.

9 to 24. Finished the invectives of Gregory; very eloquent but somewhat unchristian. Began the third volume of Tho. Sherlock's Discourses.

24 to 31. Finished the third volume of Sherlock's Discourses. The sixth on Charity, the twelfth on "the Wisdom that is from above," and the fourteenth on "men loving darkness rather than light," have pleased me the most.

August 11. Finished the second volume of Sherlock's Discourses.

11 to 22. Read William Sherlock on Death. Carr's Travels in Spain. Continued Madame du Deffand's Letters to Horace Walpole; and began Hephæstion in Gaisford's edition.

31. From Madame du Deffand's letters:—"Ce que je ne concevrai jamais c' est la façon dont les

Anglois s' aiment, en ne se voyant point, en ne se donnant point de leurs nouvelles; il faut qu' ils aient quelques genies qui leur viennent communiquer leur pensées, leurs sentimens, et leur epargnent la peine de se parler et de s' écrire."—Vol. iii., p. 164.

September 4. Finished the fourth volume of the above letters to Walpole and Voltaire.

14. Finished the Hephæstion, and the extracts from Longinus, the philosopher, Aristides Quintilianus, and Proclus, added to it.

17. Finished the eight volumes of Mitford's History of Greece, which are all that he has yet published, and come down to the death of Philip of Macedon.

18. Finished Madame Genlis's Femmes Françaises in two volumes, lately published.

27. Began Andronicus Rhodius.

Oct. 8. Finished the Sonetti e Commedie of Alfieri.

29. Finished the fifth volume of Frugoni, Parma, edit. 1789. Read Trotter's Memoirs of C. J. Fox, just published, with a few invaluable letters of that great man, chiefly on critical subjects.

November 10. Read the Epinomis of Plato. I do not find in this obscure dialogue a passage on the Trinity, which I had been taught to expect in it, for the sake of which I have read it again. Perhaps Moses is meant by ὁ πρῶτος ταῦτα κατιδὼν βάρβαρος ὤν, κ. τ. λ.* Vol. ix., p. 264, ed. Bip.—Tiedemann's

* "He who first saw these things was a barbarian."

exposition at the end of this edition is very jejune and unsatisfactory.

To *December* 9. In Gillies' History of the World, from Alexander to Augustus, which I read, I meet with a remarkable passage at the conclusion of the 27th chap., vol. ii., p. 692, 4to edit., occasioned by a passage in Cicero's Oration for Flaccus, c. 28, respecting the Jewish religion.

Began the Animali Parlanti, poema epico, in twenty-seven cantos, by Giambatista Casti, and read the first two cantos, but, though written in á spirited and droll manner, it does not interest me enough to carry me farther.

To *Dec.* 31. Read le Prose di Agnolo Firenzuola, in the edition of 1552, except some of the tales which are very indecent. There is a curious passage on the perfection of the number six. A perfect number is that "le parti aliquote del quale accozzati insieme rilevano detto numero."—*Ragionamenti*, p. 139. The next number which has this perfection is twenty-eight.

Finished Gillies' History of the World, from Alexander to Augustus. He is not as scrupulous in his attention to the authority of the different writers from whom he takes his facts, as Mitford. His style is more flowing, but more vulgar also, than that writer's.—Read the second volume of the Novelle Scelte, a selection judiciously made from the Decameron of Boccacio.

1812.

January 16. Read the third volume of Miss Baillie's series of Plays, and Mackenzie's Travels in Ireland in 1810.

May 8. Finished my translation of Dante's Commedia—began the 16th of June, 1797.

19 and 20. Read Plato's Alcibiades I. I have been induced to read it, that I might find a passage referred to in the Latin notes on Grotius' *de Veritate,* lib. i. 16, n. 6, "concerning the power given to man over other animals." The passage I have not found, but have been rewarded for my pains by many beautiful things in the Dialogue. Perhaps it is in the Alcibiades II. On looking again at the note, I find that it is rather a passage "on the nature of the soul" that is referred to, and which I have met with in Alcibiades I. Tiedemann's exposition is, as usual, not very satisfactory.

21. Finished the Prometheus of Æschylus, which I have also read in Potter's translation. Read the Atrée et Thyeste of Crebillon.

22. Read the first Satire of Persius. The Père Tarteron seems to make an absurd blunder in his translation of this Satire, mistaking the epithet Brisei, Bacchii, for the name of a tragedy which he calls Briseis.

30. Finished the Suppliants of Æschylus, which I have also read in Potter's translation. The beauty of the choruses compensates for the want of interest which prevails in the action of this play.

June 2. Read the second Satire of Persius.

10. Finished the Satires of Persius.

11 to 22. Read Norris on Christian Prudence; and Bembo della Volgar Lingua.

22 to *July* 4. Read Bembo's Asolani, a dialogue on Love, in three books: the latter part of the second, and the whole of the third, exceedingly pretty.

10. Read Lysias against Eratosthenes.

11. Read Sydney's Defence of Poesy.

22. Finished the Poesie di Zanotti. There is a fine ode beginning *Ed a me par.* Some of the sonnets and poems in blank verse are also pretty. Zanotti was born in 1692, and died in 1797.

29. Finished Bishop Wilkins's Sermons. I am surprised that these sermons, which were edited by Tillotson, have not a higher reputation. Though, like the sermons of Tillotson himself, too full of divisions and subdivisions, yet they are almost always remarkable for acuteness, happiness of illustration by the method of examples drawn from Scripture, and a masculine eloquence. They are fifteen, of which the second and third, and the eleventh have made most impression on me.

August 10. Finished the Rime di Puricelli, a light and pleasing poet. He was born at Thilau, 1661, and died in 1736.

19. Finished Dr. Sprat's History of the Royal Society, of which I have only read the first and third parts through.

September 5. Finished Iamblichus de Vitâ Pythagoræ. He seems desirous of setting up Pythagoras

as a rival to Jesus Christ, though he does not mention the latter by name. The style is plain, and not without strength, and on the whole better than one would expect from the age in which the writer lived. The text is much corrupted, and there are many repetitions.

September 11. Finished Porphyrius de Vitâ Pythagoræ, and Anonymus de Vitâ Pythagoræ from Photius, both which are added to the edition of Iamblichus.

16. Finished Los Empeños de un Acaso, a comedy, by Pedro Calderon. There are two or three very poetical passages in the way of our dramatists in Elizabeth's time. In other respects this play derives its chief merit from the liveliness with which the plot is carried on,—the quickness with which one event succeeds to another. As to the characters, there is no discrimination attempted except between the two men-servants, one of whom is a coward, the other his opposite. The three young men are all alike, so are the two ladies, and the old man is like any other old man.

17. Resumed Andronicus Rhodius.

October 19. Began reading at the British Museum. Examined the contents of the first and second volume of Muratori's Italicarum Rerum Scriptores.

21. Examined the third and fourth volume of Muratori.

22. Began the Cronaca of Dino Compagni, and read book ii. in the ninth volume of Muratori.

23. Read book ii. of Compagni.

Oct. 24. Resumed Andronicus Rhodius. Finished Le Grou's French translation of Plato's Republic. Easy, and yet I am inclined to think, faithful. The few notes are judicious. The French language represents to advantage the conversational ease of Plato.

29. Finished book iii. and last of Compagni. This historian, who relates the events that passed in his own time, writes in a higher tone of style than his cotemporary G. Villani. But he was used to public speaking, and often breaks out with exclamations better suited to a popular assembly than to the desk of the historian. The characters which he draws, though brief, are remarkably forcible; and he appears to have been a man of an amiable mind.

November 2. At the British Museum began the ninth book of Varchi's Ercolano.

3. Continued Varchi. Read Chaucer's Dreame, fol. 334, Speght's edition.

4. Read the Dreame of Chaucer, fol. 227.

5. Continued Andronicus Rhodius.

6. Examined two manuscripts of Dante in the British Museum. Read Troilus and Cresicde to the beginning of book ii.

9. Examined two other manuscripts of Dante in the British Museum.

10. Finished Andronicus Rhodius. "Not only those operations by which the virtues are either produced and improved, or else impaired, bear an exact proportion to their consequences, being good if they produce and improve, and evil if they impair them;

but after the habits of virtues are formed, the like is the case with the operations, of which the habits are the efficient causes, as may be seen in similar things more obvious to perception. For strength is the result of taking much food and undergoing much labour. And, again, strength is the cause of this very operation; for the strong man is most able to take much food and to undergo much labour. In like manner it happens with respect to the virtues; for by abstaining from pleasures we become temperate, and having become temperate we are more able to abstain from pleasures. In like manner also with respect to courage; for being accustomed to despise dangers and to endure hardships, we become courageous; and having become so, we are again endued with greater power to despise and endure them."—Book ii. chap. 2.

The next chapter (the third of the second book,) is very good. The subject is—"that moral virtue is conversant about pleasures and pains." We choose any thing only on these three accounts, that it is honourable, expedient, or pleasant; and we reject any thing for the contrary reasons. But because pleasure follows on the former two, we are apt to conclude that they and pleasure are convertible terms, which is not the case; because many things that are pleasant are dishonourable or inexpedient. So that it is manifest that human actions are conversant about pleasures and pains."

In the fourth chapter the difference is well marked concerning the exercise of any art, and that of virtue. *See also* book vi. chap. 6.

There is nothing I have met with in this book so irreconcileable to Christian ethics, as what is said concerning the μικρόψυχος, *the mean-spirited*, who is blamed because, deserving much, he thinks himself worthy of less.—Book iv. chap. 4.

The μεγαλόψυχος, *the magnanimous man*, does not like to hear of benefits conferred on him, but of those which he has conferred on others. Thetis, therefore (in Homer), does not remind Jupiter of what she has done for him, but of what he has done for her.—Book iv. chap. 5. This is a fine observation. What follows in the next paragraph is also excellent.

In book iv. chap. 8, the difference is marked between those who are too complaisant and too much given to praise every thing, and those who are too difficult to be pleased.

"Neither Hesper nor the morning star is so splendid and admirable as justice."—Book v., chap. 1. He seems willing to exceed Plato, who, in his encomium of the same virtue had called it πρᾶγμα πολλῶν χρυσίων τιμιώτερον.*—*De Republ.* l. 1, p. 336, *ed. Bipont.*

There is an admirable passage on the immutability

* "A thing more precious than much gold."

of natural right.—Book v. chap. 10, par. 2. The definition of equity very clear and good.—Book v. chap. 16.

Phidias and Polycletus are praised.—Book vi. chap. 8. The sayings of the experienced, the advanced in life, and the prudent, though unaccompanied by demonstration, to be trusted equally with demonstrated truth itself.—Book vi. chap. 12.

It is not by knowledge or prudence that we are good, any more than we are healthy by knowing what conduces to health.—Chap. 13. Understanding, however, and prudence (he answers) are parts of perfection; and indeed (he says), it is not possible that prudence should subsist without other virtue.—Ibid.

The poets Theodectes and Carcinus mentioned.—Book vii. chap. 12.

He owns that something he has advanced was said for the sake of argument.—Chap. 13.

Ἀκολασία, *intemperance*, is compared to the dropsy or phthisis, ἀκρασία to the epilepsy; the former continual, the latter intermittent.—Ibid.

The last chapter of the seventh Book, in which he gives the preference to mental over bodily pleasures, is excellent—"αἱ τῆς ψυχῆς ἡδοναὶ ταῖς σωματικαῖς μάχονται· καὶ οἷς ἡ ψυχὴ πράττουσα χαίρει, ταῦτα τῷ σώματι παρὰ φύσιν;"* is like St. Paul—"These are

* "The pleasures of the soul oppose those of the body, and those actions in which the soul delights, are contrary to the nature of the body."

contrary the one to the other."* There is much more to the same effect, admirably said. Book ix., chap. 5—"Τὸ δὲ ἓν ποιεῖν, μὴ ἵνα ἀντιπάθῃ, καλόν."† Book viii. chap. 17.—This is Christian.

Honour and profit not to be expected at the same time by a public character in a commonwealth.—Chap. 18.

The tenth chapter of the last book (the tenth) is admirable.

* Galat. v. 17.

† "To be beneficent, not with the view of being requited, is honourable."

CHAPTER VII.

1813—1815.

Mr. Cary resigns the readership of Berkeley Chapel.—Version of Dante completed and published.—Letters to Mr. and Mrs. Price.—Literary Journal for 1813.—Letter to Mr. Price.—His Dante little noticed.—His means; education of his children.—Translation from Pignotti of the Friar-Ass.—Takes the curacy of Chiswick.—Letters to Mr. Price and Mr. Birch.—Literary Journal for 1814 and 1815.

In the spring of 1813, Mr. Cary resigned the readership of Berkeley Chapel, and the term for which he had taken his house at Alpha Cottages having expired, removed to Kensington Gravel Pits.

His translation of Dante, as his Journal informs us, had been completed on the 8th of May, 1812; the intermediate period was almost entirely occupied in appending notes to it. Nearly eight years had elapsed since the publication of his version of the Inferno: but the work had attracted very little notice, by no means sufficient to induce a publisher to embark in the expense of printing the whole. My father, therefore, though his means would ill afford such an undertaking, resolved on publishing his translation at his own expense; but, from the same cause, was under the necessity of having it

printed in a cheap form, one little calculated to attract the notice of critics or the public.

The following letters to his friend Price, and his sister Mrs. Price, make us acquainted with the progress of the work. The whole was completed in December of this year, 1813, and in its title-page purports to be "printed for the author, by J. Barfield, 1814."

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Kensington Gravel Pits, April 8, 1813.

My dear Price,

I hope to get a frank to-morrow, and will say a few words to you. We moved a few days ago to the place whence I have dated, and have got a good house opposite nearly to the door into Kensington Gardens, through which, and Hyde Park, I can walk into town, a distance of a mile and a half. We can accommodate you comfortably if you can come to us this spring; as we have much more room than in our last habitation.

My father arrived here last night, and talks of leaving us on Monday morning. He is as well as I have ever seen him.

You did not tell me how you approve of the books I bought you. Among those I have in hand is Bowles's edition of Don Quixote, in Spanish. It seems to contain a treasury of Spanish learning in the notes. Would you choose to have it? If not, I will keep it. The cost was one guinea.

The books of the late Dr. Gosset are soon to be sold. Among them it is probable there will be many curiosities, but chiefly, I suppose in the biblical and classical way. I never met with so keen a collector as he appeared to be.

Have you written lately in the "Critical Review?" I have not seen any article which I took to be yours. But I seldom go further than the list of contents. The literary viands presented to me are so numerous, that into such dishes I generally do as the city mouse recommends,

"Just dip my whiskers and my tail in."

We are all well, colds excepted. I hope soon to hear a good report of you. With our love to Georgina, &c.

Yours truly,
H. F. CARY.

P. S. I have come to the end of my notes to Dante, but must make additions. If you meet with any striking parallelisms to passages in the Purgatorio and Paradiso, pray communicate them.

TO MRS. PRICE.

July 20, 1813.

MY DEAR GEORGINA,

I have just got your kind letter, and will delay no longer what I have been long putting off from day to day.

Indeed I had written to Price near a fortnight ago a long letter, but as Jane was threatening to cry out that very day, I kept it in hopes of being able to add the intelligence of her being safe.

It is, however, still uncertain when I shall have that intelligence to communicate.

In the meantime the letter has grown so stale that it is not fit to go out of my hands.

Jane is pretty well, but in low spirits at times from her expectations being so long deferred.

As soon as they are completed, you may rely on hearing from me immediately. I am glad to hear that Emma's health is improving.

I did not know that Edward had been an invalid. Our children are well I trust. I can only say with certainty that those who are at home are so.

We have had James and Tom Ormsby with us for a few days this summer.

The former is as fond of his book as ever, and is improved in other respects by his residence at Cambridge. I suppose you have heard of their uncle James's appointment to a good living lately by the Duke of Richmond. It is in the county of Kilkenny, and said to be worth 1500*l.* a-year.

Him we also expect soon, as he was to return to Mrs. O., whom he left at Twickenham in the spring. How does the augmentation of Marstock proceed? Two hundred pounds is allotted to Kingsbury: but the interest must accumulate till there is an incum-

bent who does the duty himself. I have had the pleasure of seeing Waters here: and never saw him more active both in mind and body.

With our love to all yours, believe me,

My dear Georgina,

Your affectionate brother,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Kensington Gravel Pits, October 11, 1813.

My dear Price,

It is perhaps not quite fair that I should give you any trouble about Kingsbury now you have given up the curacy. But necessity constrains: and I do not know to whom I can apply with so much chance of being attended to as yourself. May I then ask you to request the clerk to collect what he can for me of the rents and Michaelmas dues this week, and to send me twenty or thirty pounds by Monday next, or sooner, if practicable; and the remainder of my share (after paying Mr. Fox) as soon as convenient to him.

We are all well. I am in hopes of hearing from you that my sister is so after her confinement.

My time is at present fully occupied in printing my translation, and in transcribing and amending my notes for it. The whole of the first volume, and the greater part of the second is printed. I wish I could have your revisal of the whole before it went to press. But the thing had been so long hanging

on my mind, that I found it necessary to make an effort to get rid of it: and I have taken so much pains to compare mine with other versions, as, I think, to have escaped any gross error.

This undertaking occupies my money as well as my time; for I pay for the paper as I proceed, and am to pay for the printing when it is completed; and this, at the rapid rate we are going on, will be sooner than I expected. But enough of this.

I have got a few more Italian books for you, which I believe has exhausted the stock you deposited with me. Among them are an Orlando Furioso, and a Marino's Adone, the latter of which appears to have been once in Mr. Fox's possession.

When you write, any tidings of Waters and Wilkes will be acceptable.

With our united best wishes and affectionate remembrances, believe me, dear Price,

Sincerely yours,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Kensington Gravel Pits, December 28, 1813.

My Dear Price,

We are glad to hear so good an account of Georgina and the children, and that you are delivered from your suspense about Leigh.

I am much obliged to you for the turkey; which I believe did credit to your farm-yard. I cannot speak from my own experience, as I passed my Christ-

mas-day at Twickenham with Mr. Champagné. I thank you for sending me the account. There will be a balance due to you of one or two pounds, if you receive the land-tax. Shall I lay it out for you in tea or books?

My printer tells me that my book, being hot-pressed, may be bound immediately, and I have therefore desired him to have a copy put in russia, of which the expense will be twelve shillings, and it shall be sent as from you to Mrs. Mapleton. I wish to send you a copy, but am unwilling to put you to the charge of carriage. Do you think there would be any chance of a sale for eight or ten at Tamworth if I were to send them there? I would then inclose yours in the same parcel. Pray ascertain this for me, and tell me the bookseller's name. The book is a cheap one, if the quantity alone be considered. The price is only twelve shillings for the three volumes in boards; and though they are diminutive in size, yet they contain letter-press in abundance. They will come out on the first of next month. I have employed Bagster, in the Strand, and Colburn, in Conduit Street, as my agents for the sale of them.

If you are disposed again to become my critic, I have put the rod into your hands in the little edition of Dante I have sent you. There are a few alterations made in the version of the Inferno, and more in the notes, for I have taken your advice in adding to the number of the parallel passages.

Can you as a Cambro-Briton tell me what was

the ensign of the Welch nation, before we conquered you in the time of Edward the First? I ask this with reference to a short poem that I have lately written, in which a line is left incomplete for want of this information. I think it possible that as armorial bearings are supposed to have taken their rise at the time of the Crusades, and the Welch were not much engaged in that pious undertaking, they may perhaps have been without such a badge. But enough of this.

My wife would have written to yours, if I had left room. She desires her love, in which I join, and remain, dear Price, yours faithfully,

H. F. Cary.

In the last of the foregoing letters mention is made of his having written a short poem; I believe it is the same as that alluded to in his Journal, July 2, of this year, under the titlė of "Visions of Roméo." The poem was never printed, but in after life, when he had some thoughts of publishing a volume of original poems, my father selected this as the one that should stand first in the collection. As I hope it will shortly make its appearance before the public, I will not anticipate the critics by further notice of it at present.

Mr. Cary's Journal for this year proves him to have pursued his favourite studies with undiminished ardour.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1813.

January. Read Il Negromante of Ariosto. Read the Bella Mano of Giusto de' Conti, a collection of sonnets, &c., so called from the *fair hand* of his mistress. Giusto died about the middle of the fifteenth century. There is some resemblance to Petrarch in his manner. Tiraboschi qualifies the praise he gives him by saying that he has *molto di stentato e di languido:* but though he may be laboured, yet I think he is scarcely ever languid. I have read Giusto in the Florence edition of 1715, with Salvini's notes. Read the Ninfale Fiesolano, a poem, by Boccacio, and the Rime Antiche printed with the above-mentioned edition of Giusto de' Conti.

8. Read Cumberland's translation of the Clouds of Aristophanes, republished last year with a translation of three other of the plays.

9 and 10. Read in the same book a translation of the Plutus by Fielding and Young, of the Frogs by Dunster, and of the Birds by a nameless translator. A version of the Wasps, the Acharnians, the Peace, and the Knights, is promised, if the present attempt succeeds with the public.

12. Read the fifth Satire of Ariosto (in Rolli's edition, the first), on the choice of a wife;—and the first, beginning "Io desidero," addressed to Alessandro, his brother, and Lodovico da Bagno. It throws much light on the poet's private life and

disposition. There is much feeling in the few words he says of his mother:—

> L'età di nostra madre mi percuote
> Di pietà il cor, che da tutti in un tratto
> Senza infamia lasciata esser non puote.

January 13. Read the second Satire of Ariosto to his brother Galeasso, bidding him prepare for his reception at Rome. This also illustrates some occurrences of his life. He inveighs freely against the clergy;—and the third to Annibale Malagazzo.

14. Read the fourth Satire to Sigismondo Malagazzo, a very humorous complaint of the charge which had been given him by his patron.

15. Read the sixth Satire to Bembo on the Education of the Poet's two sons.

16. Read the seventh and last Satire to Bonaventura Pistofilo—his reasons for not wishing to go ambassador to Pope Clement VII. from the Duke of Ferrara.

17 to 20. Finished the remaining Canzoni of Ariosto;—and read the Rime of Francesco Manfredi, Florence, 1730—in the usual sweet and easy strain of Italian poetry.

27. Finished the seventh book of Thucydides.

February 9. Began the eighth book.—Read the Theaetetus of Plato in Le Grou's translation.

[This dialogue is merely a refutation of the several false definitions of Ἐπιστήμη, *Science;* among others, Locke's system is crushed. In one part Theaetetus

says he cannot follow the argument of Socrates; nor I either. The Dissertation prefixed by Cousin to his translation pleases me much. In the translation he often copies Grou, word for word. Gray has noted most of the fine things. *April* 15, 1841.]

February 16. Began reading Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History aloud.

19. Finished the eighth book of Thucydides.

20. Began Appian, edit. 1551, and read to page 21.

21. Read Salvator Rosa's Satire on Painters.

March 25. Continued Mosheim.—Read Edward II., an historical play, by Marlow; The Spanish Tragedy, by an unknown author, both in the second volume of Dodsley's Old Plays; and The Marriage Night, a Tragedy, by Henry Lord Falkland, in the tenth volume.

These three Plays have all of them very fine passages, none more so than the last; but the plots of all are bad. In a written marginal note on the last, some one has observed the story is like that in one of Fletcher's Plays, which he thinks is the Maid's Tragedy.

28 to 30. Read the Argonautics of Orpheus, in the edition of Eschernbach, small 8vo, 1689. Some critics suppose this poem to be the work of Onomacritus, an Athenian, in the time of Pisistratus, but I should doubt its being so old. Verse 86 he gives the epithet παρθενίης "virgin" to "the sea," as yet not past. This looks modern. V. 438, Chiron is finely described expressing his wonder at the trees moving

and the beasts standing around, and his rapture at the song which Orpheus says he sung to him.

Αυτὰρ ὁρῶν κένταυρος ἐθάμβεε, χειρεσὶ καρπῷ
Πυκνὸν ἐπισσείων οὔδας δ' ἤρασσεν ὁπλῇσι.

The text is much in want of correction, particularly towards the latter part.

V. 1179, Ierne is mentioned.

Νῆσον ἄμειβεν Ἰερνίδα.

To *April* 1. Read the Hymns that go under the name of the same writer. I am most pleased with the five or six at the end. They all appear to be rather invocations made at sacrifices than hymns.

2. Read the Περὶ Λίθων which also goes under his name, a poem on the virtues of precious stones.

May 5. Finished the Rime of Marini, printed at Venice, 1667.

21. Finished the Satire di Quinto Settano, the fictitious name of Lodovico Sergardi, born at Siena, March 27, 1660, deceased Nov. 7, 1720. He has the force, the poetical expression, and the freedom—or, rather, licentiousness, of Juvenal.—The Satires were written at first in Latin, but afterwards translated into Terza rima, as it is believed, by the author himself. The latter part of the fourteenth is particularly fine.

23. Finished Della Providenza di Dio Sermoni dieci di Teodoreto Vescovo di Ciro, nuovamente di Greca in volgare lingua tradotti par Lucio Paolo Rosello Padoano. *Venez*, 1551. These discourses

have much both of eloquence and argument. The translation is inscribed to Catherina de' Medici, and two sonnets prefixed to her, one by Girolamo Ruccelli, the other by Lodovico Dolce.

To *June* 3. Read Lord Holland's Life of Lope de Vega again. Finished Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History aloud. This is a frightful picture of religious dissensions.

5. Read Jortin's Tracts, &c., two volumes. His emendations sometimes remind me of those by Martinus Scriblerus.

12. Read articles in L'Esprit des Journaux for July and August, 1812—Charlemagne, Poëme Héroique, en dix chants, par Charles Millevoye, appears to be a poem something in the way of Walter Scott's. When Charlemagne's army departs for Italy, the beauties of the court prepare lovers' knots, scarfs, &c.

> Plus d'une aussi pour l'ami de son cœur
> Porte une offrande à la sainte chapelle,
> Priant tout haut qu'il revienne vainqueur,
> Priant tout bas qu'il revienne fidèle.

This is very like Scott.—Compare Tibullus, Lib. ii. E. 1. 83, &c. There is also a review of a translation of Virgil's Eclogues, by P. Fr. Tissot, third edit. An Ode is inserted (July) which gained the first prize at the *Jeux Floraux*, at Toulouse. It is by M. Victorin-Fabre; the subject, *Le Tasse*; better than I expected. Read L'Esprit des Journaux for December, 1812. Les Fastes Napoléon (ou la Napoléonide), publiés par M. Petroni, se continuent avec les mêmes soins.

Ce littérateur distingué rend un autre service aux lettres : il prepare la meilleure édition classique d'auteurs Italiens qu'on ait jamais faite. Note; cette édition précieuse, qui va être publiée par M. Blankenstein, sera imprimée avec toute la perfection que M. Pierre Didot peut donner à ses presses.—Page 182. Another considerable publication is announced, p. 186: Elle se compose de la Collection des Auteurs Latins, avec des commentaires en Français, par une société de professeurs et de gens des lettres ; l'éditeur est Mons. C. L. F. Pancouche, etc.

L'Esprit des Journaux for December, 1812. It contains a very pretty tale from the German, by Madame de Montolieu, called *Amelie et Josephine.*

The same for April, 1812. A review of two translations of parts of Catullus, one by M. P. L. Ginguené, the other by C. P. Mollevant; and a tale by Madame de Montolieu.

The same for June, 1812. A review of a new poem by Delille, called *La Conversation.*

The same for February 12. A review of a translation of Valerius Flaccus, by Adolphe Dureau de la Malle, begun by the translator before his twentieth year, and continued for thirteen years. The notes are well spoken of, but the specimens given of the version do not much please me. I believe there is none in our language. A review of Œuvres Choisies de Lemierre, two volumes in stereotype, by Didot. Lemierre is a tragic poet of the second class, and has written also a poem on Painting, &c. There are

some amusing stories told of his vanity. This number has another tale by Madame de Montolieu.

The same for September and November, 1811.

June 30. Finished Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation.

July 2. Finished writing the Visions of Roméo. Continued L'Esprit des Journaux for May, 1812, containing the continuation of a tale by Madame de Montolieu, from the preceding month.

5. L'Esprit des Journaux for January, 1811; a short but good review of a new edition of the *Œuvres de Massillon.* His Petit Carême is particularly recommended.

6 to 12. The same for July, 1811, and April, 1811.

To 23. Read the Sofonisba of Trissino, and Oreste of Ruccellai—(neither of these tragedies is wanting in the pathetic. In the choruses the Oreste is, I think, superior to the other; it is founded on the story of Iphigenia in Aulis)—and the Merope of Pomponeo Torelli. I have never been more affected by any situation in a tragedy than by that of Telefonte's recognition of his mother. I much doubt whether Maffei's tragedy on the same subject would please me near as much as this. Yet it has considerable faults. The choruses are not only idle as to the story, but in themselves sometimes but indifferent compositions. Merope's regret for the tyrant, her lover, at the conclusion, has an air of the ludicrous.

There are two passages similar to passages in

Shakspeare in this play. The first is an imitation of Euripides.

Se lecito mi fosse alzarmi sopra
Il cielo, a l'alte stelle poggerei ;
E se potessi, nel profondo abisso
Discenderei delle tartaree grotte,
Par che comandar ivi ancor potessi.

Polifonte.

" Methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

1 *Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 3.

The other is—

Nè da due lumi il giorno luce prende,
Nè due Re può capire un regno solo.

Polifonte.

" Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign."

1 *Henry IV.*, act v. sc. 4.

The following passage also reminds me of Shakspeare:—

Hanno l'ale a le piante,
Piu veloce, che strali o vento vanno
A percuoter l'orecchie
Le misere novelle.
Ma ben a un zoppo bue premono il dorso
Quelle, c'han seco alcun contento o gioja.

So Milton*. Samson Agonistes:—

" Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits."

* See Johnson's *Rambler*, No. 140.

To *July* 26. Read the Torrismondo of Tasso. The fable is far from being happily chosen or even well conducted; but there are some grand passages, such as Alvida's description of her own horrors in the first scene, and Germondo's speech in the last but one; yet they are carried very near the verge of bombast. It reminds me of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays. There are more conceits and plays on words in the tragedy of Tasso, than in the other three I have read lately.

27. Read the Astianatte of Bongianni Grattarolo, an extremely pathetic play. The anguish of Andromache is very movingly described, and there is no underplot, nor any love-scenes foisted in, after the French fashion, to fritter away the main interest. That the child should throw himself from the tower is indeed a little unnatural, unless we suppose that Ulysses and Calchas, who accompanied him thither, had encouraged him to do so in order to escape the odium of precipitating him from it themselves. There are some conceits after Shakspeare's manner; and there is one chorus at the end of the fourth act very awkwardly formed.

28 and 29. Read the Semiramide of Mazio Manfredi. This tragedy is commended in the preface for its style. The story is too shocking to affect one much. It is worth observing, that it opens with a speech by the Ghost of Ninus, to whom the Ghost of Memnon then appears and speaks.—Compare Voltaire's Semiramide.

July 30. Read the Gemelle Capovane by Ansaldo Ceba. This story is also improbable and disgusting; the language humble, familiar, and sometimes elegant, so as to remind one of the second-rate play-writers of Shakspeare's age.

31 and *August* 1. Read the Solimano of Prospero Bonarelli. There is in this play a crowd of incidents and characters, and a barbaric splendour of diction, that reminds one of Dryden. The manner in which the Diviner discloses the past and future of her life to the queen (that is, by means of a book full of figures employed in the several parts they are to act, among which that of the queen herself is introduced), has something in it very novel and striking. It is in the last scene of the first act. The smile of the tyrant is finely described :—

> Giunto il Prence, e con lui
> La Principessa al regio aspetto avanti,
> Gli accolse il Re con un cotal sorriso,
> Che sembrò più che riso un fier baleno,
> Poi ch' era tutto annubilato il volto.
>
> Act v. sc. 1.

It is something like Homer's Juno, who *frowned* with her brow and *smiled* with her lips.

2 and 3. Read the Alcippo of Ansaldo Ceba. The fable not well chosen: Alcippo suffers without any fault: the language resembling that of the Gemelle Capovane.

4. Read the Aristodemo of Carlo de' Dottori. Monti in his tragedy of the same name has borrowed

much from this. The story is in Pausanias, book iv., c. 9, &c. Dottori's play is full of incidents, and represents the facts which lead to the death of the two daughters of Aristodemo. Monti describes little more than his remorse, which amounts to madness. Dottori has choruses, and is too lyrical in the style of his dialogue. Monti has no choruses, and is scarcely figurative enough in his language for tragedy, though he is more so than Alfieri, who appears to be much over-rated in the present day.

Aug. 5. Read the Cleopatra of Cardinal Delfino. This tragedy is too full of moral reflections, and the choruses have nothing to do with the business of the story. Yet there is some pathos in the description of Cleopatra's death.

6. Read the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles in the Italian translation of Giustiniano; a fine, and, as far as I have compared it with the original, an accurate translation.

23. Read the second book of the Elegies of Tibullus. Some of these are either corrupted in the text, or much in want of notes: the first is perspicuous and beautiful, particularly towards the conclusion, than which I scarcely know anything more poetical.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Kensington Gravel Pits, February 20, 1814.

MY DEAR PRICE,

I suppose you are so much engaged in the practical illustration of your favourite adage*, οὐ λώϊον ἔσται τῷ κινήσαντι, that you will not have much time for looking over this scrawl. First then, let me apologise for sending you my book by the coach, for which I had given orders to the printer before I got your letter desiring me to send it with the others to Baker at Tamworth. Then let me thank you for speaking to him and to his brethren at Lichfield, to all of whom, as well as to Beilby and Lloyd at Birmingham (in consequence of a communication with them through Kennedy) I have sent copies: and if you chance to visit their shops, I will further thank you if you will inquire whether they have received them.

I delivered in person your present to Mrs. Mapleton, but my modesty would not let me suffer her to open the packet till I had made my escape.

I have heard of Huggins, the translator of Ariosto, but did not recollect that he had left a translation of Dante in manuscript. I do not think his Ariosto is much esteemed. There was a version of the Inferno, in blank verse, anonymous, but said, in

* Answering to our proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

the Gentleman's Magazine, to be the production of a Mr. Rogers, F.R.S., published in 1782. I have picked it up, and will give you a sample or two of it.

Canto i., ver. 1—

"When in the middle stage of life, I found
Myself entangled in a wood obscure,
Having the right path missed: but to relate
The horrid wildness of that rugged wood
Renews a dread, which that of death itself
Can scarce exceed: yet I will first recount
Those things I met with, ere I shall declare
The salutary good I after found.
How I came in it I can't well explain,
So much had sleep my faculties of mind
Confused, when I abandon'd the true way."

Canto iii., ver. 1—

"Through me you to the doleful city go:
Through me you go where is eternal grief:
Through me you go among the sinners damn'd:
With strictest justice is this portal made,
By power, wisdom, and by love divine.
Nothing before me e'er created was
Unless eternal, as I also am.
Ye, who here enter, to return despair."

Canto xxxi., ver. 55—

"Above the bank (which served to conceal
Like breeches all the parts below the waist)."

Canto ix., ver. 68, 9. Two good lines—

"As through the water from a serpent glide
The frogs pursued, and huddle to the shore."

An offer has lately been made me by Mr. Champagné of the vicarage of Datchet, about two miles

from Windsor; and had it been compatible with Kingsbury I should probably have taken it, though only 60*l.* a year. The latter living is indeed something of a log about my neck, as, being above value in the King's books, it is not tenable with another more than forty miles distant from it. Do you know what Mr. Fox's living is, and whether the value of it is more than equivalent to that of Kingsbury? If you have an opportunity, pray speak to him on these points with a view to an exchange, which might possibly be to our mutual advantage.

Jane is much better than she was, though not yet quite stout again. We all look forward with pleasure to the prospect of our meeting at Beveré this summer. Perhaps by that time you will have discovered for me what the ensign of the ancient Britons really was.

Believe me, with our kindest remembrances to all the little aboriginals in your house, as well as to the lady at the head of it, Saxon, Saxo-Norman, Dane, or whatever nation she be of,

Yours truly,
H. F. Cary.

Little notice appears to have been taken of the translation of Dante: a contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine bestowed on it the highest praise, while a writer in the Critical Review censured it as strongly. My father, however, was not one to be affected by such praise or such censure. The favour-

able opinion of Crowe and some other lovers of literature was all that he wished for, probably more than he expected. Pecuniary return for his labours was altogether out of the question, though that indeed would have been most acceptable; for the increasing expenses of a young family straitened his means and put him under the necessity of great thrift and self-denial. The proceeds of his two livings of Abbots-Bromley and Kingsbury, after the payment of curates' salaries, returned him barely 100*l.* a year; his private fortune produced a revenue of less than double that sum, and the addition of an allowance of 200*l.* a year from his father constituted his whole income. With these slender means he had to assist his eldest son, who had lately entered the army, to maintain two sons at a public school, and three children at home.

The desire to encourage a love of literature in his children was most natural; and though he could not force a taste for such pursuits, he could at least afford the groundwork of a sound and learned education. To do this no expense within his power was spared. In one of them all his hopes seemed likely to be realised, but an early death deprived him of that one. This was his only surviving daughter: she was now in her sixteenth year: her education had been his occupation and delight. Music and painting afforded him scarcely less pleasure than poetry; for these he provided her with masters; dancing was the only accomplishment that he could not away with. He had himself taught her

French, Italian, and Spanish; in the two former languages she had made such progress as the pupil of such a master would be likely to make; and in the latter, as we learn from his journal, was now sufficiently advanced to be able to join him in reading the great epic of the Spanish, the Araucana of Ercilla.

It was, I believe, about this period that he made the subjoined imitation of one of Pignotti's prettiest fables. His daughter was employed to transcribe the original, and from her transcription I now insert it. Probably to cheer her in her task, he amused himself, as well as his pupil, by putting it into an English dress. Not long before his death, some thirty years later, or perhaps just before the decease of his friend Hood, he revised his version, with a view to its insertion in Hood's Magazine, to which, as will by and by be seen, he contributed a translation from another humorous Italian poem.

In the copy I have, my father says: "The following tale is imitated rather than translated from the Italian of Pignotti, a writer of fables, who may take his place somewhere between the French La Fontaine and our own Gay."

IL VECCHIO E L'ASINO.

Or che l'Autunno al Verno cede il loco,
In queste lunghe sere, O donne care
Mentre lieti sediamo intorno al foco
Vorreste voi che, almen per ingannare
L'ore tediose e la stagion rubella,
Prendessi a raccontarvi una novella?

Cento però finor ve n' ho narrate
Sul tema troppo omai battuto e trito,
E voi lo stesso tema ognor bramate:
Cioè, come a un amante, o ad un marito
Si faccian quelle burle dolci e liete,
Di cui maestre così dotte siete.

E, da qualche amoroso scandoletto
Se condito non è, donne, non parmi,
Che alcun racconto mai vi dia diletto;
Nondimeno stasera vo' provarmi,
Se fuor di questo tema mi vien fatto
Di divertirvi: udite, eccomi al fatto.

Visse un buon Vecchiarel canuto e bianco,
Che degli anni agli ottanta omai giungea,
Curvo le spalle e indebolito il fianco,
Che poco udiva e meno ci vedea,
E provisto di molti altri malanni,
Chi di vecchiezza portan gli ultim' anni.

Era il mio Vecchio un ricco contadino,
Ed il più denaroso della villa,
Semplice e buono al par di un fanciullino
Che vita spensierata e ognor tranquilla
Avea vissuto fin allora, e appunto
Per questo a età sì grave egli era giunto.

Era devoto, e alla sua casa intorno
Di frati e negri e bigi e bruni e bianchi
Un nuvolo aggiravasi ogni giorno,
Che col sacco alla man, la fiasa a' fianchi
Versavano ne' campi a larga mano
Benedizioni, ed insaccavan grano.

Il Vecchio un giorno ad un vicin castello
Carico d'olio un asino traea,
E qual parte del prezzo, che da quello
Ritrarrìa, la comare aver dovea,
Qual san Francesco in cor volgendo gía,
Ingannando la noja della via.

Lentamente camina, e men veloce
L'asin lo segue, cui più d'una fiata
Stimola e affretta colla rozza voce;
Alla tremula destra avviticchiata
Ha la cavezza, e curvo, e a passo lento
La pigra bestia si trae dietro a stento.

Il Vecchiarello intento al suo viaggio
Venne ad entrare in solitario bosco,
Di cui nel sen più cupo e più selvaggio
Fra gl'intricati rami e l'aer fosco,
Stavan ascosi ed imboscati al fresco
Tre di frati minor di san Francesco.

Tenean le braccia incrociate al petto,
Col capo chino e col cappuccio in testa;
Parean contriti nell' umile aspetto,
E nella faccia placida e modesta
Era dipinta tanta devozione,
Quanta ne avesse Paolo ed Ilarione.

Voi già vi crederete o donne belle,
Che questi buoni frati a meditare
Stessero quivi al cielo ed alle stelle;
Degg'io l'arcano al fine a voi svelare?
Eran tre ladri, e s'erano nascosi
Sotto gli abiti santi e religiosi.

E stavan queti ed appiattati al varco
Intenti a dispogliare e questo e quello;
Ecco che giunge là coll' asin carco
L'affaticato e stanco Vecchiarello,
Che ciascun altro avria mosso a pietate,
Fuori che un ladro vestito da frate.

Ma pur l'inferma età tanto li mosse,
Sicchè, piegando un po' la mente dura
Voller che il Vecchio almen rubato fosse
Garbatamente, e senza aver paura;
Ed un di lor, ch'era faceto un poco,
Volle rubarlo, e insiem prenderne gioco.

S'innalza, e al Vecchio s'incammina dreto,
Che già senza vederli era passato ;
E ne vengon pian pian con passo cheto,
De' piedi in punta, e trattenendo il fiato
Gli altri ; e lo ponno far sicuramente,
Che il Vecchio poco vede, e nulla sente.

E i Ladri a favorir fremer s'udía
Nel bosco il vento con sì cupo suono,
Che udito altro rumor non si saría
Ancora da un orecchio acuto e buono.
Il ladro s'avvicina, e già pian piano
Stende sull' asinel la cheta mano.

E con quel garbo e quella gentilezza,
Che sciorrebbe un zarbin nastro galante
Dal braccio d'una bella, ei la cavezzá
All' asino disciolge in un istante :
Rimane in dietro l'asino slegato ;
E il ladro invece sua stavvi attaccato.

Il cappuccio si cava ; e il capo caccia
Nella cavezza, e a lei forte s'attiene,
Ed imita dell' asino la traccia
Coll' andar lento lento, e così bene
Collo zoccolo duro il terren fiede,
Che il rumor sembra del ferrato piede.

Poich' ebbe seguitato per buon tratto
Il Vecchiarel che indietro non si volse,
E coi compagni dileguato affatto
L' asin già s'era, più seguir non volsi,
Ma si fermò nel mezza della via,
Come suol far talor bestia restía.

Lo stimola il villan senza voltarsi,
E con quei dolci nomi l'accarezza,
Con cui talor suol l'asino chiamarsi,
Invan l'alletta e tira la cavezza :
Si volta alfine, e trasformato vede
L'asino in frate, e appena gli occhi crede.

Come là sulle rive di Penéo
  Resto confuso e sbigottito in faccia
Febo che Dafne d'abbracciar credeo,
  E ritrovosso un tronco tra le braccia,
Tale il Vecchio vedendo, oh caso strano !
L'asin mutato in frato francescano.

Chi sei, gli disse, e dove è l'asin mio ?
  E il ladro tutto pieno di bontade,
Caro fratel l'asino tuo son io,
  Perdona alla mortal fragilitade ;
Odimi, che a narrarti ora, o buon vecchio,
Le mie strane avventure m'apparecchio.

Un frate io son, come tu vedi amico,
  Che solitario e pio nella mia cella
Vissi con opre sante e cor pudico ;
  Ma un dì per aver rotta una scodella,
Ch'era nuova, il guardian tutto adirato
Mi maledisse, e in asin fui cangiato,

E condannato a viver sotto al basto
  Fui per cinque anni ; oh quante volte pesto
Fu dal bastone, e maculato e guasto
  Il tergo mio ! Che piu ? tu intendi il resto,
I morsi, I calci, I guidaleschi, I duoli :
Ah se non piangi, di che pianger suoli ?

Ma finalmente il termine è compito,
  Che alla mia pena avea prefisso il cielo,
Compito è in questo punto, e rivestito
  Ho, come veder puoi, l'antico pelo :
L'ingiurie, perchè son d'indole buona,
Mi scordo amico, io ti perdon, perdona.

Benchè credesse, da stupore oppresso,
  A prodigio sì strano il Villanello,
Pur mal soffría, dovere a un tempo stesso
  E perder l'olio, e perder l'asinello ;
Disse ; di te sia pur quel che vuol Dio,
Ma la soma dov' è dell' olio mio ?

L'olio, rispose, da invisibil mano
Portato fu miracolosamente
In custodia del Padre Sagrestano,
E per un anno almen chiara e lucente
Farà per te la lampana bruciare
Di san Francesco innanzi dell' altare,

E ti sarà dal ciel centuplicato,
E ad ogni goccia ch' arda ogni momento,
Un peccato saratti scancellato ;
Addio, buon vecchio, la campana io sento,
Che chiama al refettorio ; è tempo ch' io
Dal fieno torni alla mia broda, addio.

Cio detto, deleguossi, e lasciò ratto
Il Vecchio mezzo tristo e mezzo lieto,
Se è tristo per la perdita che ha fatto,
S' allegra, che del Ciel l'alto decreto
Abbia prescelto almen la sua persona,
A fare un' opra sì devota e buona.

E ritornato a casa in mente aggira
Per molti giorni sì strano accidente,
E compassiona I frati, e pensa, e ammira,
Quanto puniti sien severamente ;
E la vita serafica gli e' avviso,
Che sia la vera via del Paradiso.

Avvenne poi, che da quei ladri un giorno
Al mercato fu l'asino condotto ;
Vi venne a caso il Vecchio, e appena intorno
Lo sguardo a lui rivolse, che di botto
Riconobbe del suo . . . non so s'io dica,
Asino o frate la sembianza antica.

E poichè l' ebbe riconosciuto,
E riguardato in questa parte e in quella,
Affè, disse, il buon frate è ricaduto
Nel fallo antico, e ha rotto la scodella,
Ed il Guardiano senza discrezione
Posto ha in opra l' usata punizione.

Poi se gli fece appresso, e nell' orecchio
Gli susurrò pian pian, se gli era desso,
E l'asin, quasi rispondendo al Vecchio,
Un raglio così flebile ebbe messo,
Che il buon Vecchio credette in verità,
Che piangendo chiedesse a lui pietà.

E tal compassíon sentí nel petto,
Che era devoto, e anch' esso mezzo frate,
Come terziario al loro Ordine addetto,
Che, per scamparlo dalle bastonate,
Ad ogni costo disegnò comprarlo,
Tenerlo appresso, e sempre ben trattarlo.

Finch' egli avesse poi di penitenza
Passato il tempo, ed il perdono avuto:
Sen venne tosto al venditore, e senza
Molto mercanteggiar, gli fu venduto;
A casa il tragge, e per non fargli male,
Non lo stimola mai, nè su vi sale.

La stalla poi gli fa polita e bella,
L'intonaca, l' imbianca e la dipinge;
Come stalla non già, ma come cella
Ei la riguarda, e intanto innanzi spinge
Le cure sue, ch' ei vuol che in compagnía
D'altri animali l'asino non stia.

La biada, e l'erba fresca e saporita
Gli dà di propria man copiosamente,
Sta sempre in posa, onde a sì dolce vita
L'asino ingrassa, e il pel si fa lucente;
Ei con attenta man gli è sempre intorno,
E lo striglia, e lo pettina ogni giorno.

Gli amici, che 'l vedean tanto occupato
Dell' asino, e di lui quasi invaghito,
Cominciavano a crederlo impazzato,
O almen per la vecchiaja rimbambito:
Ei serio dice lor, che fra qualche anno
Un prodigio in quell' asino vedranno;

E in segreto a qualche animo devota
  Dell' ordine sèrafico, il mistero
Disvelar volle, e far l'istoria nota ;
  E tutto fu creduto di leggiero :
Che i prodigj, i miracoli, i portenti
Credono di leggier le grosse genti.

Quando i cinque anni a spirar furon presso,
  Quasi ogn' istante a visitar venía
L'ospite suo, e vi venian con esso
  I più devoti a fargli compagnía ;
E stavano aspettando in orazione
La grande e memorabil mutazione.

Così gli Ebrei fra i cantici discordi,
  Per l'ornate di faci e corte e loggie,
O per li chiassi puzzolenti e lordi,
  Di manna aspettan le bramate pioggie ;
E così l'ora e il giorno memorando,
Che apparisca il Messía, stanno aspettando.

Tutto il tempo prefisso alfin trascorse,
  E l'asino tuttora asino essendo,
Pria restò alquanto il semplice uomo in forse,
  Poi pensò meglio, e disse : ora comprendo,
A un recidivo nello stesso fallo,
Di sua pena è più lungo l' intervallo.

Più anni indi passaro, e il Vecchio pio
  All' asin fu fedele infin ch' ei visse,
Che grasso grasso in pace afin morío :
  Lo pianse il Vecchiarello, e adunque disse,
Avea 'l crudel guardiano statuita
La pena sua, ch' ei fosse asino a vita !

Poi scorticollo, e l'onorata pelle
  In memoria serbar si volle almeno,
Che ricucita le sue forme belle
  Riprese e piena d' odoroso fieno
Sta ritta, e mostra ancor le antiche membra,
Ed un asino vivo a tutti sembra.

[redacted]

THE FRIAR-ASS.

Now autumn's mists to winter winds give way,
And the long evening closes in the day,
Dame gets us round the blazing hearth we cower,
Say shall a story cheat the lingering hour?
Shall nothing for our tale supply,
To hush our mirth no reputation die:
No word but we might speak these lips shall pass.
Judge ye: my heroes are an old man and an ass.

There lived an old man there, whose reverend head
Had been with age's honours long o'erspread;
His feeble back and shoulders downward weigh'd,
His hearing much, and much his sight decay'd;
Oppress beside with thousand evils more
That vent their cruel spite on poor fourscore.
In a far hamlet safe from noise and strife,
A countryman, he past his quiet life.
Store he had much, but so devoutly spent,
It seem'd for pious uses only lent;
His doors were ever throng'd, a goodly sight,
With friars of all shades from black to white:
And passing to and fro the livelong day,
They many blessings left and bore much grain away.

Once to the castle near, so goes my song,
Laden with oil an ass he led along.
Reck'ning his profits, and what share of gain,
Might fairly to the Gossip's part pertain,
What to St. Francis; on his way he went,
Like one on deepest meditation bent.

The bridle round his trembling arm was twined,
Slowly he stalk'd and dragg'd his ass behind.
Thus journeying on, it happen'd that his way
Through a dark forest wide and lonely lay.
There near a thicket, that so closely grew,
It quite conceal'd the spot from passing view,
Al fresco in the cool and shady wood,
Three minor brethren of St. Francis stood ;
Their hands upon their breast were meekly spread,
In sign of cross, and cowls were on their head,
With faces of so grave and sad a cast
As never portrait of a saint surpass'd.

Ye deem, fair ladies, that on things above
These friars' thoughts were fix'd in holy love.
But, the plain truth it pains me to declare,
Three robbers the pretended brothers were ;
And here they lurk'd beside the gloomy way,
To make the unweeting traveller a prey.
Before them with his ass that bore the oil
The old man comes, and seems so worn with toil,
In his behalf compassion might have spoke
To any but a thief in friar's cloak.
Even in these his faint and feeble age
Had power to check the course of brutal rage.
Straight they resolved to spare him needless fright,
And rob him only by some happy slight.
Then one, not more a rascal than a wit,
With ready thought on an expedient hit.
Sudden he quits his place, and softly steals
With noiseless step behind the old man's heels.
The rest on tiptoe follow, but no fear
From one, who little saw and less could hear ;
And, as to aid the project, a shrill blast
Swept all the leaves and thro' the woodland past.
Yet gently on the reins his hands were laid :
Nor with adroiter skill the satin braid
A beau e'er loosen'd from his fair one's side,
Than he the halter from the brute untied,
And to his nowl the loosen'd knot applied :

So trudged along, a paragon of rogues,
Clattering, like asses' hoofs, his clouted brogues,
His leader little dreaming of the case ;
But when the booty was removed a space,
He halted on the road and would not budge,
As if he had conceived some sudden grudge.
Gaffer, accustom'd to his wayward mind,
Turn'd not, but touch'd him with his staff behind ;
Next twitch'd the string, coax'd, threaten'd him : in vain ;
Then rated, coax'd, and pull'd the cord again.
When all sufficed not—see him turn and stand,
The uplifted bludgeon trembling in his hand.
Not in more blank amaze Apollo stood
By the smooth margin of Peneus flood,
When in his arms encircled he survey'd
A trunk of laurel for a blooming maid,
Than the old man, astounded at the change,
Marvelling at a miracle so strange.
At first he could not speak. The thief meanwhile
Scarcely refrain'd his features from a smile :
At last, the wonder and the fear to end,
" I am," quoth he, " thou seest, a friar, friend ;
My fortune once was happily to dwell
Resign'd to meek devotion in my cell.
But oh ! it chanced a porringer I broke :
Hastily the fatal word our Guardian spoke :
' An ass be thou !' transform'd the shape I wear,
I weep it as I tell, this many a year :
Thou know'st to what condemn'd, the blows, the kicks,
All I have borne from whips and spurs and sticks.
But why to thee should I recount my woe ?
(And if not now, when use thy tears to flow ?)
The destin'd term of my affliction past,
To mine own limbs I am restored at last."

The old man yet was dumb. But in a while
After his burden ask'd : " Where was the oil ?"
" The oil !" he cried : " a viewless hand, old man,
Bore that away to our good sacristan :

With that for one whole year at least will shine
The lamp that burns before St. Francis' shrine.
Know every drop that there shall waste away
Remits some trespass at thy judgment day ;
Never was flask so profitably given,
Its value shall be centupled in heaven.
Adieu : the bell I hear, and must not stay,
That calls me back to porridge from my hay."

That said, his nowl out of the noose he slipp'd,
And from his quondam master nimbly tripp'd,
Who, worthy man, regretted not his beast,
O'erjoy'd to think so hard a fate released.

A few days after, as may well be thought,
The beast was by the thieves to market brought.
It chanced the old man came : and scarce look'd round,
When he once more his old companion found,
Friar or ass, I wot not which to say :
Behold him on all sides the beast survey.
And " Troth," he cries, " I see it but too plain,
The Friar has broke a porringer again."
Then, drawing nearer, whispers him to see
If 'twere indeed the same, the very he.
Straight, as in answer to the question made,
Dapple so long and lamentably bray'd,
The old man deem'd for certain in that note
He craved compassion of his luckless lot.
The suit prevail'd : for in his breast arose
Such tender yearning for the imagined woes,
That he resolved, whate'er the cost might be,
To set the miserable captive free ;
And home conducting him, as his own heir,
To cherish, and to keep him ever there.
The Guardian much he blamed : " Ill suits," he said,
" A fault so venial with a pain so dread."
And felt the more ; because himself in sooth
Devout, and half a friar in his youth,
Though he had never ta'en the sacred cord,
Had served as a noviciate at the board.

But "thou," he added, "till the day be come,
Appointed for reversal of thy doom,
Shalt want for nought my pitying care can give,
And blest, as in this shape thou canst, shalt live."

He promised; and he did not fail his word,
With thistles, herb and blade, the rack was stored:
No more he felt the saddle or the pack,
His friend would suffer none to mount his back.
And not alone the body's good design'd,
But cater'd for the palate of the mind.
The stable walls the pictured hues adorn:
And still he sleeks his coat both eve and morn.
The neighbours wonder at such care and cost,
And shake their heads and fear his senses lost;
Till to a few more trusted he explains
The cause of his profuseness and his pains.
Some jeer him, others doubt, but most believe,
Applaud his zeal, and for the prisoner grieve,
Expecting still to see the ears retreat,
The hide grown smooth, and arms instead of feet.

Year after year elapsed. "A weary time
Awaits," the old man cried, "this second crime;
The fault, I fear, him doom'd to expiate
By a life's penance in this dismal state."

Too true he guess'd. The soul could never stir,
Nor moult for human hair its rougher fur:
And when at length it yielded to the blow
That lays all asses, in all vestures, low,
His fate was mourn'd, as one who had been in
Too strict a sentence for so slight a sin.
Some tears the senior shed, but dried his eyes,
"At least Saint Peter has him now," he cries,
Resolved as best he could to grace his obsequies.

The hide was stuff'd and in the stall-room kept;
The crib replenish'd and th' apartment swept,
The frequent lamp illumed the rafter'd roof;
And every saint was pray'd in his behoof.

And the old man so constantly averr'd
To all the country all he 'd seen and heard,
That still, not only with the meaner kind,
But e'en by those more cultured and refined,
'Tis doubtful held, as it has ever been,
Whether an ass or friar own'd the skin.

Having the before-mentioned numerous calls on his purse, my father was glad of the opportunity of increasing his income by again engaging in clerical duty. A fashionable chapel in London was not at all suited to his retiring habits, he therefore gladly availed himself of the offer of the curacy and lectureship of Chiswick, of which parish the Rev. Thomas Frere Bowerbank was vicar. This made his removal to the sphere of his duties requisite; he therefore purchased a house at Chiswick, which had been formerly the residence of Sir James Thornhill, and his son-in-law, Hogarth. Here he fixed his residence in the summer of the year 1814.

Two or three letters to his friend Price, and one to Mr. Birch, being all that remain of this date, and his journal for this and the following year, must suffice to fill up this space of his uneventful life.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE.

Kensington Gravel Pits, April 24, 1814.

My dear Price,

Two of your letters lie before me, which I must claim your indulgence for not having answered sooner. I received your last half-year's bounty, out of which I paid for your paper, and desired it to be discontinued: and requested my father to pay you the balance, unless you should wish me to lay it out for you here. On the preceding account there will, I think, be almost a pound due to you after you have received the land-tax, and I have paid for my Russian clothing.

I have just been giving my father an account of my intended removal to Chiswick, the particulars of which I will not repeat to you; but will only add, that my new dwelling will be only divided from the Thames by the breadth of the public road, and will command a grand view of that river, of which I am not so worthy as you. If you are not engaged by the new curacy on which you are likely to batten, I hope you will soon come to me, and teach me again how to feather the oar. We may assuredly both of us say with the apostle, that "here we have no continuing city."

I fear I am not likely to profit by your kind exertions as a critic in my behalf, as the Review, in

which you have hitherto been my trumpeter, has lately shifted its leaders, and is therefore in all probability no longer to have the benefit of your voice.

Do you know who is the writer of a letter signed Crito in the last "Gentleman's Magazine," who has been so liberal of his commendations to my book?

It is time for me, however, to resign my cittern to my son James, whose task this Easter has been to compose a Sapphic Ode to the Spring, in seven stanzas. He was to begin Homer, Sophocles, and Demosthenes, and the Hebrew Psalter, on his return to school, so that he is by this time learneder than his father.

Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Norman must fight it out between themselves about the fish. It is not for me *tantas componere lites*.

I have sent Wilkes my Dante in hopes of calling him off, at least while he is unpacking the parcel, from the miseries you told me he was in about his workmen. I wish you would tell him I am very much offended that he did not write me a complimentary letter.

It is to be hoped you will soon let the world see your companion to Paterson, of which Waters had indeed given me a hint. Seriously, I think it would be a very entertaining work, and I long to see it.

Have you ever seen Vallans's Tale of the Two Swannes, in which he describes in verse one of the English counties, I forget which? Tom Warton

quotes some very pretty lines from it in his History of English Poetry. I believe it is very scarce.

I had intended writing a few lines to my sister, but am got to the end of my paper before I was aware of it: assure her of my best affections; and believe me yours truly,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE SAME.

Chiswick, November 11, 1814.

My dear Price,

On the receipt of your letter, I wrote to Mr. Downes respecting the curacy of Kingsbury, and a negotiation is opened between us which I hope will terminate to the satisfaction of both the contracting parties. Mr. Fox has left the place very abruptly, and till a successor is found for him there will be some difficulty about getting the duty done.

You will, I trust, give me the earliest information as to the event of your canvas for the minor canonry; and not be less prompt in acquainting me with the publication of your sermons. I do not recollect to have offered my services, as a reviewer to the "Gentleman's Magazine," since the appearance of Waters's volume. But I shall be happy to assist at your *début* as an author.

I have seen no review of the translation of Dante, except two or three lines of very contemptuous mention made of it in the "Critical Review." For this

gnat-sting I got a basilicon plaster the same day in a letter from Mr. Crowe, the public orator, couched in such a strain of compliment, as my modesty will not let me repeat.

Mr. Mathias's publication of Gray's papers has afforded me unspeakable amusement. Could I have known that my mention of it to you would have induced my father to send it me, I should have been silent.

Francis is much better, and all the rest of us well. Believe me, dear Price, with love to the Georginas, &c., yours faithfully always,

H. F. Cary.

TO THE REV. WALTER BIRCH.

Chiswick, January 2, 1815.

My dear Birch,

The business you expected in June last would have brought you to town, either has not required your presence, or else you are—shall I say a faithless or a forgetful wight? In the meantime you have perhaps been accusing me of negligence for not having thanked you sooner for your verses in honour of the—

δαίμονες, ὅις ἐπὶ μάρτυσι
χρησόμεθ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσμοσιν
ἡσυχίας πέρι τῆς μεγαλόφρονος.

Aristoph. Lysist. 1289.*

* ——— "The divinities, whom we
As not unmindful witnesses invoke
Of that firm quiet."—*Wheelwright's Aristophanes.*

They would certainly have formed one of the sprightliest nosegays that Rhedycina could have presented them, though the *bouquet*, it seems, was not tied up quite carefully enough for her prudish fingers.

Would you were here to help my second boy out of a scrape you have got him into by recommending Merchant Tailors' school, nothing less than the dire necessity of putting the Carmen Seculare of Horace into rhyme during the present holidays. In the rude attempts of children to make verse, there is something now and then out of the hacknied way, that is very taking. In fact, I believe it can be only on this principle of novelty that one must account for some writers of our day being such favourites with the public.

A musician, at whose father's house Haydn used to be a frequent visitor, lately told me that he would sometimes at dinner, after having spent the whole morning in fruitless attempts at composition, shake his head, and say, "Nothing new;" for without having struck out something that he thought new he would never make a beginning.

This resolution, if there be at the same time a sound judgment that will prevent a man's mistaking *mere* novelty for excellence, seems to me a very good one for any writer to make who is not bound to produce a certain quantity of metre within a given time. I have not, for some time, seen anything equally new and good with those papers of Gray lately published by Mr. Mathias, though, indeed,

there is little in verse, and that entirely, I think, consisting of translations. The abstract he made of Plato's works, or at least great part of them, has revived my recollection of them very pleasantly. Even his remarks on Aristophanes, though few and sometimes rather trivial, are valuable, as the observations of any great mind, however slight, would be in passing through an interesting country. His view of the Ὄρνιθες I defy you to read without a lively curiosity to read the original, which I believe you have not done; but which we are perhaps now growing old enough to be allowed without much hazard.

I have lately heard from Bullock on the subject of a young man whose father wishes to put him with a private preceptor. Price, who had declined taking pupils, seems disposed to break through his determination. He has (as I find you had not heard) got a Minor Canonry of Worcester, chiefly through the kindness of Digby.

Mrs. C. desires her kind regards.

I am, dear Birch,

Yours affectionately,

H. F. C.

LITERARY JOURNAL, 1814.

January 29 *and* 30. Read cursorily the eighth volume of Asiatic Researches.

To *February*. Finished Mickle's Lusiad. Read the Περιήγησις of Dionysius (Hill's edit. 1688), to

which I have been led by the opinion declared by Gilbert Wakefield, in his Letters to Mr. Fox, of his being the most easy and flowing Greek poet next to Homer. Theocritus might perhaps have been properly excepted. There are some sweet lines in this poem; but it is too much a mere catalogue of the names of places, without any poetical plan.

Began Bacon on the Advancement of Learning. "It may truly be affirmed that there was never any philosophy, religion, or other discipline, which did so plainly and highly exalt the good which is communicative, and depress the good which is private and particular, as the holy faith; well declaring that it was the same God that gave the Christian law to men, who gave those laws to inanimate nature which we spake of before: for we read that the elected saints of God have wished themselves anathematised and razed out of the book of life, in an extasy of charity, and infinite feeling of communion." I think he certainly understands St. Paul rightly,—"Wherefore we will conclude with that last point which is of all other means the most compendious and summary; and again the most noble and effectual to the reducing of the mind unto virtue and good estate; which is the electing and propounding unto a man's self good and virtuous ends of his life, such as may be in a reasonable sort within his compass to attain. For if there be two things supposed, that a man set before him honest and good ends, and again that he be resolute, constant and true unto them; it will

follow, that he shall mould himself unto all virtue at once. And this is indeed like the work of nature, whereas the other course is like the work of the hand; for as when a carver makes an image, he shapes only that part whereupon he worketh, as if he be upon the face, that part which shall be the body is but a rude stone still, till such time as he comes to it; but, contrariwise, when nature makes a flower or living creature, she formeth rudiments of all the parts at one time: so in obtaining virtue by habit, when a man practiseth temperance, he doth not profit much to fortitude, nor the like; but when he dedicateth and applieth himself to goodness, look, what virtue soever the pursuit and passage towards those ends doth commend unto him, he is invested of a precedent disposition to conform himself thereunto," &c. *Adv. of Learning,* book ii.—This is admirable. It may be compared with the latter part of the Λόγος Ἐρωτικός which goes under the name of Demosthenes.

" Like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountain :"—a remarkable instance of confused metaphor.

" Sin, in the matter and subject thereof, is divided according to the commandments; in the form thereof, it referreth to the three persons in Deity. Sins of

infirmity against the Father, whose special attribute is power; sins of ignorance against the Son, whose attribute is wisdom; and sins of malice against the Holy Ghost, whose attribute is grace or love."—I do not remember to have met with this distinction before.

This work of Bacon was afterwards enlarged by him in his Latin Treatise *De Augm. Scient.* Might it not be useful to translate his Latin work, so augmented, into English, taking as much of Bacon's language as may be, and conforming what is added to the same style as nearly as may be, and giving the quotations in the original Greek which he translates into Latin?

Bacon appears to me rather too fond of illustrations by similitudes, a method of explaining which he himself attempts to justify in the course of this essay. He divides his subject into three parts; Learning, first as it regards Memory, next Imagination, and thirdly Reason. With the two former he is very perspicuous; but not so much so in the former part of the third. His frequent flattery of James the First is somewhat nauseous.

Began the Araucana of Ercilla with Jane Sophia. I think Colocolo's speech in the second canto much overrated by Voltaire and Mr. Hayley. The description of Lincoza and Caupolican poising the beam, in the same canto, is very spirited, and the best part, I have yet met with. The particular delineation of

Araurco in the first canto appears rather unpoetical: and yet, so should we perhaps reckon Homer's Catalogue, if it were not for the authority of Homer.

To *February* 24. Finished Lord Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh, a delightful piece of history; and begun Lord Herbert's Life of Henry the Eighth. Continued Hermogenes Περὶ Ἰδέων. Part of the tenth chapter, book i., concerning the ἀκμῆς, is very difficult, and so Gaspar Laurentius, in his commentary on it, confesses. Milton, in his Tractate on Education, and Bacon, in his Letter to Sir Henry Savile on the same subject, recommend the reading of Hermogenes. Read the third canto, part i., of Ercilla: very animated, particularly the conduct and speeches of Lautaro, the young Araucan who betrays Valdivia, in the midst of the battle, to his barbarian countrymen. Read Selden's Table Talk. Mr. S. T. Coleridge has written in the first page, "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book, than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer." There are several observations in the margin by the same gentleman. On the article, *Opinion* 1.—he remarks, "Good! This is the true difference betwixt the Beautiful and the Agreeable, which Knight and the rest of that πλῆθος ἄθεον have so *beneficially* confounded—*meretricibus videlicet et Plutoni.*" On the same article, 3.—"O what an insight into a wise man's *heart!* who has been compelled to act with the Many, as one of the Many!

It explains Sir T. More's Zealous Romanism, &c., &c." On Parliament, 4.—"Excellent! O to have Selden over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom!" On Poetry.—"No one man can know all things. Even Selden here talks ignorantly. Verse is in itself a music, and the natural symbol of that union of Passion with Thought and Pleasure, which constitutes the *Essence* of all *Poetry*, as contradistinguished from Science, and distinguished from History, civil or natural. To Pope's Essay on Man, in short to whatever is mere *metrical* good sense and wit the remark applies." *Ibid.* 6.—"True; they (*i. e.*, verses) are not logic: but they are, or ought to be, the envoys or representatives of that vital passion which is the practical cement of logic, and without which logic must remain inert." There are several other of his remarks, but these are the best. This book is in the Westminster Library.

To *March* 1. Continued Herbert's Henry the Eighth; and Hermogenes. The last chapter of the first book very good. In speaking of a παρίσωσις, in which three parts of a sentence end alike in ειν, he observes that it is the only instance wherein Demosthenes has used this form so exactly. In speaking of the same orator, whom he considers, as Hume did, a model of perfection, he says:—"Διήκουσι γὰρ δι' ἀλλήλων σχεδὸν ἅπασαι παρά γε τούτῳ, καὶ καθάπερ ἐκ συμφθάρσεως ἕν τι λόγου πεποιήκασιν εἶδος, τὸ κάλ-

λιστον δὲ τοῦτο, καὶ πολιτικὸν ὡς ἀληθῶς καὶ Δημοσθενικόν."—*Hermogenes*, l. i. c. ult.*

From one of his criticisms, it appears that he was in the habit of controverting the opinions of Dionysius Halicarnassensis; for he adds:—"ἵνα μὴ πάντη τῷ Διονυσίῳ, ὃς δοκεῖ περὶ λέξεώς τι πεπραγματεῦσθαι, ἀντιλέγωμεν."—*Id. ibid.*†

This is, surely, very slighting.

March 9. Began a translation of Valerius Flaccus.

To *March* 18. Continued with Jane Sophia to the end of the fourth canto of Ercilla's Araucana. The lamentation of the women at Penco for the death of the Spaniards, near the conclusion of this canto, is one of the finest pieces of imitative harmony I have ever met with.

To *March* 21. Finished Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth, which I have read aloud. This history is chiefly in the way of annals compiled from different writers, whom the author cites in the text. There are few reflections and few attempts at delineating character. The author seems to relate very fairly and undisguisedly all the atrocious acts of Henry, and yet almost always speaks of him in partial terms. A.D. 1531. He has these observations, "As the Scriptures began then to be commonly

* "For with him nearly all the forms pervade each other, and as it were by a mutual infusion compose one certain form of speech, and that the noblest and most truly statesman-like and Demosthenic."

† "That I may not on every occasion speak against Dionysius, who seems to have taken some pains with respect to diction."

read, so out of the literal sense thereof, the manner of those times was to draw arguments for whatsoever in matters of state, or otherwise, was to be done. Insomuch that the text, which came nearest the point in question, was taken as a decision of the business, to the no little detriment of their affairs; the Scriptures not pretending yet to give regular instructions on these points. Yet this is so much less strange that, the year preceding, the Scriptures, heretofore not permitted to the view of the people, were now translated in divers languages, and into English by Tindal, Joy, and others, though, as not being warranted by the king's authority, they were publicly burnt, and a new and better translation promised to be set forth and allowed to the people. It being not thought fit by our king, that under what pretence or difficulty soever, his subjects should be defrauded of that, wherein was to be found the word of God and means of their salvation. Howbeit not a few inconveniences were observed to follow. For as the people did not sufficiently separate the more clear and necessary parts thereof from the obscure and accessory; and as, again, taking the several authors to be equally inspired, they did equally apply themselves to all; they fell into many dangerous opinions, little caring how they lived, so they understood well, bringing religion thus into much irresolution and uncertainty. While few men agreeing on the same interpretation of the harder places, vexed each other's conscience,

appropriating to themselves the gift of the Spirit, &c." p. 255.

"Controversies in religion, though they produce many pernicious effects, have yet this one good, that they make both sides more careful not to offend; while fear, lest personal faults should redound to the detriment of the religion they profess, becomes a caution for virtue and good example," p. 367.

To *April* 4. Read to the end of Canto vi. of the Araucana. Within two or three stanzas of the conclusion there is a fine simile of a Spaniard, striving in vain to escape from the Indians, to a man dreaming that he is pursued by a bull.

5. Continued Hermogenes to the end of chapter ix. of Book II. *De Formis Orationum.* This ninth chapter concerning the Δεινότης is very good. He conceives that it is to be found most perfect in Demosthenes, as indeed every other excellence of an orator. The character here given of Lysias is ingenious. Without appearing to be Δεινός, he is so, as Demosthenes is in most of his speeches or private causes or pleadings. But what is best is that which is said of the sophists, such as Polus, Gorgias and Menon, and most, not to say all, of his own time. Their mock kind of Δεινότης, which consists in vehement diction, &c., applied to superficial and empty matter, is exposed, p. 463, &c. His promise of performing all that human power can do in explaining the means of attaining this perfection of Δεινότης in his following treatise Περὶ Μεθόδου, is rather too

boastful. His characters of Æschines the Socratic and Nicostratus make us wish that their writings were preserved.*

To *April* 13. Continued Hermogenes to the end of Περὶ Ἰδέων, or *De Formis*, &c.

To *the* 20*th*. Read the Περὶ Μεθόδου Δεινότητος, or *De Eloquentia Methodus* of Hermogenes, promised in his Treatise Περὶ Ἰδέων.

June 15. Read the ninth Pythian of Pindar, justly commended by Heyne for its splendour, softness, and ease. From v. 51 to 57 is a passage on the nymph Cyrene, very applicable to the Maid of Zaragoça. There is a fine saying of Nereus, v. 129, "not to deny praise to an enemy who merits it."

29. Finished the Canace and Macarco of Sperone Speroni, with a severe criticism on this tragedy, printed the same year at the same place, which Crescimbeni (Ist. d. v. Poesia, l. v.) says is attributed to Bartolommeo Cavalcanti. *Venice*, 1566. The story is justly said not to be properly chosen, the metre not suited to tragedy, and the language at times not sufficiently simple, though there is perhaps least ground for this last objection. Some merit is allowed to the description of Canace's death. The lyrical measure is not adapted to tragedy.

July 11. Began the Sidro of Lorenzo Magalotti, a

* Καὶ, ὡς ἔοικεν, οἱ εἰωθότες λόγοι λέγεσθαι ἐπὶ τοῖς δημοσίοις ἀγῶσιν οὐκ εἰσὶ ψευδεῖς· αἱ γὰρ ἴδιαι ἔχθραι πολλὰ πάνυ τῶν κοινῶν ἐπανορθοῦσι. This is quoted by Hermogenes from Æschines, Ἐν τῷ κατὰ Τιμάρχου. —*Hermog. de Eloquentia Methodus*, c. xxix.

translation of Philips's Cyder, B. i. 53. The sense is mistaken. "Nor from the sable ground," &c., he translates as if it were *sandy*.

Nè t'impacciar d' arene.

This leads to another mistake,—

"The must of pallid hue,"

Il lor pallido volto,

as if it were the colour of the soil.

v. 159. "Such heats," to v. 167 are omitted.

v. 215. Thor and Woden he translates *Giove* and *di Maja il Figlio*.

"And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch
Large medlars imitating regal crowns."—v. 311.

Che più! Cotanto ardisce arte insolente,
Che infino il pruno, il pruno, il villanzone
Travestito da nespolo paffuto
Saluto rè, e sì gli diè corona.

By endeavouring to raise this he has spoiled it:—

"The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings and cold syd'ral blasts."—v. 500.

Moscadella ———
Pianta gentil, che fanciulletta ancora
Alle speranze di piacer prometti,
E nella tua minore età scortese
A' tuoi teneri rami, oltre lor forze
Di sì folta gli aggravi, e sì vinosa
Prole, che il verno già ne pave e suda.

I scarcely understand this, as the translator appears not to have understood the original :—

"Druids," v. 573, is rendered *Driade.*

The last two hundred lines are omitted; and twenty-seven on a different subject substituted, in which he takes an opportunity of praising some cyder sent by Lord Somers to Henry Newton, British Envoy to the Duke of Tuscany.

Book II. At the beginning are again some verses substituted, not at all in Philips's manner :—v. 276. "As when," &c. This simile is maltreated by Magalotti, who makes a conceit and antithesis of it :—and again we have a great hiatus from v. 486 to the end. With some few exceptions the sense is caught pretty well in this translation: the diction is poetical, but when is this not the case in Italian verse? But there is here and there a conceit, and no writer has fewer than Philips.—At the conclusion of this volume are printed some Canzonette, many of them very pretty. It is from the press of Andrea Bonducci. *Firenze,* 1752. Among the other translations from the English, is one of Waller's,—"Go, lovely rose," &c., well done.

July 27. Finished Sir R. Clayton's translation of Tenhove's Memoirs of the Medici family, terminating with the tragical death of the Grand Duke Francis I. and his guilty wife Bianca Capella in 1587. There are many omissions in this work. Among the great men in Leo the Tenth's time the names of Naugerio and Flaminio do not appear. The flippant manner of Gibbon seems to be imitated.

I read it before in 1799, and find it interesting in spite of all defects.

Aug. Read Jortin's Life of Erasmus, two vols. 4to.

6. Began the Avarchide of Alamanni, and read canto i. This poem imitates the Iliad rather servilely in the form, though in the matter it is different.

To *Sept.* 16. Read the Plutus, Equites, Acharnenses, and Pax of Aristophanes in Brunck's edition.

To *October* 10. Read in Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 of the Esprit des Journaux.

To *December* 5. Read the Thesmophoriazusæ of Aristophanes.

10. Read Le Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Orti; a tale, in letters after the manner of Werter; pathetic, though sometimes extravagant. There are palpable imitations in it of passages in Gray and Ossian.

29. Read the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes. Many of the chorus's songs in this play are lost. The design of it is among the drollest of the plays. The ridicule seems to be levelled at Plato's Republic. Brunck does not explain enough the allusions to particular facts and customs in this or any of the plays.

The translation of Valerius Flaccus, which is mentioned as having been begun in this year, was never completed: but the following specimen was printed in the London Magazine for February 1822. It is worth preserving in order, as the translator observes, that it may encourage some of our young writers to supply the deficiency.

VALERIUS FLACCUS, B. i.

I SING the bark that bore across the main,
First open'd by her keel, the heroic train ;
Herself prophetic. Heeding not the shocks
Of justling mountains, or Cyanean rocks,
Undauntedly she breasted Ocean's roar,
And shaped her course to Scythian Phasis' shore ;
The voyage ended, and her perils past,
Destined to light the fields of heaven at last.

Apollo, aid the song ; if worthy thee
I nurse thy much-loved laurel's sacred tree,
And duly, with pure hands and rites divine,
Tend the Cymæan Sybil's mystic shrine.
And thou, great sire, obedient to whose prow
Remoter seas have bade their billows flow,
When Caledonia, by thy sail explored,
Own'd 'midst her wintry depths a Roman lord,
Indulgent listen ; snatch me from the crowd,
Raise above earth and earth's polluting cloud ;
And, while of long-past ages I rehearse
The deeds illustrious, favouring, crown the verse.
Thy own great acts thy offspring shall recite
(His muse not fearless of so bold a flight),
Idume vanquish'd, Solyma o'erthrown,
And, 'midst her ruins, thy more warlike son,
All black with dust, and, scattering torches round,
Dash her last haughty turret to the ground.
To thee the fane shall rise ; his duteous heed
Shall dress the altar, bid the victim bleed ;
When thou, translated to thy native skies,
Downward shalt look on Rome with partial eyes.
Not Helice for Greeks, a surer light,
Or cynosure for Tyrians, gilds the night,
Than thou from Sidon, or from Nile shalt guide
Our home-bound sailor o'er the foamy tide.
Now in thy genial smile let me rejoice,
And fill the Latian cities with my voice.

Through many a year had Pelias held the reins,
Unquestion'd sovereign o'er Hemonia's plains ;
Stern now with age ; the shuddering people's fear ;
Of faith, distrustful ; and to crime, severe :
His own dark jealousies, by heaven design'd,
A fitting torment to his guilty mind.
His each fair stream that to the Ionian sea
Divides the fertile vales of Thessaly ;
Black Hæmus his ; and Othrys, tipt with snow ;
And fields that wave beneath Olympus' brow.
Yet all sufficed not. Chiefly Jason's worth,
In his old bosom, gave suspicion birth ;
His brother's son ; and, oracles affirm,
His heir and ruin at no distant term.
Alarm'd by dire portents and prodigies,
New cause of dread the prince's fame supplies,
And virtue, charmless in a tyrant's eyes.
The fatal day forecasting to prevent,
On Jason's slaughter all his thoughts intent,
The wily monarch weaves the subtle snares ;
Spreads every toil ; each art of death prepares.
No broils disturb the neighbouring nations' peace :
No monsters stalk amidst the fields of Greece.
Across Alcides' shoulders, grinning, flung,
Harmless the spoils of Nemea's lion hung.
Th' Ætolian bull and Cretan rage no more ;
Nor Lerna's serpent dips her jaws in gore.
The land from plagues secured ; from perils, free ;
The deep alone remain'd, and hazards of the sea.
The royal youth he calls ; then smooths his brow
While from his lips the words insidious flow :
" A deed awaits thee, that exalts thy name
Above thy great forefathers' martial fame.
Hear me attentive, while the wrong I speak
That bids our injured race for vengeance seek.
Thou know'st how Phrixus, overwhelm'd with dread,
The fury of his father Cretheus, fled ;
Him fell Æetes, Scythian Colchis' lord,
'Mid the full bowls, and at the shuddering board,
(Be veil'd, O sun, while I the fact record,)

Pierced through the heart. Nor only rumour bears
The impious tale to these afflicted ears ;
But oft, when slumber binds my weary limbs,
Before mine eyes his mangled image swims ;
Startled I hear his ghost lament and weep,
And Helle's spirit rouse me from the deep.
This frame is stiff with age ; I else had stood
Ere now the avenger of our kinsman's blood ;
But tardy creeps the current in my veins,
Nor yet my son his manly prime attains.
Go then, our champion : go, adventurous prince ;
Thy worth in counsel as in arms evince.
Be thine the Nephelæan fleece to bring
To Græcia home ; nor spare the caitiff king."
He ended thus ; and, though the words were bland,
Seem'd less to sue for succour than command.
Nor spake he of the dragon, that debarr'd
Approaches to the fleece with scaly guard ;
He, who obey'd the royal virgin's hest,
Roll'd forth his burnish'd folds and flamy breast,
On her strange notes, suspense and quivering, hung,
And lapp'd her venom'd treat with many-forked tongue.

The deadly wiles the stripling soon discern'd ;
His inmost soul with proud impatience burn'd.
Oh ! for such wings as up th' aërial height
Led the young Perseus ; or a dragon flight,
Like his, who first the stubborn furrow broke,
And for the golden harvest changed the oak.
" Thus," he exclaim'd, " might I to Colchis far
Speed my safe course, and end the fated war !"
What shall he do ? the multitude provoke,
Already grudging at the tyrant's yoke,
And pitying his father's helpless age,
At once to rise and in his cause engage ?
Or shall he face the perils, sure of aid
From favouring Juno and the blue-eyed maid ?
Thou, Glory, winn'st the day. He sees thee stand
Green in immortal youth on Phasis' strand,
And beckon to her shores with radiant hand.

The bright award Religion ratifies,
Stills every doubt, and points him to the skies.

Then stretching forth his arms, he prays aloud:
"Great Queen of Heaven," he cries, "whom, when the cloud
Pour'd down from Jove a desolating storm,
Had from its basis swept thy hallow'd form,
Secure to land across Euripus' tide
I bore; and dash'd the surging wave aside;
Nor knew thee, goddess, till aloft thy frame
By thy great spouse was rapt in lightning-flame;
Then, struck with shuddering horror, awed I stood
O, grant me now to reach the Scythian flood.
And thou, unblemish'd maid, thy succour lend;
So on thy rafters shall these hands suspend
The fleecy spoils; the gilded horns, my sire
Will drag along toward thy sacred pyre;
And, gay with fillets and with chaplets crown'd,
The snow-white herds shall low thine altars round."
Each goddess hears; and by a different way,
Swift gliding downward, leaves the realms of day.
Minerva hastens to the Thespian walls;
There on her favourite Argus straight she calls;
Bids him the bark prepare, the forest fell;
Herself his leader to the woody dell.
Through towers Macetian, to her loved abode
Of Argos, Juno speeds; and spreads abroad
Great Æson's son, resolved with ready sail
To court as yet untried the southern gale;
The galley moor'd, and proudly from her stern
Shouting to haste aboard and deathless glory earn.

All, raptured, own the summons; all, who claim
By service past the just reward of fame,
Or hope by feats of arms in future days
Their youthful name above the herd to raise:
Nor those unmoved, whom rural labours hold,
Who break the furrow or who watch the fold;
Them the glad Fauns invite, and Dryad powers
That curl the tendrils of the sylvan bowers:
"The gallant ship," they sing, "in glory dight,
With all her colours streams before their sight."

The jocund rivers, rushing to the main,
Lift high their horns, and echo back the strain.

First in her streets the Inachian city sees
With quicken'd step Tirynthian Hercules:
Him Hylas follows: easily he bore
The Hero's bow and shafts, a venom'd store,
Proud of the freight: the club he fain had grasp'd,
But scarce his hand the unwieldy weapon clasp'd.
Accustom'd fury kindles in the breast
Of Juno, when she spies the unwelcome guest:
"Oh that this novel labour did not ask
The flower of Græcia's youth: were this a task
Set by Eurystheus, then mine eager hand
Had snatch'd the unwilling thunderer's levin-brand;
With storm and darkness and sequacious fire,
Already had I wreak'd my vengeful ire.
Ill can I brook this partner of our way;
Or owe to him our glory on the sea.
Such shame be spared me. Never be it said
That to Alcides Juno stoop'd for aid."
She spoke; and on Hæmonia turn'd her view.

There swarm'd along the coast th' impatient crew.
The forest strews the shore: the woods resound,
Smit by the glittering axe, and, crashing, nod around.
The oars are shaped. The Thespian artist frames
The yielding rafters in the tardy flames.
With polished adze the pine another splits;
One, plank to plank, with art ingenious, fits.
Minerva, from the main-mast bends the bow,
Whence bellying ere long the snowy sail shall flow.

Soon as the subtle wax has closed the sides
Of the tall bark impervious to the tides,
Sweet picture's toil its pleasing aid bestows;
Swells the bold line; the magic colour glows.
A dolphin rides with Thetis on the waves;
Her ivory foot the salt-green billow laves;
Reluctantly to Peleus' chambers led,
She sits; the veil drawn low before her head;

Seeming as if she scorn'd a mortal's love,
Nor patient of a son less great than Jove.
Doto and Panope; the sister-train
Of Nereids; and delighting in the main,
Fair Galathea follows: on a steep
The Cyclops stands and calls her from the deep.
Next in a coral cave of ocean, spread
With verd'rous leaf, appears the nuptial bed;
Reclining midst the sovereigns of the seas
By his throned bride the great Æacides;
With wines and banquet the full table prest;
And Chiron's mellow harp to crown the feast.

Elsewhere the dread dissension might'st thou see
Betwixt the two-fold race and Lapithæ.
The guests the shining altars overthrew;
Poised in mid air the board and goblets flew.
Here Pholoe stood: there Rhœtus mad with wine:
Here Æson's sword and Peleus' javelin shine.

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To *August* 24. Began Pindar in Greek, accompanying it with an Italian translation in verse by different hands, and read to the end of Olymp. ix. The Phœnissæ and Medea of Euripides in Porson's edition; and the Supplices, and the two Iphigenias in Markland's, re-edited by Gaisford. Roderic, a tragic poem by Southey, excellent (as that writer often is) in the descriptions of natural objects.

30. Finished the Heraclidæ of Euripides in Elmsley's Edition. The economy of this play is no better than the rest by this poet. After Macaria's noble resolution we hear no more of her except in

two lines, 821 and 822. The fidelity of old Iolaus is very striking. The choruses have less of poetry than we usually meet with in Euripides. In treating a subject somewhat similar in the Suppliants, Æschylus has exhibited a specimen of the severity and dryness of his manner as contrasted with the luxuriant workmanship of the younger tragedian.

To *September* 26. Read the Hercules Furens of Euripides, one of the finest plays of this poet. Indeed I think he has nothing finer than the last scene between Theseus and Hercules. Began the Sermons of Bishop Bull, 8vo. edit., 1713. In the second he says on the text in St. Peter concerning the Spirits in Prison*, "How and when Christ preached to those spirits in prison, is not my business at present to inquire; but the text plainly enough affirms, that the spirits of those wicked men that were destroyed by the flood, were then in being and in prison too, that is, in the sad place of Judas, in the place and state of miserable souls, reserved as in a jail or dungeon to the future judgment and execution."—Vol. i., p. 56. Towards the conclusion is this passage: "It is here, if anywhere, certain," he has been proving that the soul of men subsists after death, "that *vox populi* (or rather *populorum*) *est vox Dei*, the voice of all people and nations, howsoever distant in place, however otherwise differing in religion from each other, yet all here singing the same song, must needs

* See before, June 25, 1811, p. 263.

be the voice of God; or at least an echo of that voice, by which God spake to holy men in the infancy of the world, and revealed to them the doctrine of a future life; a voice once so strongly and convincingly uttered, that it went through all the earth and to the end of the world; and there is no speech nor language, no people or nation, where the same voice is not still heard."—p. 77.

Sept. 7 and 8. Read Bishop Bull's fourth and fifth Sermons. In the latter he explains, I think rightly, St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" to be some bodily infirmity. I am surprised to find him declaring his serious belief in the power attributed to the royal family of England of curing the evil by touch.

9. Read Bull's sixth Sermon, a very good one on the Difficulty and Danger of the Priestly Office: and Sermon vii. on the Different Degrees of Bliss in Heaven, a good one also, and much resembling a great deal that is said on the subject in Dante's Paradiso, except that Bull condemns Dionysius the Areopagite for temerity, whom the poet praises as one taught by St. Paul. Bull, however, appears a little inconsistent, since after his blaming Dionysius for reckoning up exactly the several orders of the angelical hierarchy, as if he had seen a muster of the heavenly host before his eyes, he himself, at p. 313, speaks rather more particularly of the several orders in the celestial hierarchy than he was warranted in doing from Holy Scripture:—and Sermon viii., he argues that the Jews believed in a life to come. Has Warburton

in his Divine Legation, taken notice of this?—and Sermon ix. Finished Walker's Memoirs of Italian Tragedy, containing a good deal of information, but very affectedly written.

Sept. 10. Read Sermons x., xi., and xii., of Bishop Bull. Began Hebrew.

13. Began the second volume of Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ.

14. Continued Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ. At page 114 is a fragment of Julius Africanus's Epistle to Aristides on our Saviour's genealogy, edited from MSS.

To 19. Began Nelson's Life of Bishop Bull, read aloud; and continued Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ. At p. 260, in a note on the Chronica of Julius Africanus, he remarks that Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moses, had perhaps not known of a passage in Perizonius, Ægypt. Orig. Invest.

To 21. Continued Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ. At p. 385 is part of an Epistle from St. Dionysius of Alexandria (who died A.D. 264), on the method of reconciling the four Evangelists as to the exact hour of our Lord's resurrection, with a view to determine the time when the Good Friday's fasting should end. Something might be collected from it concerning the manner of keeping Sunday. From a fragment of his, p. 391, it appears that those, whose death was expected, were freed from their excommunication. Hence I think may be inferred that the sacrament should not be refused to persons in that state. At

p. 400, Dionysius of Alexandria observes, that Job knew nothing certain of the resurrection, from Job, chap. vii., 16; on which Routh observes, "Hinc palam est, haud existimâsse Dionysium, celebre illud τμῆμα apud Jobum pertinere ad mortuorum resurrectionem."*

To *September* 28. Finished Nelson's Life of Bishop Bull, omitting much of what concerns his polemical tracts. Read to the end of vol. ii. of Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ, and began vol. i. On a fragment from Melito, in which Christ's ministry is spoken of as having lasted three years; Dr. Routh observes: "Videantur de re ipsâ controversa nuperi scriptores Priestleius et Newcomius, quos tamen pariter ac Nicolaum Mannum, insignem sententiæ apud multos veteres receptæ ante Priestleium redactorem, hic Melitonis locus fugit. Neque Hippolyti locus iisdem notus fuit in opere extans, quod anno 1772 Romæ primum editum est, p. 136."† I have copied at the end of my fifty-second sermon a note on the Lord's-day, which is again spoken of by Dionysius of Corinth

* "Hence it is plain, that Dionysius did not think that that celebrated passage in Job referred to the resurrection of the dead."

† "On this controverted subject may be consulted the more recent writers, Priestley and Newcome, whose notice, however, as well as that of Nicholas Mann, (who, before Priestley, was a distinguished maintainer of an opinion entertained by many in old times), this passage of Melito escaped. Nor was a passage from Hippolytus known to them, which is extant in a work first published at Rome, in the year 1772."

in the Reliquiæ Sacræ, vol. i. p. 168: and at p. 208 is another note on a sect called the Μασβωθαῖοι, by Hegesippus, who appear to have been a sect that observed the Sabbath with an absurd strictness; and another note at p. 240.

To *October* 5. Finished Bishop Bull's Sermons.

21. Finished Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ, vol. ii.

END OF VOL. I.

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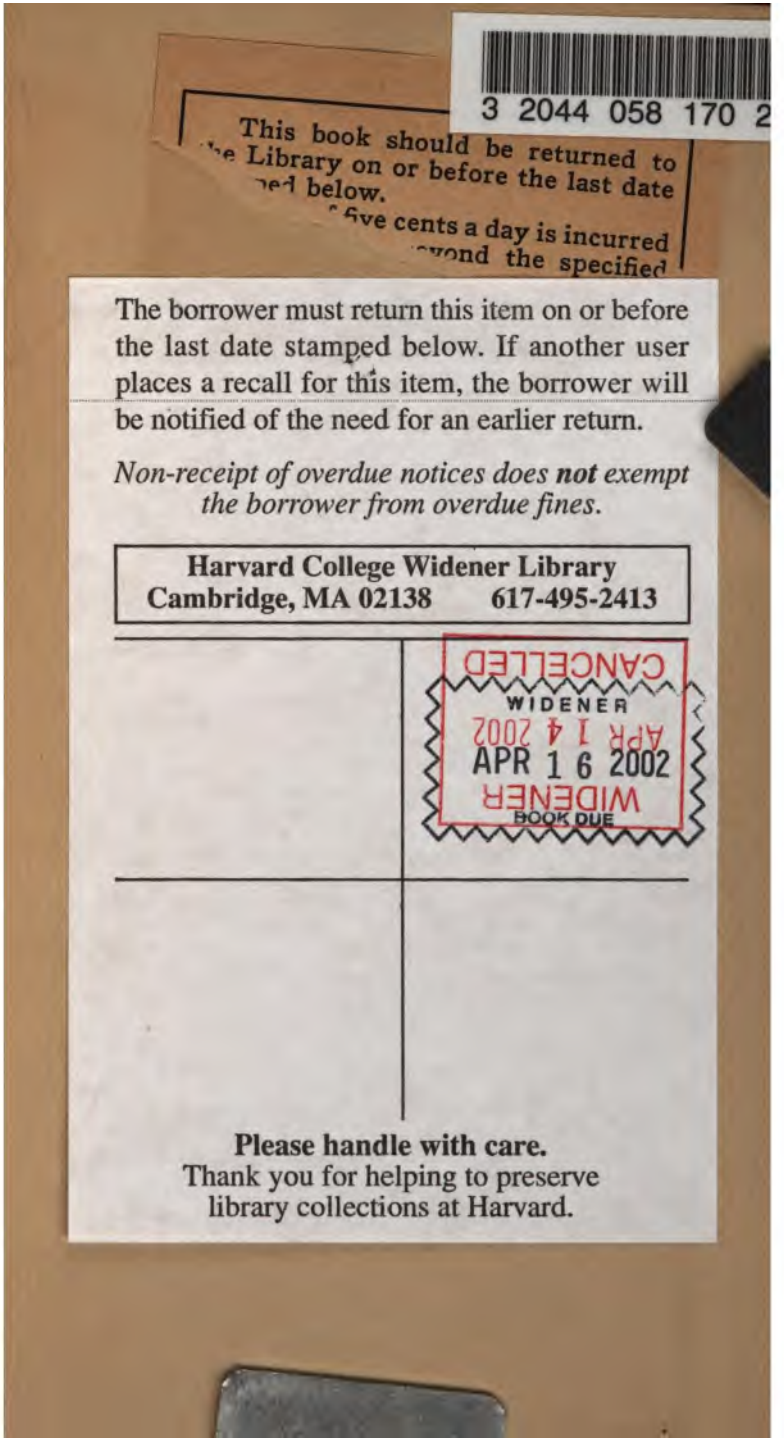
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